June 13, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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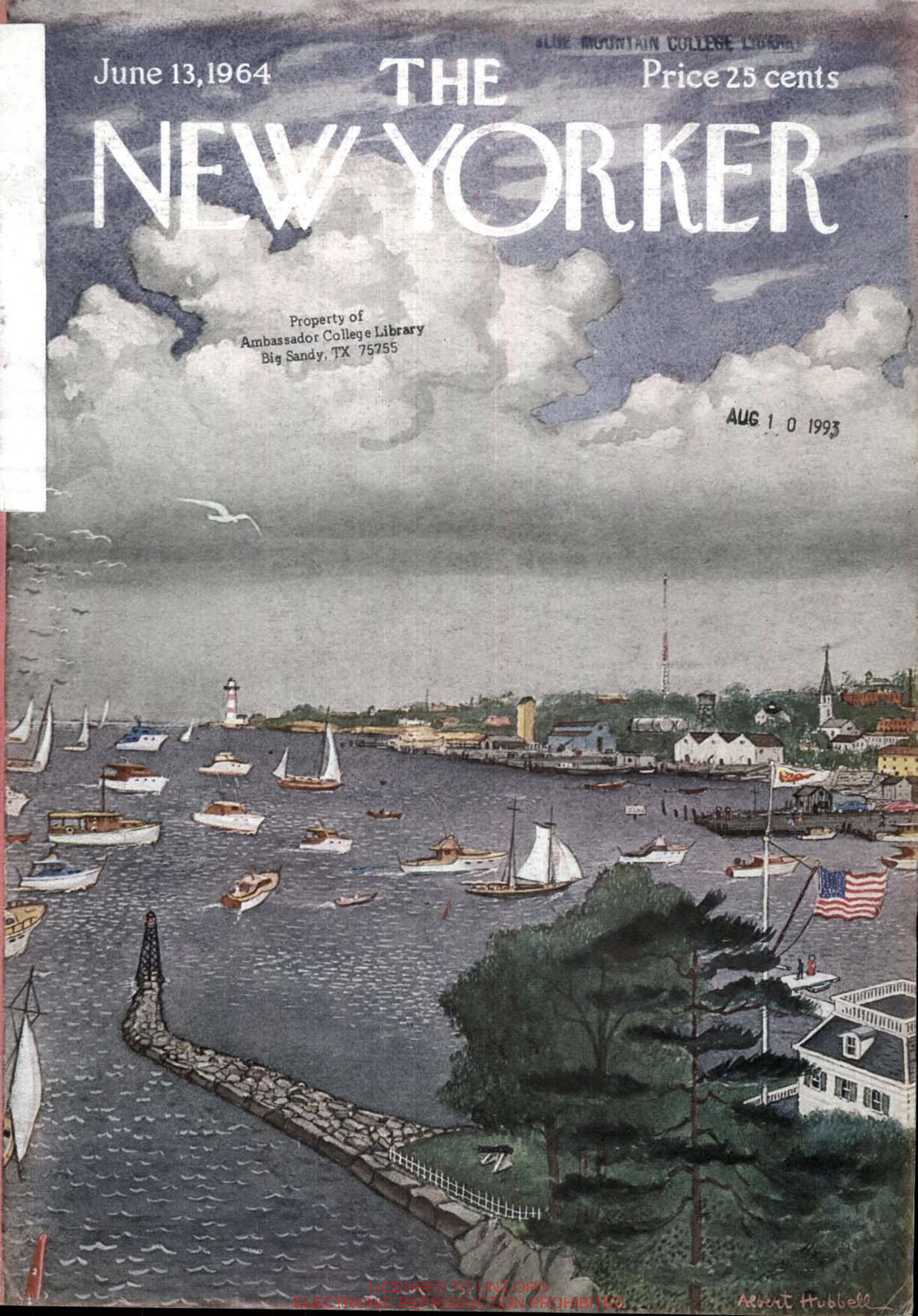

Albert Hubbell

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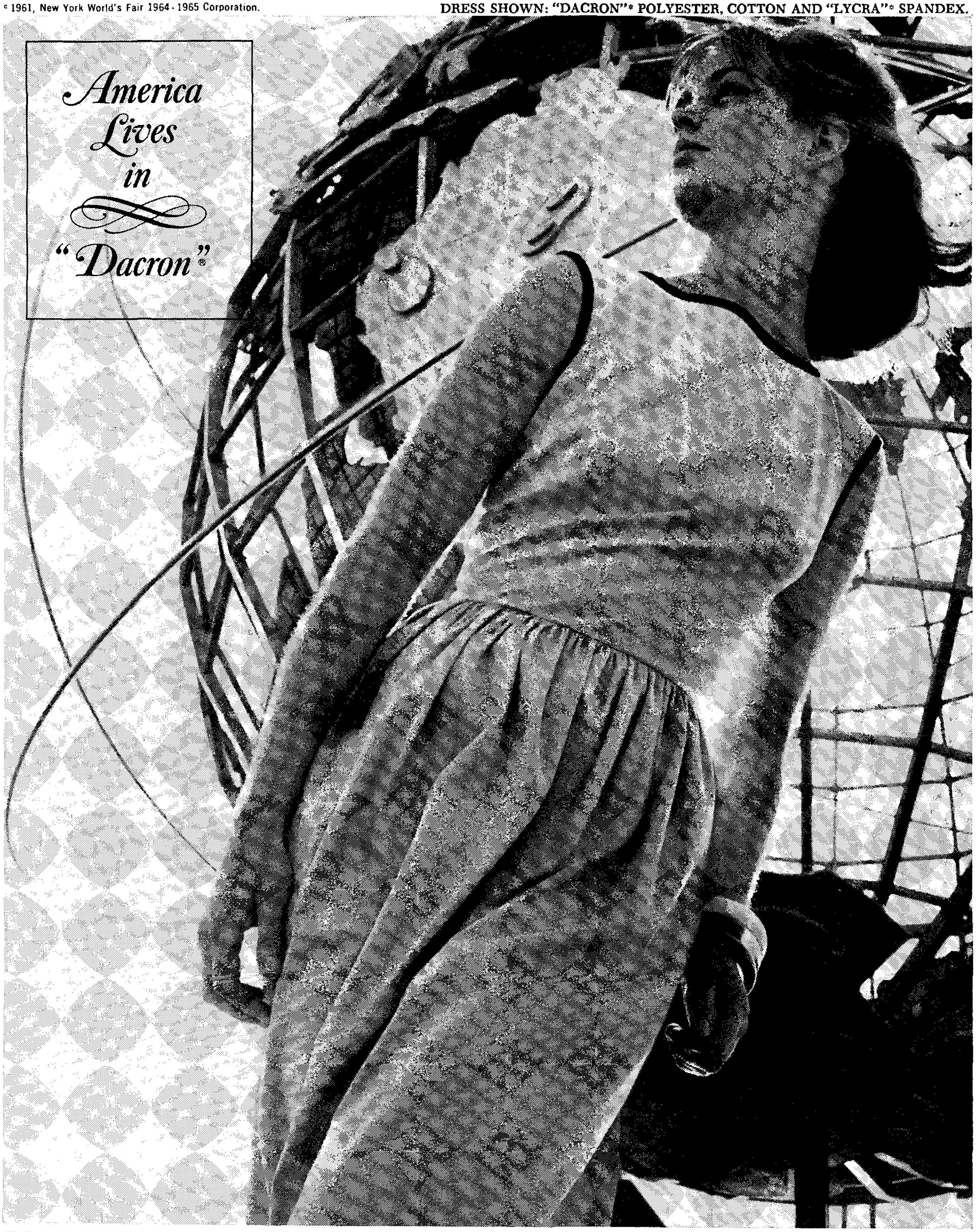

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DU PONT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has a bright set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—A bad time for one and all, which involves, incoherently, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan. The last is also the author. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar give good accounts of themselves in central roles, and the direction, by Mike Nichols, is very apt. Penny Fuller is substituting for Elizabeth Ashley for three months in the other principal part. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A glum look at interracial relationships in the United States, written by James Baldwin, who is nothing if not voluble. The drama has in its favor excellent direction by Burgess Meredith and some fine acting by a large cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

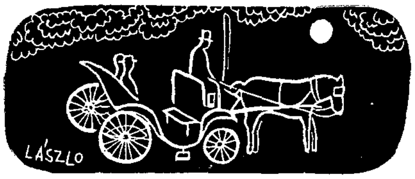
The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Richard Burton is muscular and authoritatively articulate as the Prince of Denmark in this production directed by John Gielgud, and Hume Cronyn is superb as that tedious old character Polonius. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh also participate. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Barry Nelson has just succeeded Robert Preston in the lead of this comedy about Hollywood television. The play was written by Ronald Alexander and directed galvanically by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. There are only three of them on view, but that is more than enough. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Long Runs—**mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Howard Morton are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman's dismay at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are splendid in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, makes one pine for George S. Kaufman, and the music, by Jule Styne, makes one not pine to go dancing in the streets. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and there are some splashy musical numbers staged by the late Carol Haney. Kay Medford, Danny Meehan, and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	102
BOOKS	136
THE CURRENT CINEMA	90
LETTER FROM LONDON	92
LETTER FROM PARIS	120
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	111
MUSICAL EVENTS	131
JAZZ	133
THE RACE TRACK	129

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Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine supporting cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels is long on color but not really lively in the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie having a frisky time in a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 14.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson in the role of the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Budd and Stuart Schulberg wrote the book, and the lyrics and music were created by Ervin Drake. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Dick Shawn, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. With Georgia Brown and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"But for Whom Charlie," a comedy by S. N. Behrman about good and evil in the modern world, has as its setting a philanthropic foundation that takes care of indigent writers. Not always as compelling as it might be, the play has one large virtue—the presence of David Wayne as an aging author who takes a dim and droll view of our times. Performance Thursday, June 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Eugene O'Neill's satire "Marco Millions" stands up better than you might expect after thirty-six years, and the

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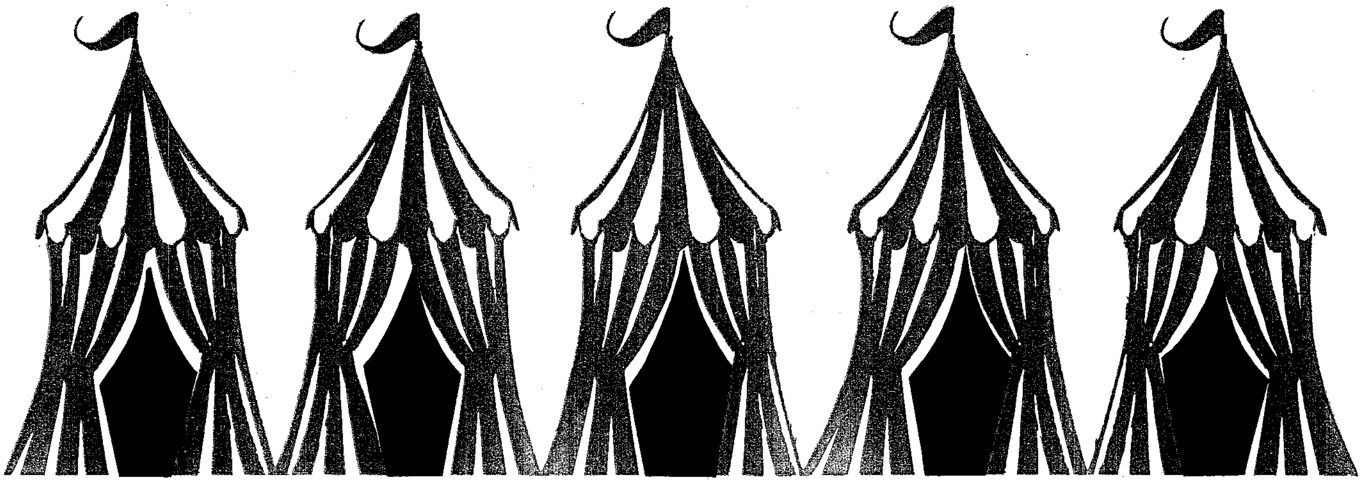

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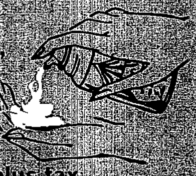

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

present production is quite spectacular. Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman are among those present. Final performances Friday, June 12, at 8:30; Saturday, June 13, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, June 16-18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Performances Sunday, June 14, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, June 19, at 8; and Saturday, June 20, at 2 and 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"My Fair Lady," with Myles Eason, Marni Nixon, Reginald Gardiner, and Russell Nype, is the last in a series of three shows. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

APA at the Phoenix—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths": Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8:30, and Wednesday through Friday, June 17-19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are": Saturday, June 13, at 7 and 10; Sunday, June 14, at 7:30; Tuesday, June 16, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 20, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles": Sunday, June 14, at 3. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an appealing company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cindy—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a vivacious, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream." Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home Movies—This dishevelled, irreverent musical is not for the touchy or tender-skinned, but it has its comic moments all the same. Many of them are provided by Sudie Bond in the role of a nutty teen-ager, and by Orson Bean who doubles as producer. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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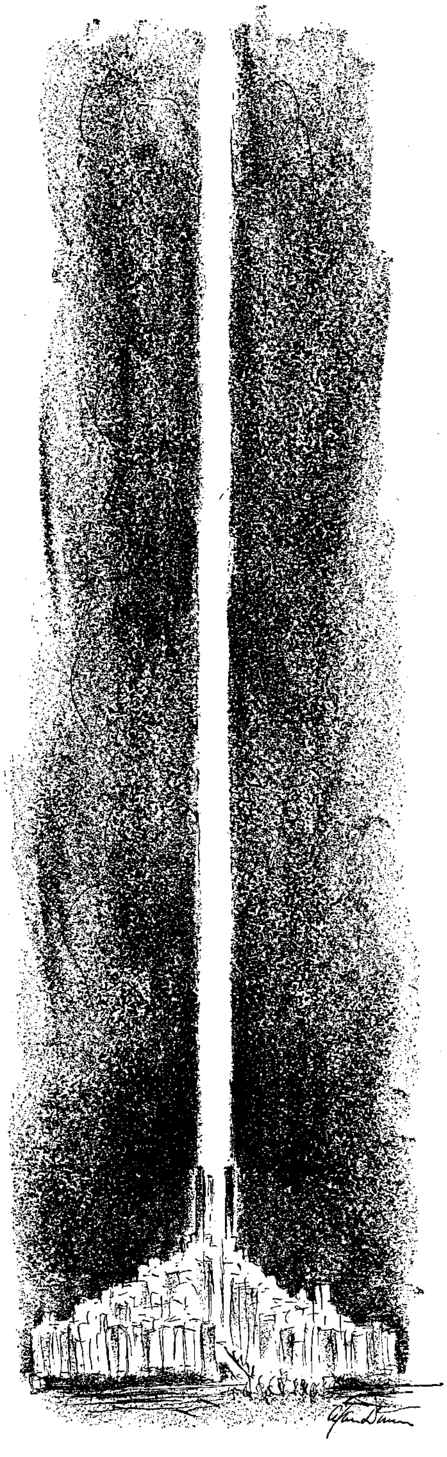
In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The New Tenant and **Victims of Duty**—Two one-act samples of the willful nonsense of Eugene Ionesco. The first of them is a total loss, but the second has its high moments, as well as a pair of fine performances by Michael Howard and Joseph Chaikin. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—The Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, June 14.)

The Streets of New York—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

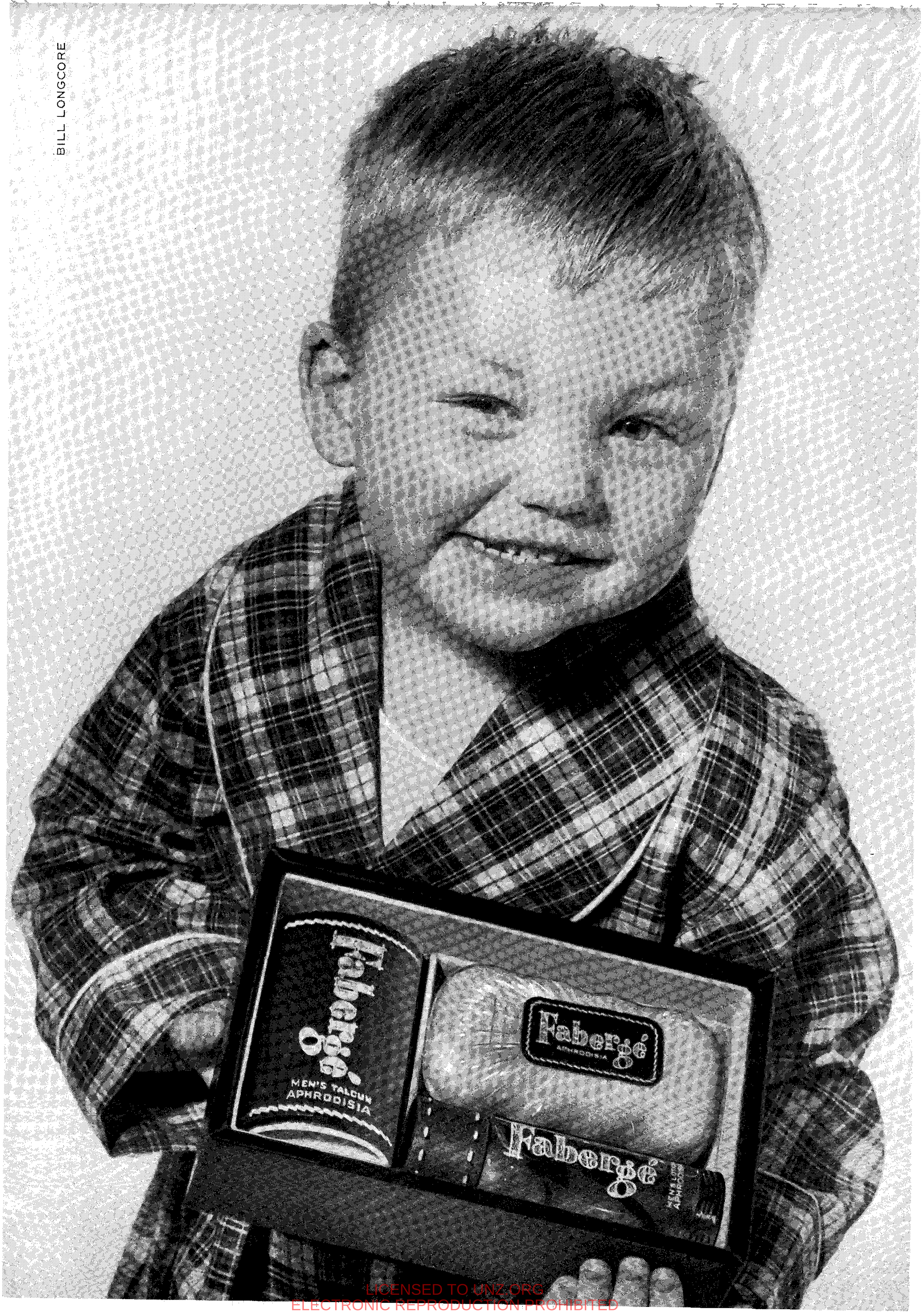
The World of Kurt Weill in Song—Martha Schlamme and Will Holt in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company—Fifty dancers and musicians, in a three-week engagement. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15. Friday, June 12, will be a benefit performance. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broad-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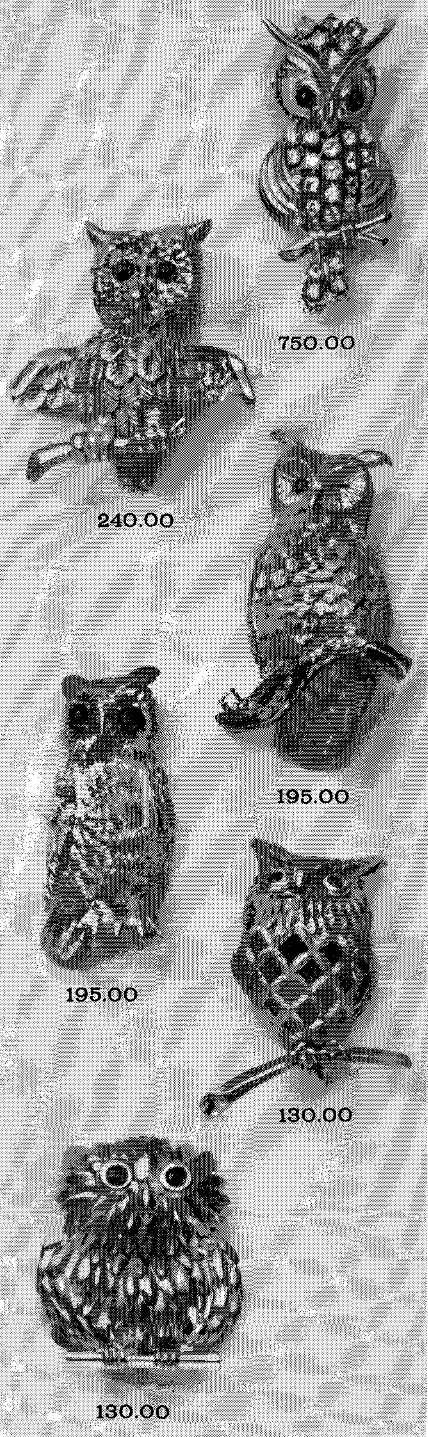

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way at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Hamlet," with Alfred Ryder, Julie Harris, and Howard Da Silva. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Sunday, June 14, at 8. Through Saturday, July 4.)

Anna Russell—In a solo revue, "All by Myself," to be presented for a limited engagement. Previews through Saturday, June 13. Opens officially Monday, June 15. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Liberace is putting on an exhibition of Beethoven's Candlelight Sonata and rhinestone dinner jackets in the Royal Box at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The floral tributes that adorn the walls of the restaurant come from Never-Never Land, but the music is no-kidding. George Anaya's little band, which makes it, is Latin and American. It does menu music from eight to ten and prancing music from then until one, not to mention Sunday matinées from one to three. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The life may be earnest, but it is certainly unreal. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' dance orchestra are the background. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—If this really is Life on the Mississippi, it is not a bad way to live, especially for anyone fond of gilt and plush. On the veranda deck, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers play in-memoriam and up-to-the-minute music for dancing Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a nice try at doing what the Romans do, improves its own effective scenery with I Cavalieri di Roma, a seven-man dance band (nearly all string), which in turn improves its music with the all-for-love chanting of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday is the gamut.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The firebird lighting up the Persian Room during dinner and supper is Eartha Kitt, whose lyrics plainly indicate that man is the weaker vessel. Her pleasantries are supplemented by interludes in which Emil Coleman's big band rolls on majestically and Mark Monte's gadflies make sportive music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Peter Duchin's orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns represents great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—The spirit of the Cairo Shepheard's back in the days of Empire lives on seven nights a week, to incessant but jovial dance music (part machine-made, part man-made) that begins at eight. Some of the décor is Peter Larkin's merry Egyptology (he's put Mona Lisa smiles on all his Sphinxes); the rest is the audience, which has put best bibs and best tuckers on itself.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Milt Shaw's band sounds taps for the season in the Embassy Club on Sunday, June 14.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, Paul Anka is giving his version of modern youth, which, if one believes the lyrics, suffers a good deal. A more than usually jaunty Meyer Davis orchestra (under the eye of Emery Davis) and the band run by Horace Diaz are also in action. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The perils of Pauline as Puccini saw them take place (by virtue of a minute opera company) bare inches from your dinner or supper table, but the results are more romantic than anything else. The baton man for the singers is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Saturday, Mr. B. expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short is the life of the party that starts at ten-thirty and centers on his piano, songs, and trio. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms, and Otis Clements' piano fills in any blank spots. Jules Kuti opens the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fridays and Saturdays, Mabel Mercer is again giving the world's very best arias the benefit of her years of experience. Sam Hamilton, it must go without saying, is her pianist. Tee-off time is ten-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this playful

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High life, but on its best behavior, to which Forrest Perrin contributes judiciously jovial piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg and trailed by a triad of guitarists. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio. Sundays, a pianist is the entire orchestra. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, in the bar of which there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Sunday. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A scattering of musicians makes the sound that goes with the neat but not gaudy Italian school of cookery. A piano starts soliloquizing at five, and Joe Candullo's dance trio starts at nine-thirty. Fridays and Saturdays, a couple of voices join in. It's all family style, but with the greatest of dignity. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, a dance trio gets to work at nine every night. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast are the tiny ones stirred up by the piano of George Feyer. His tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A finer lot of bouncing Czechs and Hungarians you never saw or heard. Two of the few zimbalons remaining in captivity are prominent in the celebration, and so is (among other sounds) the voice of Tibor Rakossy, slowly savoring the ageless words of romance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dim are the lights, dark is the panelling, and dark are the Russian eyes that Marina Fedorovskaya, the clear-as-a-bell and unmannered innkeeper, sings of between seven-thirty and two. The air is Russian (Imperial), too; so are the ruminative piano and violin; so is the chef. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, and your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): The piano, which (manned by two operators) goes quietly about its business from five-thirty to three, never tries to rewrite the nation's songs—rather a novelty these nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The wickedest woman in all Paris of the Jane Avril era is played and sung by Rita Dimitri, the proprietor of this café, with all the pertinent nuances and implications. She appears at dinner, and on Fridays and Saturdays at supper, too. There's music the rest of the time, some of it, by Kurt Maier's trio, for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission a mile-wide bandonion, which is a giant, economy-size concertina of vast possibilities. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until ten every evening but Sunday.

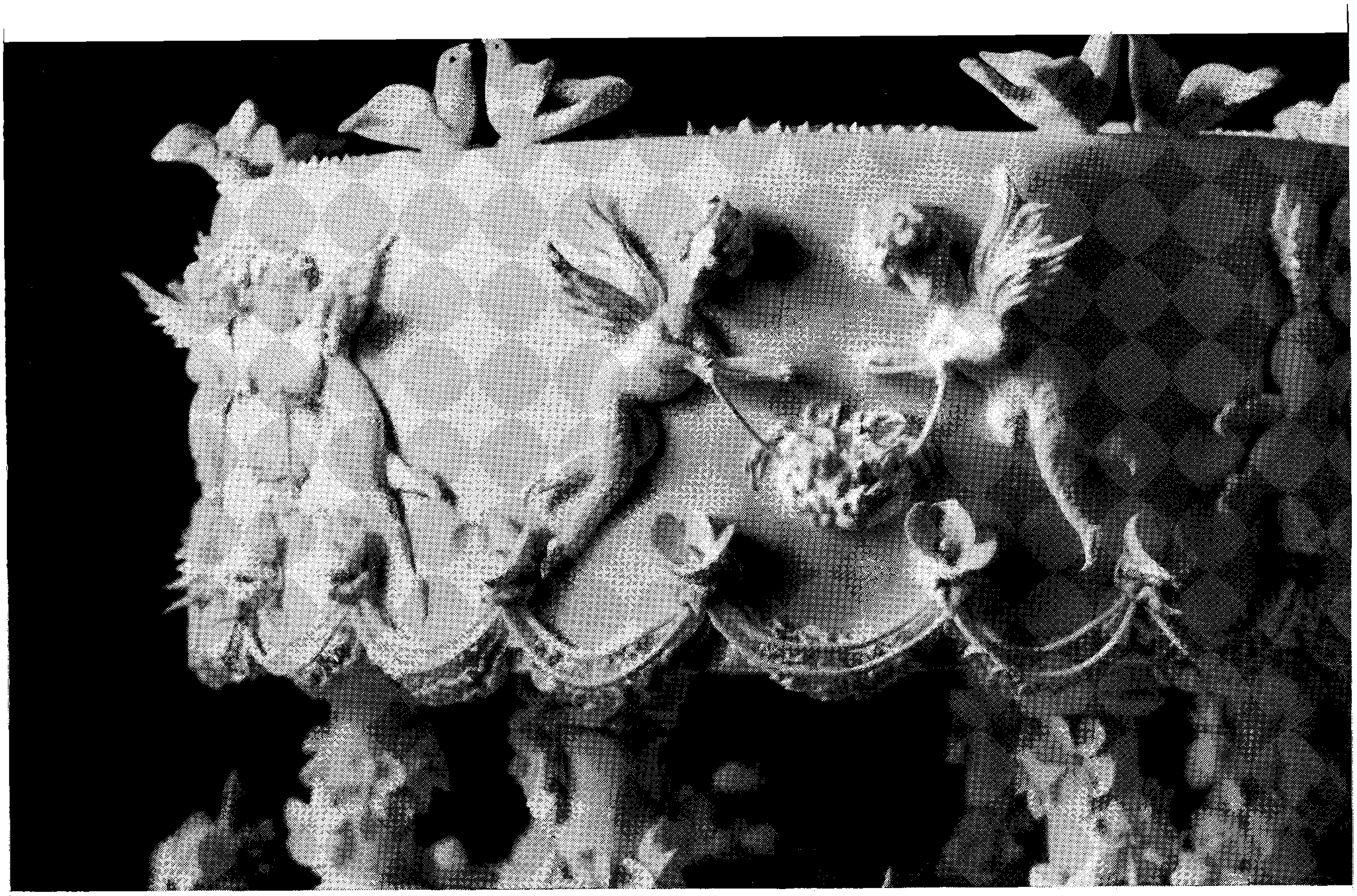
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Young womanhood in her crowning glory and in not very much else. The current occasion of her appearance is "Diamond Fair," a huge and sumptuous enterprise comprised of light, color, movement, mummery, flummery, and cheer. Acrobats, singers, dancers, and such ad infinitum, which is a rarity nowadays. Dancing for the guests is also permissible. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The main event is the Smothers Brothers, who express in word and action the doubts about folk music that trouble so many of us, and express it with great humor. Alongside them is Trini Lopez, all shiny in his very new newness, who has no doubts at all on the matter. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Vive les Girls," our forthcoming entry in the Olympic highkick event, is full of prancers, singers, and acrobats who have no time to waste on trifles. The peak of a diligent and dynamic cast is the captain of the chorus—Jeanie Stevens, of tremendous vim, vigor, and vivacity. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Not every prospect pleases the authors of "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, which has an unkind and well-rhymed word for everything that stands in the way of communal happiness. The faultless Gerry Matthews is the ringleader; his chief helpmeets are Nagle Jackson, Jamie Ross, and Barbara Cason, an actress of great quality; the sophomores—all deserving a good word, too—are Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Dick Blair. The band is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. Exhibitions at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," seventh in the line of revues constructed by the Second City company of players, is mostly concerned with the remaining vestiges of life on Manhattan Island. A lot of its fascination is the unexpectedness of nearly all its turns of events, like O. Henry in a new vernacular. Bob Dishy, Avery Schreiber, and Mina Kolb, well remembered from earlier affairs here, are again on hand; Jack Burns is an exceptional newcomer, and Dick Schaal a pretty damn good one. Severn Darden, one of the cleverest of all revue players, may on occasion also be observed, as his mood impels him. Tom O'Horgan's score, harp, piano, voice, and whatnot are the contributory music. A surprise codicil is Dick Gregory, that fulminating but funny discusser of current events; his last night is Friday, June 12. Proceedings commence at eight-thirty; closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): For Spain, the forecast is sunny and warmer whenever the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de España enter the back room. Their words are put into flamenco action by the feet of Isabella and Miguel. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday nights they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can



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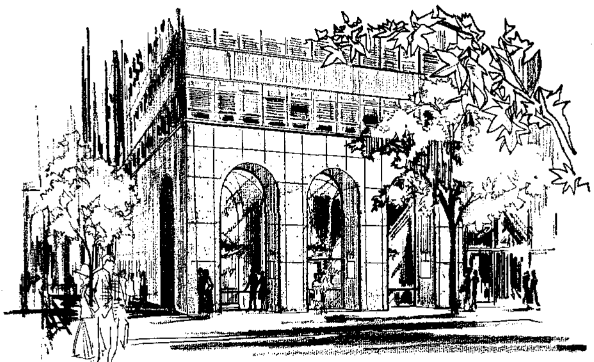

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incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): A neat-as-a-pin coffeehouse, and to some extent steakhouse, that serves as a rostrum for Tobi Reynolds, that handsome and conscientious soprano, and Bob Gibson, a completely bearable explorer of folk music. On Tuesday, June 16, Mort Sahl, a minority reporter who is anti most everything, is scheduled to replace Mr. Gibson. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531). It is not easy to reap the whirlwind set up by the voice of Felicia Sanders, which flourishes on its worthy ballads. Isobel Robins, a cherub full to the brim with bantering ballads, is also present. Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn, the two piano men, are as good as we are ever likely to get anywhere. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Max Morath, who remembers Tin Pan Alley when it was wooing K-k-k-katy, plays piano and sings in the rinky-dink fashion that was then the ultimate. He and his quartet are noisy but funny about the whole thing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Folk singers, mostly pure and honest, pour across the small stage night after night, but Jim, Jake & Joan, whose bright minds have never been entered by a serious thought, are the tops of the evening, simply because they combine three elfin senses of humor. They stay home Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Woody Allen, describing life as seen through the eyes of a sensitive but dubious Brooklyn child, manages to keep his wit bone dry as he progresses up our vale of tears. He is surrounded by Judy Henske, a vital and not very serious force in folk music, by the Red Onion Jazz Band (quite, quite period piece), and by the Modern Folk Quartet (standard-gauge song). They all withdraw on Sunday, June 14. On Tuesday, June 16, the aloof little Nina Simone brings in her foursome. Mondays are outsiders' nights. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Marian McPartland's trio (all things progressive in moderation) is in session from eight until two, and on Monday, June 15, Jimmy McPartland's threesome will join up. John Bunch will arrive the same night and offer his piano recitations in the very Piccadilly bar from seven until closing. A rather British dinner and supper menu is part of the accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Maynard Ferguson's band (the midnight ride of the Valkyrie) and Red Allen's quartet (donner und blitzen) set to in the middle of the evening. Earlier on, there is rant-and-roll cacophony by lesser groups. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rotation-of-crops system that prevails here removes the quintet of Lennie Tristano as of Thursday, June 18, and brings in, on the following night, the trio of Wes Montgomery. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): One is never quite sure what Charlie Mingus expects of himself and his co-workers, but enough of it comes through to make one sit up late and take notice. His quartet and Ron Carter's trio are in action every night but Monday, when visiting artists drop in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Buzzy Drootin with befitting enthusiasm. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair-midway is the point of view. Diluted jazz is audible during the night, but the principal amusement occurs at midnight through the week, at ten-forty-five and twelve-forty-five on Saturdays, and at ten-thirty on Sundays. It is Tessie O'Shea, who (in the half-dictatorial, half-matey manner of the British barmaid) presents a fullblown picture of what a British music-hall turn looks and sounds like. Sundays there are other musicians. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar sits the supreme Mary Lou Williams, an intense, devout, sometimes demoniac, and always true-blue pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano and Zutty Singleton handles the drums in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Wild Bill Davison, a horn man after Gabriel's heart, augments them every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; Thursdays through Saturdays, their aide is Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Here folk music is rather too much in the public domain, but Anita Sheer's flamenco colloquies with her faithful guitar belong in a little private duchy of her own. Mondays are her nights off. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **RED GARTER,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another easy-life brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is now shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris is back in town, at a stand that is coeval with his Early Americana music. Mondays, a ragtime band replaces the de Paris band.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Herbert Aach—Paintings; through Friday, June 12. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Alberto Collie—Sculptures; through Saturday, June 20. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Bernard Krigstein—Paintings; through June 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Luciano Minguzzi—Twenty-one bronze studies for the fifth and final door of the Cathedral in Milan by a contemporary Italian; through June 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Henry Moore—Early and recent sculptures; through July 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Reuben Nakian—Four large sculptures; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Seccombe—Welded-iron sculptures; through Thursday, June 18. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Kurt Seligmann—Twenty years of prints and drawings; through June 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stuyvesant Van Veen—Watercolors, gouaches, and drawings; through Saturday, June 20. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

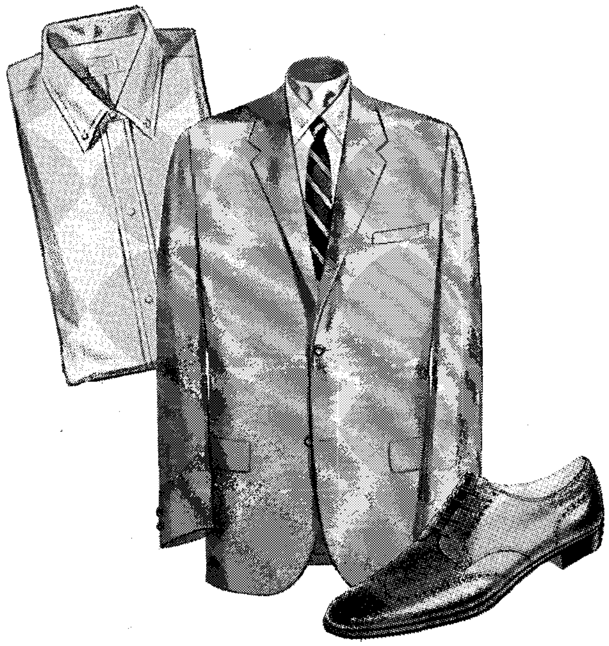
Charlotte Yazbek—Sculptures in bronze; through June 30. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

Sculptures—Nineteenth-century Puerto Rican *santos;* through Friday, June 12. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **AMEL,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: John Goodyear, Minda Hess, Reginald Neal, Helen Soreff, and Paul Zelanski are participating in a show called "The Hard Eye;" through July 4. . . . **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery, including Carlyle Brown, Jared French, and Maurice Grosser; through Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.) . . . **DE NAGY,** 149 E. 72nd St.: Robert Goodnough, Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher and eight other painters; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . DINTENFASS, 18 E. 67th St.: Robert Gwathmey, William King, John Paul Jones, and others on the regular roster in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . DURLACHER, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Some of the participants in this showing of paintings are Richard Mayhew, Gordon Russell, and Pavel Tchelitchew; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . GRANVILLE, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Ronnie Elliott, James House, James Brewer, and others; through Friday, June 19. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . GREEN, 15 W. 57th St.: Hard- and soft-edge paintings by Burgoyne Diller, Neil Williams, Tadaaki Kuwayama, Darby Bannard, and Richard Smith; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century artists as Leonard DeLonga, John Heliker, and John Koch; through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . LEWISON, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 27. (Closed Mondays; Saturday hours: noon to 5.) . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, William Thon, and other gallery artists; through June 27. . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Singer Sargent, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in a display of nineteenth- and twentieth-century painting; through July 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Morris Brose, Leon Hartl, and Reginald Pollack; through Friday, June 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . PHOENIX, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: A show of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by the gallery artists, among them Frank Bernarducci, Herbert Simon, and Alice Forman; through June 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . ROKO, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Robert Chapman, Herbert Kallem, Ann Freilich, and others; through June 22. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . SCHOELKOPF, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St., and ZABRISKIE, 36 E. 61st St.: A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings of New York City, by (to mention a few) George C. Ault, John Marin, and Herman Rose, plus sculpture by Louise Nevelson; through June 26. (Both galleries are closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . SLOAN, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through July 30. . . . SOUTHAMPTON, 145 E. 72nd St.: New works by Robert Indiana, Andy Warhol, Claes Oldenburg, and the like; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by David Hockney, Bruce Connor, Reuben Tam, and others; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . BLACK, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, drawings, and watercolors of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and sculptures of various periods, by, for example, Frederick J. Waugh, Arthur B. Davies, and Antoine-Louis Barye; through Saturday, June 13. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Aug. 14. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . MARKS, 19 E. 71st St.: A selection of paintings and sculptures by Frans Krajcberg, Roger Bolomey, Picasso, and others; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, Paul Serusier, and the like; through Aug. 31. (Closed Saturdays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the HAHN, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century French masters, including Miró, Chagall, and Giacometti; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . SLATKIN, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies," as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings,



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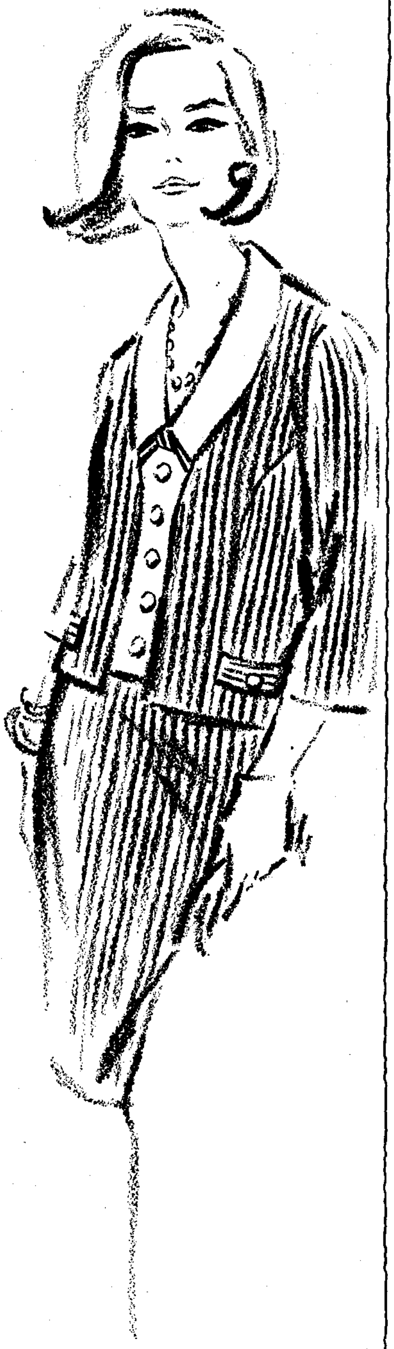

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through July 17. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings, by such sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters as Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, Cézanne, and Gauguin; through Sept 12.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sunday, June 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Trustees for Orphans in Amsterdam," a seventeenth-century group portrait by Nicolaes Eliasz. Pickenoy, lent by the city of Amsterdam, is now on view in the Great Hall. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, and Larry Rivers are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "American Painters as Lithographers;" through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ "The Photographer's Eye," a loan show of some two hundred pictures by, among others, Mathew Brady, Edward Steichen, and Cartier-Bresson; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Eighty drawings from the Museum's collection, by such artists as Seurat, Matisse, and Leonard Baskin, are being shown along with a collection of prints from seventeen artists, including Pierre Bonnard, André Derain, and Ben Shahn. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Cézanne, Renoir, Modigliani, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—On permanent exhibition is the Huntington Hartford collection of paintings and sculptures, including pieces by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings for magazine and book illustrations, together with some American posters, all done between 1900 and 1920 by Maxfield Parrish; through July 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. . . . ¶ Environmental sculpture by the architect, designer, and sculptor Frederick Kiesler; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Studies for paintings and other drawings (1927-47) by Arshile Gorky; through June 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LOW MEMORIAL LIBRARY, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Chinese sculptures, ceramics, bronzes, and jades from Neolithic times through the Sung Dynasty. (Mondays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays, the four folios, Shakespeare's source books, and forgeries of his works; through Friday, June 19. . . . ¶ "From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The American Craftsman," a selection of works in a variety of mediums by thirty outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 13. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to name a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Treasures of the New-York Historical Society, 1804-1964," a display commemorating the hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary of the Society. Among the items shown are a copy of the New-York *Gazette* dated March 7, 1726, a letter written in 1774 by Paul Revere, and the only known life portrait of Peter Stuyvesant. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Images of America," an exhibit of prints ranging from pre-Revolutionary times to the present, with Reginald Marsh, John Marin, and Antonio Frasconi numbered among the modern artists; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings purchased during the past five years by members of the Friends of the Whitney Museum for their private collections. Among the artists are Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Andrew Wyeth, and William Zorach. Through Tuesday, June 16. Beginning Wednesday, June 17, the upper floors of the museum will be closed for one week while the next show, "Between the Fairs: Twenty-five Years of American Art," is being hung, but the first floor will remain open, with a sampling of works from that show, which opens officially on Wednesday, June 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460.)

PHILHARMONIC HALL, Lincoln Center—**PROMENADES**: The final performances of the season. Andre Kostelanetz conducting a program of French music Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8:30 (with Ozan Marsh, piano, and the Schola Cantorum of New York); and a varied program Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14, at 8:30 (with Toshiya Eto, violin). . . . **FIESTA MEXICANA**: The American première of Servando Gonzalez's film "Yanco" (performances Sundays through Thursdays at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10), plus exhibits of Mexican paintings and folk arts, a Mexican buffet, Mariachi bands, and other entertainment. (Wednesday, June 17, through Sunday, June 28. Nightly, 6 to midnight.)

FESTIVAL CASALS—Pablo Casals directing the Festival Casals Orchestra and the Cleveland Festival Chorus in a performance of Haydn's "The Creation," with Olga Iglesias, soprano; Walter Carringer, tenor; and Justino Diaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, June 15, at 8:30.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. First concert Wednesday, June 17. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 14.)

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET—A program of Renaissance and baroque music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, June 18, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 11, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Yankees, Monday, June 15, at 8 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sand-lot baseball). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 19, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, June 20, at 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 12, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, June 13, at 2; and Sunday, June 14, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, June 16, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, June 17, at 2; and Thursday, June 18, at 6.

BOXING—Carl (Bobo) Olson vs. Johnny Persol, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, June 19. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Friday and Saturday, June 19-20.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 20; varsity race at 7:15.)

GOLF—Long Island Seniors' Golf Association Tournament. (North Hempstead Country Club, Port Washington. Thursday, June 11.)

HORSE SHOWS—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 12-14.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 13.) . . . ¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. Sunday, June 14.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 18-21.)

POLO—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, through Tuesday, June 30. The Coaching Club Oaks, Saturday, June 13; the National Stallion (for fillies), Monday, June 15; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 20. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . **WOODBINE**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 20.

SOCCER—International Soccer League—Sunday, June 14, at 2:15: Lanerossi vs. Blackburn Rovers and Hearts vs. Bahia. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 17, at 8:30: Lanerossi vs. Bahia. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, June 13, at 12:30.

TENNIS—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange, N.J. Saturday, June 13, through Sunday, June 21.) . . . ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 20.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, July 29. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

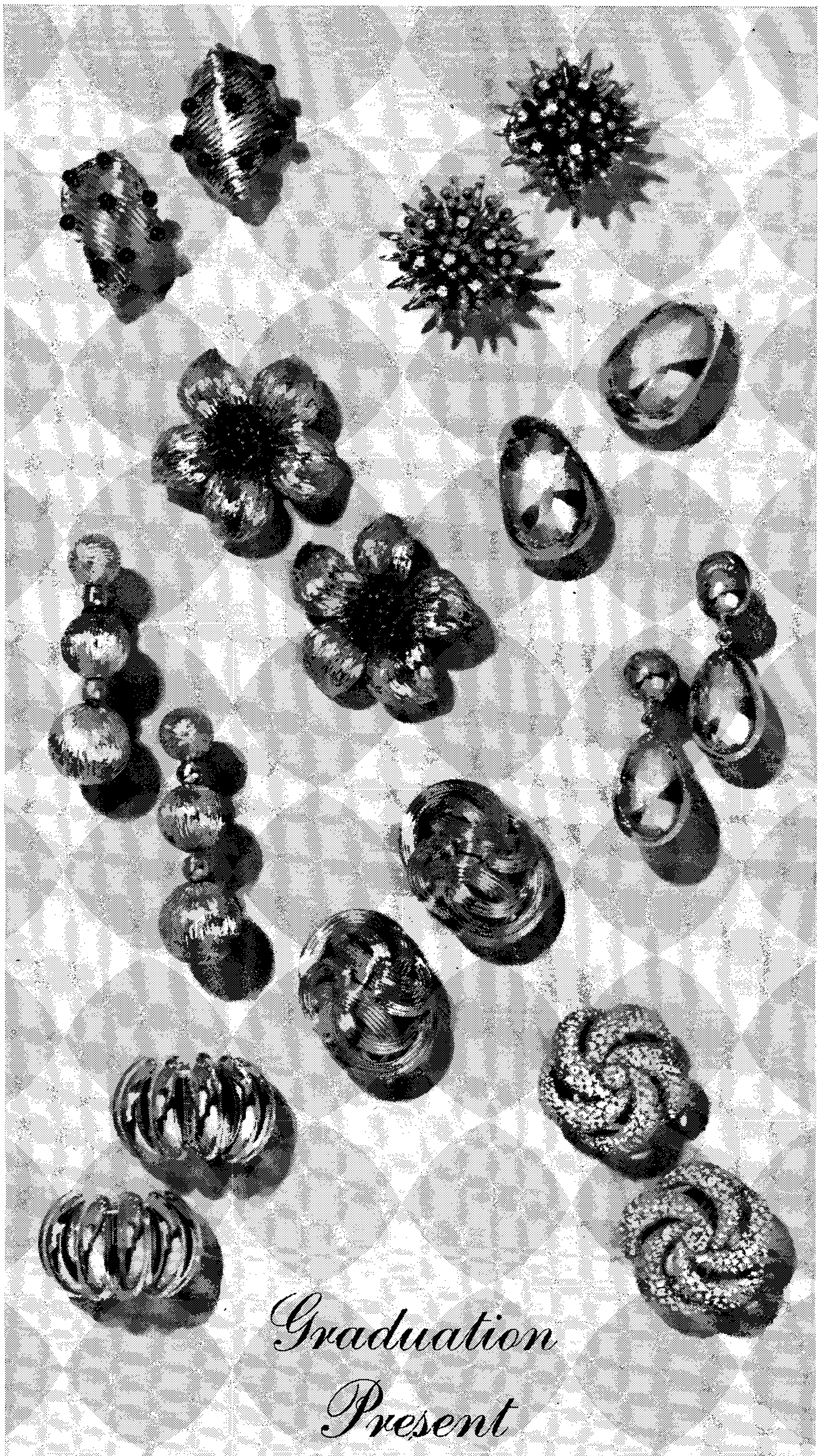
YACHTING—America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. Through Saturday, June 13.) . . . ¶ Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 20.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 19), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

FLOWER SHOW—The June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 17, from 12:30 to 4.)

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Harvard, Thursday, June 11; Dartmouth, Sunday, June 14; Yale, Monday, June 15; and Princeton, Tuesday, June 16.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Billy Liar—A born prevaricator gets himself into many a Walter Mitty mess and at last fails to get out. With Tom Courtenay and a beautiful girl named Julie Christie. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 16, tentative.)

The Chalk Garden—A story as sentimental as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but with much wittier dialogue. Starring Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Cleopatra—The already celebrated epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A nightmare comedy as shocking and wonderful as its title is long. With Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 16.)

The Easy Life—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; June 12-15. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 17.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—Stephen Boyd, Sophia Loren, Alec Guinness, and Christopher Plummer in a costume drama of unimpeachable implausibility. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

From Russia with Love—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting June 17, tentative.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

The Night Watch—How to escape from prison, in fifty or so not at all easy lessons. A French thriller, directed by Jacques Becker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Organizer—An extraordinary re-creation of a struggle for social justice in nineteenth-century Italy. Marcello Mastroianni is the star, and the director is Mario Monicelli. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner in a terrific melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over Washington and, indeed, all of us. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 16. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 16, tentative.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman's latest study of the human condition is also his gloomiest, though Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are fascinating to watch. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two attractive junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. The girls are played by Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and the poseur by Peter Sellers, and they're all splendid. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 16.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 16.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 13.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 16, tentative.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 12.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)—A description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War. Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting June 17.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 12.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; and Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 12-15.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 11.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 11.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 14.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 16 . . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 17, tentative.)

The Longest Day (1962)—Darryl Zanuck's reconstruction of D Day. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 16.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—The waltz and the old Lehár music, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald most in evidence. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting June 17.)

Mission to Moscow (1943)—An interpretation of ex-Ambassador Davies' book. With Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 15.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 14.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—Victor Herbert's operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through June 13.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting June 12.)

Romeo and Juliet (1936)—The Montagues and the Capulets, played by Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, and Basil Rathbone. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; June 11.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 11 . . . . ¶ Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; through June 17, tentative.)

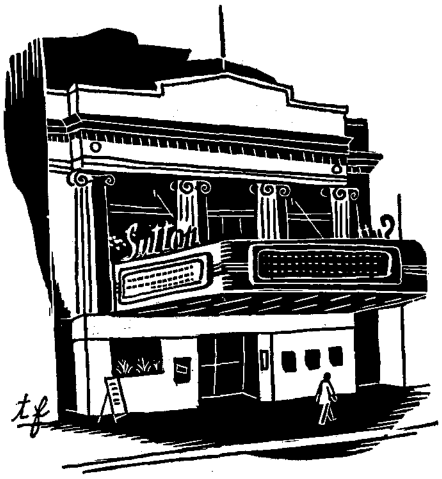
Sweethearts (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the Victor Herbert foolishness. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; June 14-16.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 13.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 16. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 13: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1903), directed by Edwin S. Porter; and "The Mother and the Law" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ June 14-17: "Max Apprend à Patiner" (1905), a French film, with Max Linder; and "A Woman" (1915), "The Tramp" (1915), "The Pawn Shop" (1916), and "The Immigrant" (1917), all directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through June 16: "Viva Las Vegas," Elvis Presley, Ann-Margret.
From June 17: "How the West Was Won," revival.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Windjammer," revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE CHALK GARDEN.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through June 17 (tentative): **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 16: "Dimka" (in Russian).
From June 17: To be announced.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
June 11: "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
June 12-15: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian); and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.
From June 16: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Wild and Wonderful," Tony Curtis, Christine Kaufmann; and "The Strangler," Victor Buono.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 16: **THE LONGEST DAY**, revival.
From June 17: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**, revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 16 (tentative): **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From June 17 (tentative): **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and another feature, to be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, revival.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through June 13: **NAUGHTY MARIETTA**, revival; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.
June 14-16: **SWEETHEARTS**, revival; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From June 17: **THE MERRY WIDOW**, revival; and "The Student Prince," revival, Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Voice of the Hurricane," Muriel Smith.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 16: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From June 17: "The Evil of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing; and "Nightmare," David Knight.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Kapo," Susan Strasberg.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MODERN TIMES, revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, revival.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave., at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 14: "The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.
From June 15: "Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Ring of Treason," Bernard Lee.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 16 (tentative): **BILLY LIAR**; and "Waltz of the Toreadors," revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.
From June 17 (tentative): **HUD**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 16: "The Doll" (in Swedish).
From June 17: "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer; and "The Guest," Donald Pleasence.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Wild and Wonderful," Tony Curtis, Christine Kaufmann; and "The Strangler," Victor Buono.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 16: "Advance to the Rear," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens; and "Mail Order Bride," Keir Dullea, Lois Nettleton.
From June 17: "How the West Was Won," revival.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 11: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.
June 12-15: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival; and "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.
From June 16: "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand; and "The Army Game" (in French), revival, Christian de Tilière.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 16: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**
From June 17: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian); and "The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 16: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**
From June 17: "Weekend" (in Danish).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 16: "Advance to the Rear," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens; and "Mail Order Bride," Keir Dullea, Lois Nettleton.
From June 17: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 16: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**
From June 17: "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer; and "The Guest," Donald Pleasence.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through June 16: "A Distant Trumpet," Troy Donahue, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Life in Danger," Derren Nesbitt.
From June 17: "The Evil of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing; and "Nightmare," David Knight.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
June 11: **ROMEO AND JULIET**, revival.
From June 12: **RICHARD III**, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE NIGHT WATCH (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 16: "Advance to the Rear," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens; and "Mail Order Bride," Keir Dullea, Lois Nettleton.
From June 17: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**, revival.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 11: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and "Dark Passage," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.
June 12: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
June 13: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.
June 14: **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival; and **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival.
June 15: **MISSION TO MOSCOW**, revival; and "Tovarich," revival, Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer.
June 16: "Ride the High Country," revival, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
June 17: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (in Spanish), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 16: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and **HUD**, revival.
From June 17: "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 11: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
June 12-15: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From June 16: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 16: "Of Wayward Love" (in Italian), Lilli Palmer; and "Fiasco in Milan" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio Gassman, Claudia Cardinale.
From June 17: "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer; and "The Guest," Donald Pleasence.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M.... ¶ The Fair looks its best and is least crowded between 9 and 10 in the morning and under the lights at night.... ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children Over Three—May be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) or in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).... ¶ There is a maze designed for small children at the Johnson Wax Pavilion, and a diaper-changing room in the Scott Paper Enchanted Forest.

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square. Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, on the half-hour between 10 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Circle Line ferries leave from Pier 80, at the foot of West 40th Street, at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.; return at 11:45 A.M. and 4 P.M. Fare $2.75 outward bound, $2 inward bound; run takes about an hour and three-quarters. ... ¶ Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave for the Fair approximately every half hour from Wall Street Heliport ($9.45 one way). Newark Airport ($12.60), La Guardia Airport ($5.25), and Kennedy International Airport ($6.30). Half price for children.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a trip.... ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes.... ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day.... ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair; adults $6.50, children $3.50.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Philippines—Philippines Independence Day will be celebrated in the Philippines Pavilion between 2 P.M. and 10 P.M. on Friday, June 12.

Flag—Sunday, June 14, is Flag Day and also Salute to the United States Army Day.

Art—The Pavilion of Fine Arts, formerly the Argentina Pavilion, will be open starting Tuesday, June 16, which is also Independent Life and Accident Day.

Mayors—Wednesday, June 17, is New York State Mayors Day.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Du Pont—A commercial musical show followed by a series of chemical demonstrations goes on about forty times a day. Du Pont products are praised, and the waiting lines are long.

Federal Pavilion—On the first floor of the United States exhibit, a short film called "The American Voyage"—mostly about immigrants to this country—is shown every half hour, and on the second floor, open cars are frequently launched past a short impressionistic movie about American history that is projected onto more screens of various shapes and sizes than is necessary.

Florida—There is no admission charge to see an exhibit of paintings by Rubens, Renoir, Veronese, Cézanne, Monet, Winslow Homer, Jawlensky, and Soulages, among others, which were lent by Florida museums and collectors, but it costs adults two dollars, and children a dollar, to see a sea lion and five porpoises do tricks to organ music.

Billy Graham Pavilion—In a 70-mm. Todd A-O film, voices speaking for St. Augustine, Pascal, and Tolstoy support the evangelist's claim that men and women of culture generally have faith in God. Multilingual spiritual counsellors may be consulted after the film, which is shown hourly.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and even standing on line for two hours to see its fifteen-minute film is more fun than visiting most other Fair exhibits.

Illinois—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice. The audience is ushered out by loud singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Fortunately, there is also a display of photographs of Lincoln, as well as a collection of manuscripts, including one of the Gettysburg Address.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre. The movie, which is projected onto three screens, shows moments of pleasure and happiness in people's lives, and it is an excellent reason to come to the Fair.

Republic of Korea—Among the exhibits are prints of the Korean alphabet (ten vowels and fourteen consonants) and a model of the world's first iron-clad warship, invented at the end of the sixteenth century by Admiral Sun-Shin Yi.

Sermons from Science—The Moody Institute of Science of Los Angeles sponsors twelve different programs a day to illustrate the relationship between science and God. One program is a film showing poppies popping open, a caterpillar turning into a butterfly, paramecia proliferating, and a man who says there is no greater sin than unbelief.

Spanish Pavilion—It costs twenty-five cents to get in to pay a dollar to see paintings by Picasso, Dali, Miró, Goya, El Greco, Velásquez, Murillo, and several present-day Spanish painters. The glass covering the Goyas reflects everything in sight, and the glass on the El Greco reflects the Velásquez.

Republic of the Sudan—The Sudanese exhibit includes an archeological museum (admission is fifty cents), ivory carvings and leopardskin purses for sale, Sudanese paintings, and a small outdoor restaurant that never seems to be crowded.

Republic of Venezuela—Eighteenth-century religious carvings; pre-Hispanic ceramics; cans of juice, fish, and coffee; jars of fertilizer; photographs of Venezuelans; and a collection of paintings dating from colonial times to the nineteenth century.

West Virginia—The exhibits include a replica of a section of a coal mine, with occasional sound effects, and a functioning handblown-glass factory. Handblown glass and a packet of historic documents, including the Declaration of Independence and the Monroe Doctrine, are on sale.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1:30, 3:15, 5:30, and 7:15, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, 5, 6:10, and 7:20, the rest of the week; $1.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Les Poupées de Paris—A puppet show advertised as "sophisticated" offers an original score by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Hensen and a puppet that looks like Frank Sinatra. Shows at 3, 4:30, 7, and 8:30, and a 1:30 show on Saturdays and Sundays. Adults $2; children $1.

"To Broadway with Love"—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers, including "Dixie" and "There's No Business Like Show Business," on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. At 3:30, 7, and 10. Admission $2 to $4.80.

Walters Wax Museum—The museum's inhabitants include Sammy Davis, Jr., Marie Antoinette, and Cardinal Spellman. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

"Wonder World"—A mammoth stage show that ends with a man noisily propelled across the stage by a rocket belt fuelled with hydrogen peroxide. Shows at 2:30 P.M., 5:30 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. in the Amphitheatre in the Lake Amusement Area; $1 to $3.50. Closes Saturday, June 20.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind, but it is almost impossible—except, perhaps, for the unusually efficient and farsighted—to be in the right one at the right time. The majority of them do not accept reservations.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. The cold cucumber soup and the fruits-of-Africa salad (avocado, melon, orange, mango, banana, coconut, peanuts, and lettuce) are delicious. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, though numerous, are mysteriously designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

Caribbean Pavilion—There is a three-dollar minimum, a small menu, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710. The acoustics and the view of the stage show are better from outside the pavilion.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a six-dollar "grand cold table" at lunchtime and, at dinner, the cold table or anything else on the large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call Mr. Bailey, AR 1-5070.

Florida—Fresh orange juice is sold for a quarter a glass at a Florida Citrus Commission stand inside the Florida Pavilion.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indonesian Pavilion—A complete Indonesian meal costs $6.50, and at 7:30 and 9:30 there is a stage show featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and dancing, and a rendition of "Home on the Range" in English. The restaurant closes at about 10 P.M.

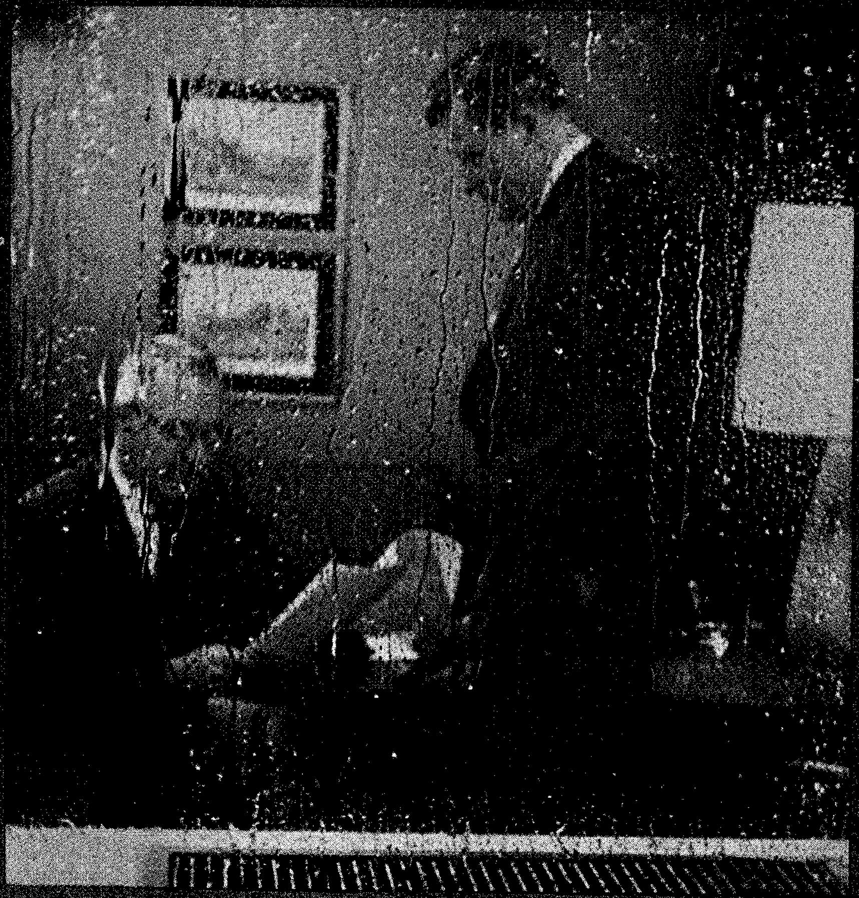
Swiss Exhibits, Inc.—A stand in the Swiss Pavilion sells frozen custard made with Tobler chocolate for twenty-five cents.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. No reservations.

Note—There are benches all over the Fairgrounds and picnic tables at the Oklahoma Pavilion for those who feel like bringing their own food.

"...there is a real place in New York for conservatively managed banks and trust companies of moderate size where customers may have easy access to and personal acquaintance with the senior officers..."

QUOTED FROM "THE BANK'S DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES"



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... Business conditions can fluctuate as widely as the weather. For more than 175 years, this Bank has dedicated its time and energies to studying in depth each corporate customer's special situation in order to render effective financial service under all types of business conditions. When the officers of this Bank are on your financial team, they will match their time with yours in seeking resourceful solutions to your banking needs—whatever the business "weather" of the moment.

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Founded 1784
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MAIN OFFICE: 48 WALL STREET

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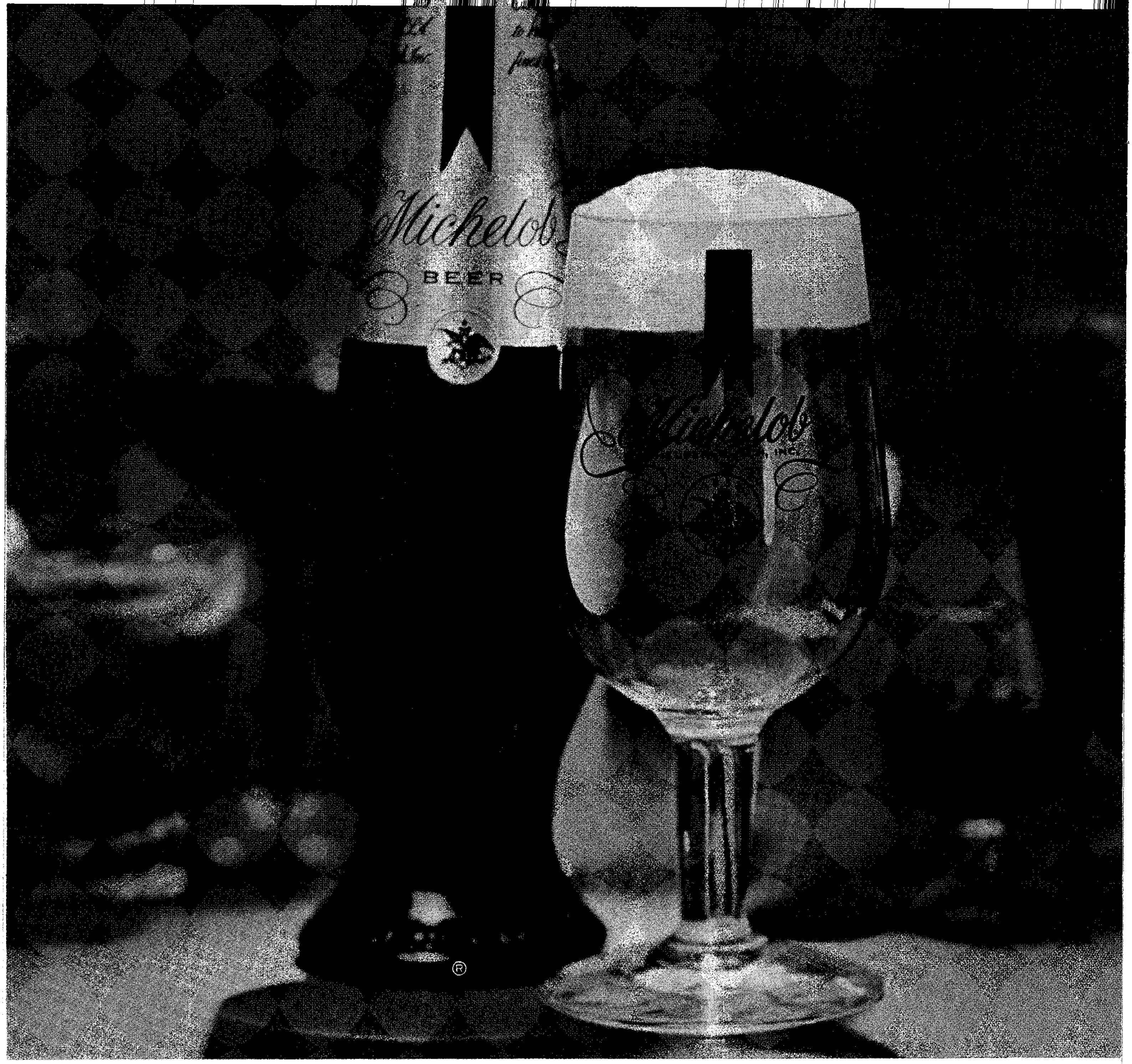

An import!

When fine beers cross the Atlantic, the direction is traditionally westward. But Michelob is an exception. Now that Michelob has arrived in England and on the Continent, beer fanciers abroad are finally discovering imported beer . . . one so special that it's really rather amazing it could be brewed at all—anywhere. Even if Michelob is in limited supply, it would hardly seem cricket to keep it *all* for ourselves.

Michelob®. . . *more than any other beer*

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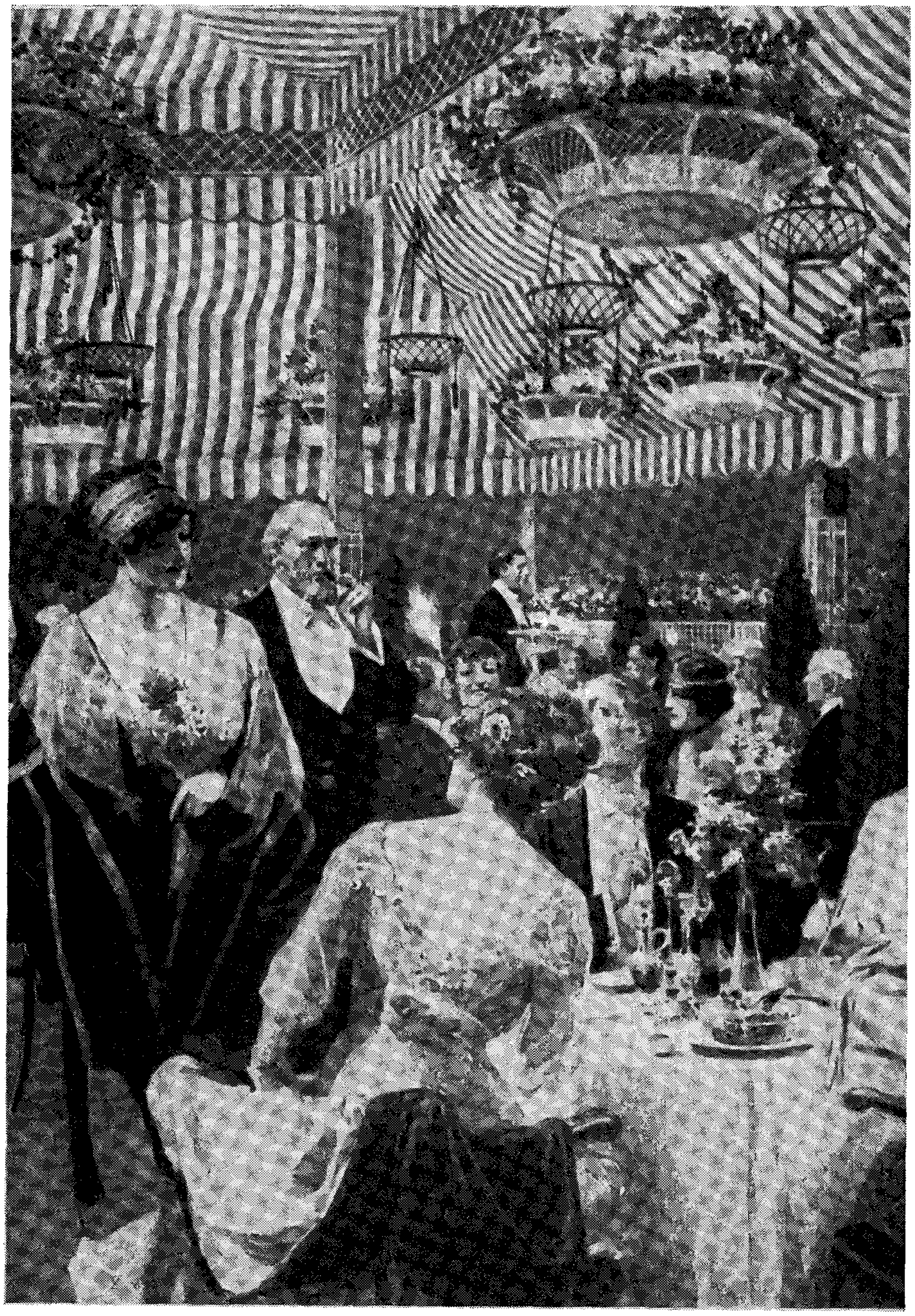

Do you remember the Ritz?

We do!

When the old Ritz was new, this Schumacher damask hung in the main ballroom. Gathered into its folds were the echoes of how many golden evenings? We can't bring back the era, but we still weave the fabric.

That should give you some idea of how we treasure our designs. And how long a good pattern will live.

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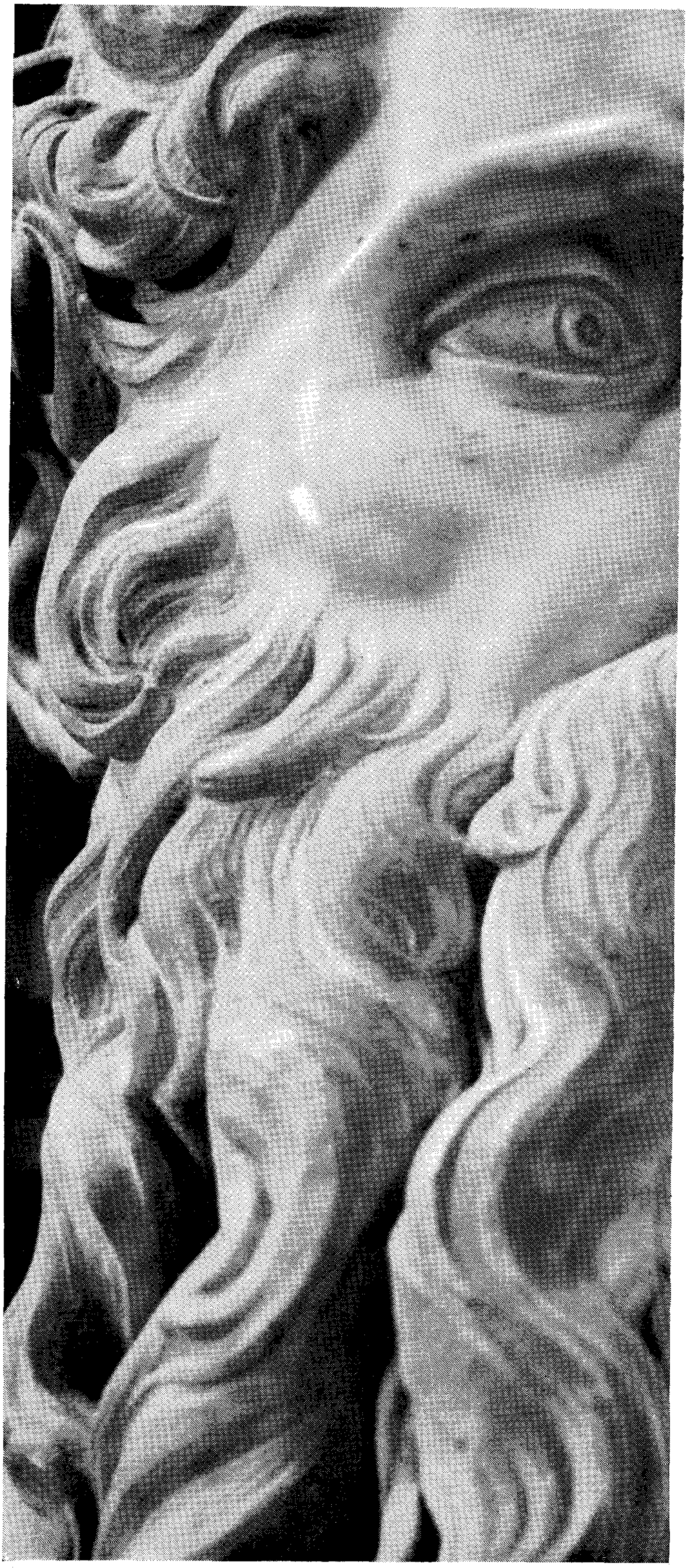
MICHELANGELO'S ITALY

is the Carrara quarries, the Medici gardens. And small huts where simple people lived. Roma stairs, Firenze streets. This is the year of Michelangelo's 400th anniversary, time to see, touch his Italy, all Italy,



to be caught for at least one full dazzling hour in the Gallery of the Accademia where Michelangelo's David lives. To be whirled back into the beginning of time by the Sistine ceiling's powerful expanse. To be enchanted by the idyllic joy of the Bacchus child in the **Bargello.**

Italy is Renaissance art with Giottos coming alive in **Assisi's** upper basilica.

Italy is Pisano, and Madonna and Child in the Camposanto of **Pisa.** Donatello's David in Florence, the Botticellos in the Uffizi Gallery, the Giorgiones on view all over **Venice.**

Italy is Monteverdi, the father of opera music, and Vivaldi. Italy is the niceties of *bel canto,* a guitarist in a candle-lit *trattoria,* the latest cool sounds.

Michelangelo's Italy is the countryside you haven't seen, the native wine you must taste, the gem-encrusted altar cloth in a tiny village chapel.

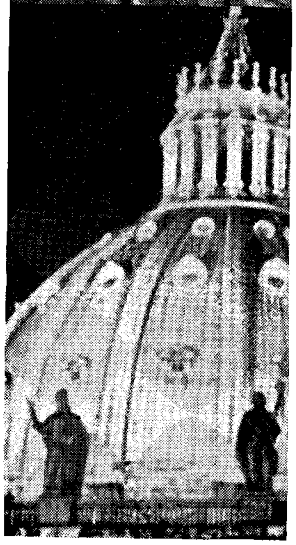
Italy is September in **Monza,** eight miles from **Milan,** adrenalin pumping while you watch the Grand Prix. A goggle-eyed day in the largest Gothic building in Italy, the Milan Cathedral, with 2245 marble statues of all periods on the outside of the building—(if you take the time to count). And stained glass windows from the 15th century and a Madonnina spire 350 feet high.

Italy is the rippling green countryside in the lake region, out of Milan. The lacily structured *Certosa di Pavia* monastery, the true Renaissance interior of the Cathedral in **Pavia.**

Italy is groves of lemon, olive and orange trees at the foot of the mountains on the southernmost tip of **Lake Garda.** A formal dress night at the Teatro della Scala in Milan, and *panettone,* fluffy, raisin and candy-fruit specked cake for breakfast. Italy is a trip from Milan to **Lake Como,** little boats skimming by, snow-capped Alps looming above.

Italy is September and October at its balmy beautiful best. It is tiny *pensioni* in the tiny toy towns outside the big cities, the luxe resorts below **Naples** or up in the Dolomites.

Italy is living. Alive. For a free booklet with hints, help, write to the Italian Tourist office nearest you: 626 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.; St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco 2, Calif.; 203 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.; 3 Place Ville Marie, Montreal, P.Q. *(And see your travel agent.)* Come to see, touch, discover . . . **Italy is for staying and staying and staying.**



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—the solid 14K gold point (tipped with long-lasting plathenium) through which your thoughts flow easily onto paper. The person who receives the 61 can choose from five point styles one that suits him exactly.

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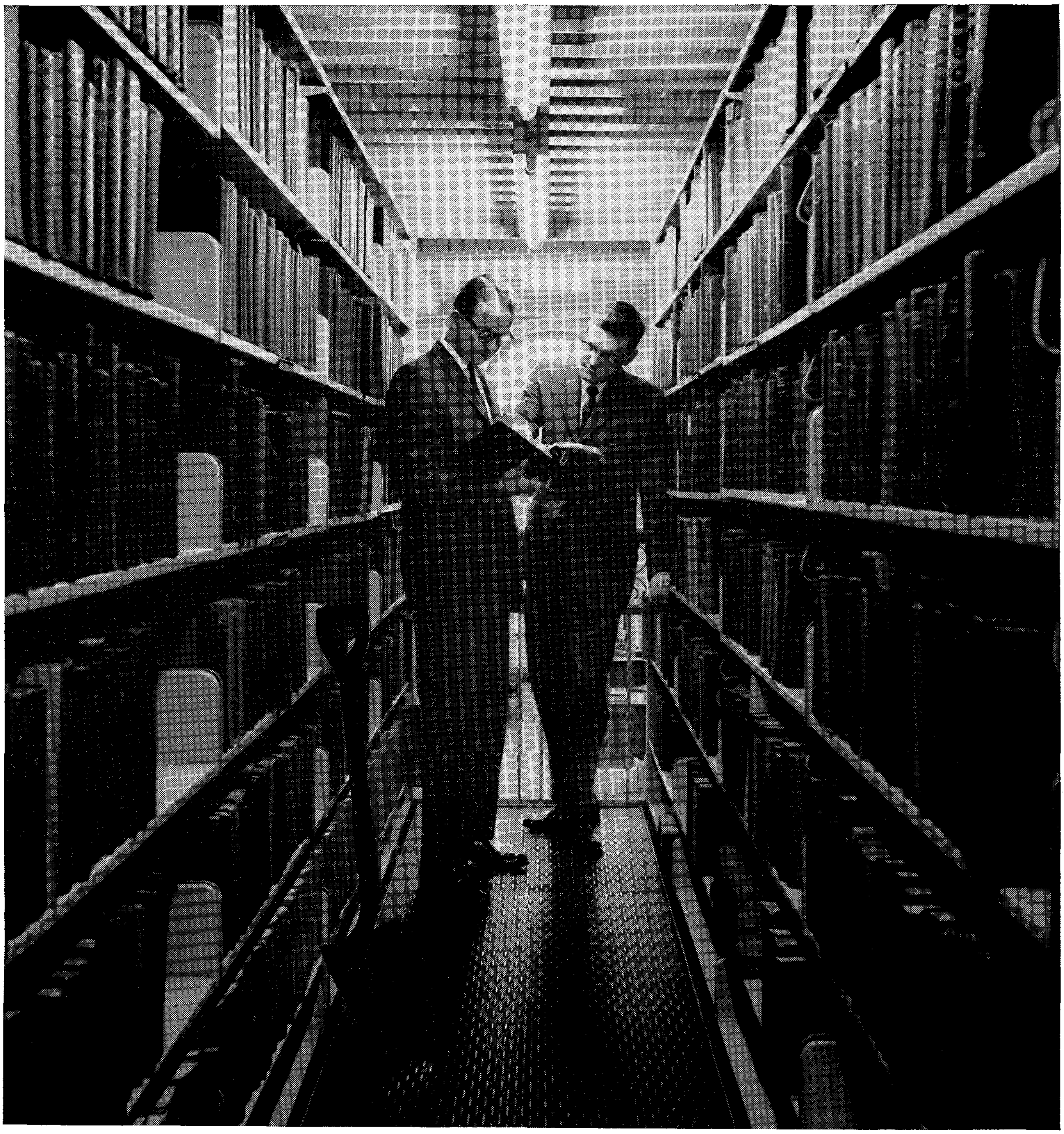

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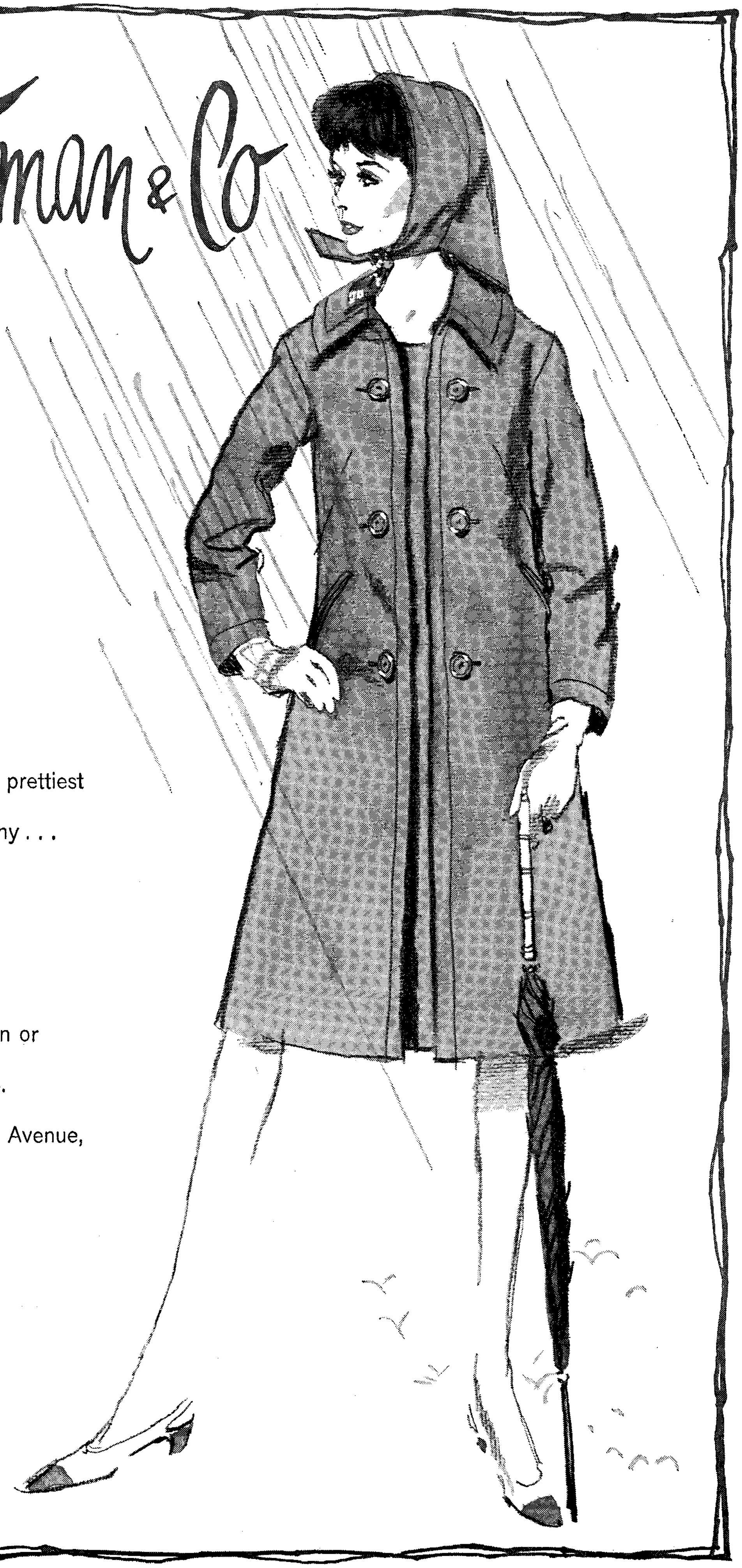


Sunny Italy has a way with raincoats!

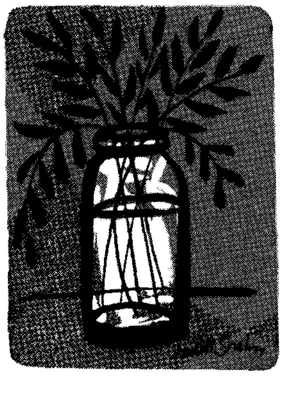
We brought the season's prettiest style straight from Tuscany . . . cotton twill with "double breasted" panel front! Complete with matching hood bonnet. Bright green or frosted taupe . . . 6 to 14. Third floor rainwear, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **50.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

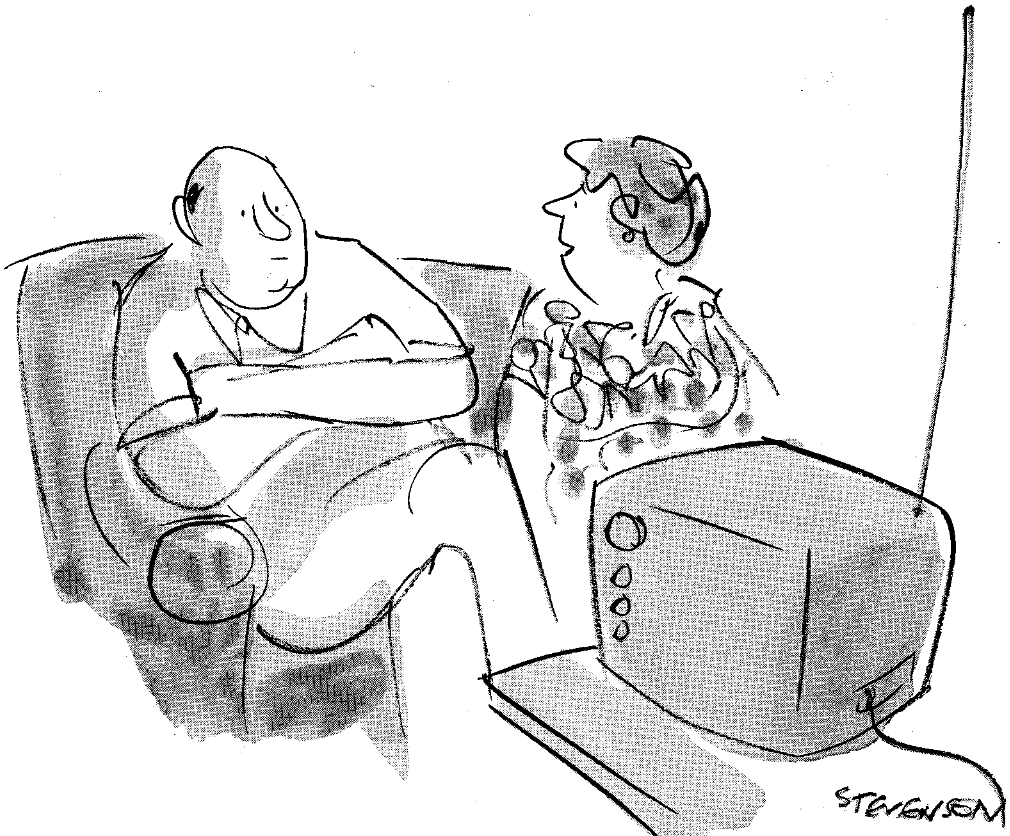
ON the evening of November 5, 1961, as we noted in these columns, we had the good fortune to meet Jawaharlal Nehru. He had arrived in the city that afternoon, and though when we saw him it was midnight according to the English time on which he was functioning, and though he had just come from a television appearance on "Meet the Press," he talked without any sense of time. In the half hour we were with him, he spoke on the telephone with Mrs. B. K. Nehru, the wife of the Indian Ambassador to this country—going over with her the menu of a dinner arranged at the Indian Embassy for him and President Kennedy, joking about eating with his hands at the dinner, and giving Mrs. Nehru news of her son Ashok, who had been laid up after a motorcycle accident the previous summer but had lately begun to walk with bigger steps and smaller crutches ("He can even go up the stairs. I walked with him up a few steps," the Prime Minister remarked)—and then, turning to us, he talked about, among other things, the state of the world, similarities between Russians and Americans, Chinese national traits, his conjecture as to why the Soviet Union had recently broken the nuclear-test moratorium, the progress he was making with education and democracy in India, and ways to peace. As we were leaving, he was busy getting ready for a conference with a Canadian High Commissioner and, after that, a formal dinner that was expected to last four or five hours, and he was also working out with the Embassy press attaché a plan to fit in breakfast with Yehudi Menuhin and his wife the next morning before he flew on to Newport for a round of political discussions with the President. It was clear that he was incapable of delegating much. Indeed, the more successful he was with his people—who affectionately called him Chacha, or Uncle, Nehru—as their Prime Minister and their Foreign Minister (and sometimes their Defense Minister), as chairman of the top-level committees on economic planning and scientific development, and as architect of movements for far-ranging social reforms, the more fear he inspired in his admirers about his inability to delegate authority. They worried over whether a country of four hundred and fifty million people, a universe of languages and religions, could survive him united, as it had not—when it had far fewer people—its past kings. In 1937, when Nehru was running for a third term as president of the Congress Party, which eventually won freedom for India, an unsigned sketch appearing in the Indian newspapers commented, "Men like Jawaharlal Nehru, with their capacity for great and good work, are unsafe in a democracy. A little twist, and Jawaharlal might turn into a dictator, sweeping aside the paraphernalia of a slow-moving democracy." The article appealed to the Congress Party not to elect him, on the ground that "he must imagine that he is indispensable, and no man must be allowed to think so." He lost the presidency. Only later did it become known that he had written the article himself, in a self-critical mood. Perhaps because he knew the chinks in his own armor, he never gave that "twist." Instead, when he came to power he turned the country into the world's largest laboratory of democracy. Finding a deputy or a successor, however, was a different matter, and he seemed to age before the problem. A young Indian poet of our acquaintance who, after many years abroad, returned home and visited the old, tired Prime Minister was asked, "Do you take your own advice and choose the wise alternative to death, a nap in the afternoon?" The poet was left speechless; he recognized two lines of an old poem of his. Now that the Prime Minister has been cornered into the longer sleep, there is added reason to remember his waking hours.



Tour

BUOYED by the announcement that Lincoln Center had established a daily guided-tour service and that the Center's president, William Schuman, considered the move "a significant step in the development of the Center's educational program, for, through these tours, people from all parts of the United States and throughout the world will be able to learn at first hand not only about the great buildings which comprise the Center but also about the concept of the Center and its role in the world of the performing arts," we made our way to Philharmonic Hall the other day, in order, first, to talk with Carl Cannon, the director of the service, and then to allow ourself to be conducted on one of the tours. We found Mr. Cannon, a youngish-looking man of forty-four, waiting for us in the Louis Sherry café in the lower lobby of Philharmonic Hall.

Mr. Cannon led us to a small table and, when both of us had sat down, told us that guiding tours through buildings was his lifelong interest. As a student at City College, he had helped support himself by conducting tours around Radio City; later, he had launched the guided tours at the United Nations and had become their director. "The U.N. tours started under Trygve Lie," he said. "I went to the United Nations intending to stay for six months, and



"Wherever she's gone, I do hope she's having a happy."

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stayed for four years. The tours became a kind of religion with me."

We asked if a guide requires any special skills.

"No," Mr. Cannon said. "The guide just has to remember to make the tour human, to show the thing in action, to use human-interest stories like modulating chords in a piece of music."

We asked Mr. Cannon how he had happened to come to Lincoln Center.

"When the Center was going up, I sent a 'Barkis is willing' letter suggesting that they should have tours here," he replied. "I was hired. Until a month ago, I ran the service with one girl. Now I have eleven girls, who speak six languages."

Mr. Cannon then suggested that we join a tour that was gathering just beyond the café. A young girl named Penelope Thompson was collecting money from the tourists—a dollar twenty-five for adults and seventy-five cents for children and students.

"Who's going on my tour?" a black-haired girl asked, coming up to Miss Thompson. She was Margaretta Brehm, from Sweden, and might have passed for an air hostess on S-A-S.

Miss Thompson told her in a stage whisper, "Five children," and then remarked to us, "We have never had so many children aboard before. This is the most experimental tour we have ever had in the history of Lincoln Center."

"Penny is the pessimist around here," Miss Brehm said.

We discovered that the children were three boys in their teens and two redheaded girls of six and seven—all brothers and sisters. They, their parents, and two elderly ladies who had seen the Center so often from Broadway buses that they had decided to find out what went on inside were, with us, the entire touring party.

"Ladies and gentlemen and children, we are going on the tour of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts," Miss Brehm announced, and then led the way across the floor. "Over there is the 'Archangel,' by Seymour Lipton, but, as you see, it is non-figurative and therefore can be called by many names," she said, and added that to save electricity the escalators had been turned off, so our group would have to go up in an elevator. We did, and as we stepped out upstairs, she said, "This is the five-story Grand Promenade foyer, where, during intermissions, our clients can take a stroll." She paused in front of a sculptured head of Gustav Mahler. "One of Leonard Bernstein's favorite composers is Gustav Mahler, so you see, ladies and gentlemen, he gets a very good spot. But today Leonard Bernstein is not conducting. It is Andre Kostelanetz, because, for spring, we have pop music." She then called our attention to two non-figurative forms suspended from the ceiling. "These are 'Orpheus' and 'Apollo,' by Richard Lippold," she said.

The two redheaded girls, who had kept a reverent silence until then, asked simultaneously, "Which is which?"

"They are exactly alike," Miss Brehm replied. She tapped the form on the right, and said, "I think this is the one called Apollo. They are made of a hundred and ninety plates of Muntz metal, and when lights flash on them they look very festive. In the old days, ladies and gentlemen, we had big gold or crystal chandeliers in our concert halls. Now we have this. Do you know how much Philharmonic Hall cost? Eighteen million dollars. It came about by, as Mr. John D. Rockefeller III calls it, 'a fascinating set of circumstances.' The New York Philharmonic, which is the oldest symphony orchestra in America, one day received a notice from its landlord saying that Carnegie Hall had been sold and the orchestra would have to find another home in two seasons. In place of Carnegie Hall, they were going to put up a fire-engine-red enamel building. It's a pity they dropped the idea, for it would have been a good addition to the New York skyline. Meanwhile, the Metropolitan Opera was also looking for a new home, because it was very expensive to produce operas at the Met. A lot of people are fond of the Met, but after each performance the costumes have to be carted away to warehouses, and that is very expensive. Lincoln Center was chosen to be the new home of the Metropolitan Opera House and the New York Philharmonic. The other institutions followed. The new Opera House will be ready two seasons from now. It will have lots of dressing rooms and four stages, and the costumes will not have to be carted away."

Miss Brehm started toward the east side of the Hall, and, on the way, paused in front of a bust of Beethoven, saying, "This is called 'A Tragic Mask.' It was done by Rodin's pupil Pierre Bourdelle." As we approached the windows that line the east side of the building, she stopped, pointed outside, and said, "My boss, Mr. Cannon—he used to be called 'Chief' at the United Nations, where I was a guide for two years—has done some research on the land where we are standing now. When the Dutch were here, this was paradise. There were farms and orchards and grazing sheep. The Hudson was full of monster oysters, giant lobsters, sturgeon, shad, and crabs. What a different place it is now! This area was called Bloemendaal, or Valley of Flowers. Later, the English corrupted the name to Bloomingdale. Edgar Allan Poe wrote 'The Raven' in Bloomingdale's upper reaches, and George Pope Morris wrote 'Woodman, Spare That Tree' after a stroll here. Then the streets were put in, and slums arose. In 1904, the city put down the subway, and then the slums arose even more. Now I shall go and find out if there is a rehearsal."

Miss Brehm left us, and returned to say that there was no rehearsal—only a piano tuner tuning a piano—so we could go into the auditorium. Inside, she directed everyone to sit down. "You will have quite a lot of standing to do on the tour," she said. "This Hall was made by an architect named Max Abramovitz. The facing on the balcony terraces is twenty-four-carat gold leaf. As you see, these walls are deep, brilliant blue, and these seats are four shades of gold. They are covered with mohair, and many, many people can sit on them and the upholstery will still not tear. This theatre has two thousand six hundred and fifty-eight seats. It is built on a foundation of lead and asbestos pads to keep out the noises of the subway. The plan was evolved after a detailed examination of sixty concert halls in twenty countries. Are there any questions?"

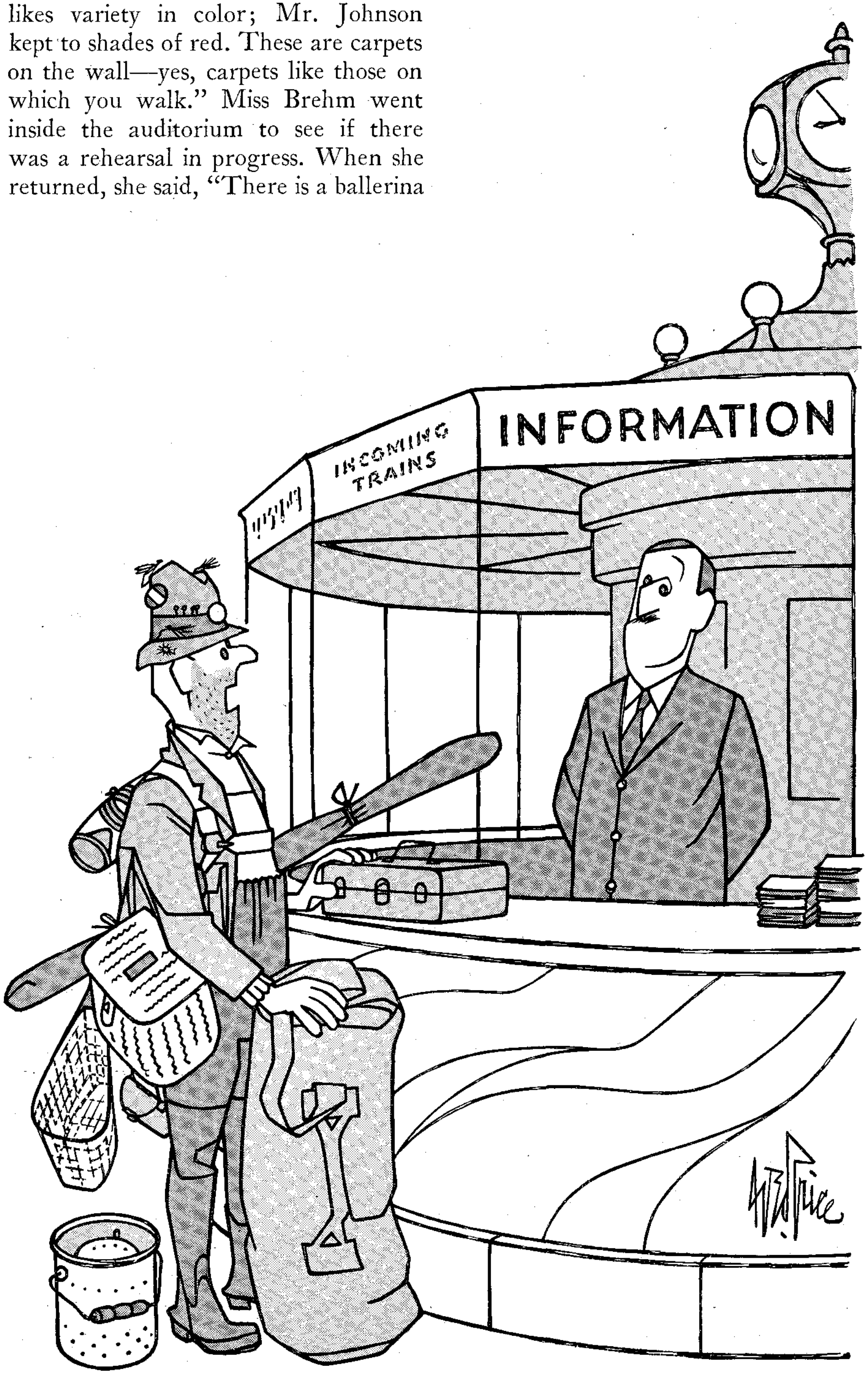
There were none.

Miss Brehm led us out into the Lincoln Center Plaza and said, "On your right side is the Metropolitan Opera House, under construction, and facing you is the New York State Theatre, and on your left is a fountain, as you see."

The children had already scampered to the edge of the enormous fountain, which was spouting water through hundreds of spouts.

"This began working on April 23rd, and is run by a computer," Miss Brehm said, going up to the fountain. "It cost over three hundred thousand dollars, and it is, I think, lipstick money. The King of Lipstick—Mr. Revson, of Revlon—gave it. In this fountain we do not waste water, because it is the same water that is used again and again. In the winter, they will put antifreeze liquid into the water, so that it won't freeze."

Miss Brehm then conducted us into the New York State Theatre. "This is where everyone will dance in ballets and sing in operettas," she said. "The building is made out of travertine, which is the favorite material of the theatre's architect, Philip Johnson. A fashion designer is making us guides a uniform the color of travertine. We are now coming to the Promenade of the New York State Theatre. These sculptures at the head of the stairs are enlargements in white Carrara marble of sculptures by Elie Nadelman. This, ahead of you, is a nameless piece of sculpture done by a thirty-three-year-old woman called Lee Bontecou. Many of the sculptures in this building, you will find, are made by unknown young artists. The ceiling here is covered with twenty-four-carat gold leaf. It is very festive. Mr. Abramovitz likes variety in color; Mr. Johnson kept to shades of red. These are carpets on the wall—yes, carpets like those on which you walk." Miss Brehm went inside the auditorium to see if there was a rehearsal in progress. When she returned, she said, "There is a ballerina on the stage, so we will have to look at the auditorium from the observation booth." She thereupon led us through a door and up a dark staircase, at the head of which was a small room overlooking the theatre but screened off from it by a thick plate of glass. "Do you see that man with no hair?" Miss Brehm asked, and went on, "He's an Englishman by the name of Antony Tudor. He's a famous choreographer. He looks very trim for his age. I don't know the name of the ballerina he's teaching now. This building cost nineteen million dollars; New York State paid fifteen million dollars. This whole Lincoln Center complex, when it is fin-



"Are they biting at Sparrow Lake?"

ished, will cost a hundred and sixty million dollars. In this auditorium, there are two thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine seats. As you see, it's Continental seating. There are no aisles—only these shallow arcs circling the auditorium. Every seat is as good as another. Lincoln Center is very democratic."

We followed Miss Brehm upstairs to the Promenade on the second floor. She pointed out some of the cut-crystal reflectors that stud the theatre. "They are like diamonds—or, rather, they look like diamonds when the lights are on. It's very festive," she said.

Our last stop was in the outer lobby, where Miss Brehm pointed to a "sculp-metal" mural by Jasper Johns, called just "Numbers, 1964." The tour finished back in the Plaza, where Miss Brehm thanked us all for our attention and bade us goodbye.

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LEGEND a friend of ours noted in a newly purchased pair of shoes: "Expressively Made in Italy."

Visiting Botanists

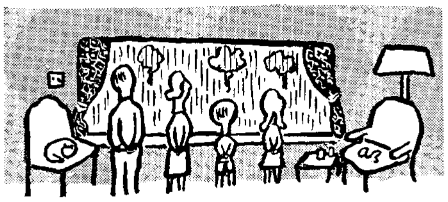
AS a memorial to President Kennedy, the Irish government is setting up a State Memorial Park three miles from the Kennedy ancestral home, in Dunganstown. An Irish juniper that the President planted on his nostalgic visit there will become the nucleus of a four-hundred-acre arboretum, and we've just had a talk with three men from Dublin who came over here to advance this project: Dr. T. J. Walsh, the director of the National Botanic Gardens of Dublin; Mr. John P. Fanning, the senior horticultural inspector for the Irish Department of Agriculture; and Mr. Anthony M. S. Hanan, of the Forestry Division of the Department of Lands. We met them, by appointment, at a midtown hotel, and invited them to have a drink; Mr. Hanan ordered a beer, Mr. Fanning ordered an orange juice, and Dr. Walsh ordered a glass of water. "The arboretum will be at Ballysop, in County Wexford, ninety miles south of Dublin," Dr. Walsh said. "It will be administered by the government and is being partly financed by Irish-American societies, which have raised nearly a hundred thousand dollars toward it. We're here on an eighteen-day trip to study American parks and get American views on horticulture. We've been to the Arnold Arboretum, outside Boston, and we've just been taken around the Botanical Garden, in the Bronx, by Tom Everett, the assistant director of horticulture, who's an old friend of mine. We're going to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden tomorrow, and then to Longwood Gardens, in Pennsylvania; the National Arboretum, in Washington; and arboretums in Chicago and Seattle. There's a great deal to be done, horticulturally, in Ireland. The country was well wooded at one time, but it's been practically denuded—so much of our hardwood has been burned for charcoal."

"Your planting and landscaping in the Bronx are good," Mr. Fanning said. "I was impressed by the air of peace and isolation right in New York City, and I've also been impressed by the way Americans grow shrubs and trees next to their houses. Ireland is so dark and damp that we don't do that. Our daffodils are quite famous, and so are our McGredy roses, but there's a dearth of trained horticulturists. Our Department of Agriculture has established a two-year training course in the theory and practice of horticulture, in which the students get paid, but it isn't exactly overcrowded."

"An Irishman would just as soon be caught stealing a bunch of apples as carrying a bunch of flowers," Mr. Hanan said. "He'd rather push a pram."

"I'm not sure of that," Dr. Walsh said, taking a swig of water.

We asked Dr. Walsh for a word on the Dublin Botanic Gardens, and he told us that they were started in 1790, that they consist of forty intensely planted acres, that they are financed by the government, and that they attract half a million visitors a year. "We're strong in saxifrages, a genus of tufted herbs," he said. "There's a good deal of redwood in Ireland, and Australian eucalyptus. *Arbutus unedo*, the strawberry tree, is native to Ireland; it grows around the Lakes of Killarney. It reaches a height of fifteen feet and has an edible berrylike fruit, but taxonomically it has nothing to do with your strawberry. It's a genus of the heath family. It is also found around the Mediterranean; it was originally a Lusitanian plant, in what is now Portugal, and probably dates from a time before Ireland was separated geologically from Europe, when an Atlantic coastal flora flourished from the Iberian Peninsula to Ireland. The tree's foliage, flowers, and fruit are beautiful; it's an ornamental."



"The Irish do more with ornamentals than with commercial plants," Mr. Fanning said. "They prefer pleasure to commerce. We import most of our horticultural produce—apples, tomatoes, and so forth."

"We badly need the colors of flowers in Ireland," Dr. Walsh said. "Our sky is so gray, and there's so much *green.* Lord Rosse, who has an Irish earldom, owns a marvellous arboretum, with very good magnolias, at Birr Castle. He's president of the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland, and vice-chancellor of the University of Dublin, where I took my Doctor's degree."

Dr. W. and his companions rose to go, and on the way to the street the Doctor told us that the site of the Kennedy arboretum will be the slopes of Slieve Coillte—Gaelic for Hill of the Wood. "It used to be wooded, but it's now a treeless farm area," he said. "We'll have a forest garden there, with many plants from the Western United States."

The three men then jumped into a taxi and rode off.

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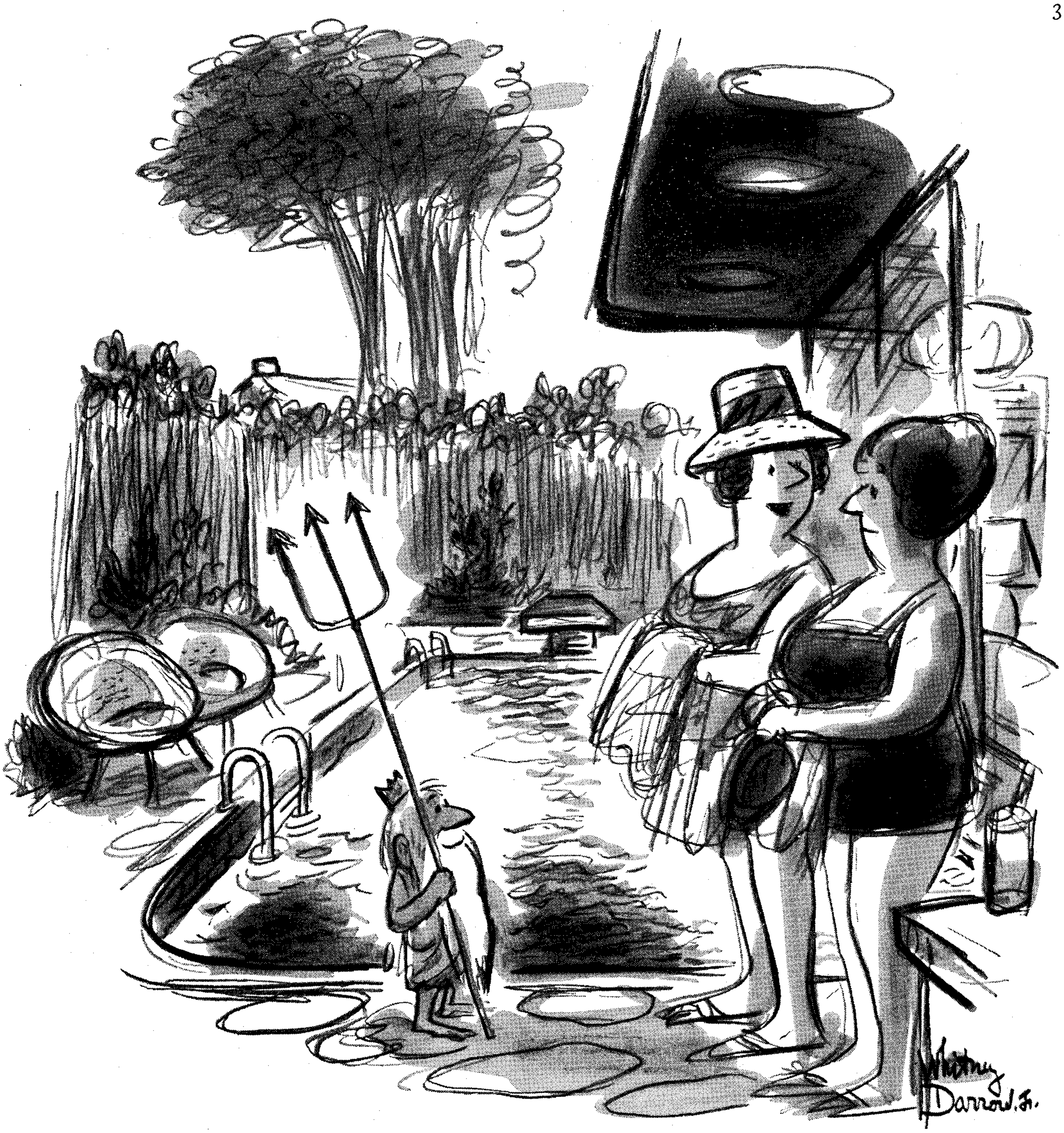
SIGN observed on the roof of a West End Avenue apartment house:

No Prowlers

Sidewalk Cafés

ONE day last week when the weather made the prospect of working indoors seem almost shameful, we arranged an interview with Robert Alpern, who is executive director of the Park Association of New York City, a non-profit organization of citizens that has recently turned its attention to remedying the paucity of sidewalk cafés in our town. We met Mr. Alpern on the sidewalk outside Pete's Tavern, the venerable establishment at Eighteenth Street and Irving Place, which is only a few steps from the Association's Gramercy Park offices. Pete's has occupied the corner for nearly a century, and its outdoor café is twenty-eight years old, we were informed by the present manager, George Peters, who seated Mr. Alpern and us in folding chairs at a Formica-topped table on the Eighteenth Street side of the building. The view from our chair encompassed a fire hydrant on the near curb, two lanes of parked cars, a lane of sporadically moving traffic, and a


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"He came with the pool."

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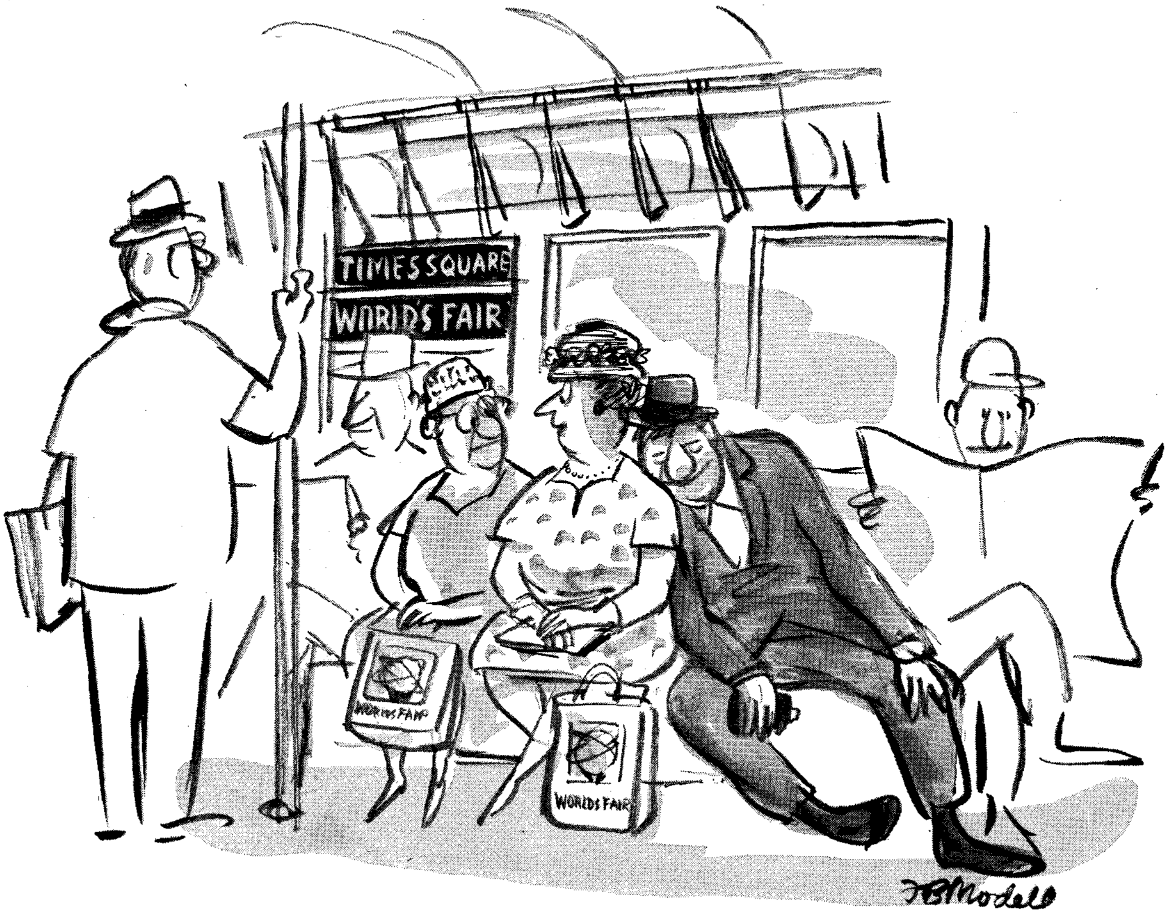
new white brick apartment house. We ordered a bottle of beer and asked Mr. Alpern to fill us in on the sidewalk-café situation, citywide.

"Sad to say, there are only twenty-four places like this in all of New York, and none outside Manhattan," Mr. Alpern told us. "There are also a few open cafés inside the building line, like the Longchamps at Third Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street, and that's it. The trouble is everyone thinks it's hard to open a new café. It's true that anyone who asks the Department of Licenses for information will get a long list of regulations dating back to the LaGuardia administration; in fact, if all those rules were enforced, there would be no sidewalk cafés at all. A lot of the regulations are interpreted quite leniently, though, and some are simply dead letters. The Park Association, which is interested in everything that will make our city streets more attractive, has sent a fact sheet about sidewalk cafés to our members—we have eight hundred and seventy-five—but we'd also like to put one in the hands of every hotel and restaurant owner in the city." Mr. Alpern went on to explain that the main problem, as far as the Department of Licenses and the Department of Highways are concerned, is sidewalk width; the café has to be separated from the sidewalk proper by a low screen of shrubbery or some other non-solid material, leaving not less than eight feet of "unencumbered" walking space on the crosstown streets and at least twelve and a half feet on the avenues.

The café at Pete's, which meets all these requirements, is bounded by a three-foot-high iron railing, and as we sat and talked and sipped our beer, a number of neighborhood people strolling by paused beside the railing to chat with friends at the tables near us and occasionally allowed themselves to be drawn into the party. Mr. Peters came out to see how we were bearing up under the soot and fumes and noise that,



"He's awfully friendly for a New Yorker."

he said, are supposed to make sidewalk cafés "impossible" in New York. We told him that we were holding our own, and both he and Mr. Alpern looked pleased. Mr. Peters observed that he didn't attempt to serve food at his outdoor tables, but that no one seemed to mind an occasional speck of soot in the drinks. "If anyone objected, you'd think it would be the ladies, but they love it out here," he said. "During the cocktail hour, we always have more women outside than men."

Mr. Alpern, a native New Yorker who graduated from Harvard in 1956 and from the Yale Law School in 1960, told us that he had become executive director of the Park Association (a full-time job) early this year, after serving for three years as a personal assistant to James Felt, former chairman of the City Planning Commission. According to New York's records, he said, half of the city's twenty-four cafés are clustered in the Greenwich Village area and the rest are scattered around midtown. The only one north of the so-called silk-stocking district is a place in Harlem—the Flash Inn, at 107 Macombs Place. "I'm sorry to say I've never been there," Mr. Alpern remarked.

Shortly afterward, we bade Mr. Alpern goodbye and left, but the next day dawned even sunnier and warmer, and, being determined to spend as much of it as possible out-of-doors, we called him again and arranged to meet for lunch at the Flash Inn. Having taken the subway to 145th Street and Lenox Avenue, and then switched to a taxicab, we found the restaurant between a garage and a laundry plant near the intersection of Seventh Avenue and Macombs Place, which is on the bluff alongside the 155th Street viaduct, just below the Polo Grounds. Fortunately, the half-wrecked shell of the Polo Grounds is invisible from the Flash Inn, which is blessed with an unusually broad sidewalk and must be one of the loveliest cafés in the city. Directly across the street is a small, well-kept park abutting on the attractive Harlem River Houses, which were built in 1937 as one of the city's first ventures into low-income public housing. The Flash Inn is operated by the Merenda brothers—Danny, thirty-three, and Joe, thirty-two—and they refer to their area as suburban Harlem.

"We get a strictly carriage trade, from all over Harlem and from the rest of the city as well," Joe Merenda told us as we took a seat at one of twelve wrought-iron tables, where we were soon joined by Mr. Alpern. Just north of the park opposite us, a confluence of highway ramps and major and minor streets blocked our view of the Harlem River, but we could see the traffic on the Macombs Dam Bridge, at the foot of 155th Street, and on the Major Deegan Expressway, across the river; beyond that the concrete flanks of Yankee Stadium shared the sun with the severe red brick outlines of warehouses and the skeleton of a new apartment house high on the far bank. A constant breeze ruffled a blue-and-white canvas awning over our heads.

"We keep the café open right through November, when we do a big business with the football crowds," Danny Merenda said as everybody decided to have hamburgers. "And it's crowded all night during the summer. People like to sit outside at night. We get a lot of lovers out here. They think it's romantic."

The Merenda brothers, together with their father, an Italian by birth, built the Flash Inn in 1955, and added the café two years later—inspired, they told us, by the cafés along the Via Veneto, in Rome, where Danny has spent several vacations.

Mr. Alpern expressed delight with the view, with the café, and with the attitude of the Merendas. "This just goes to show that we can have cafés all over, if people really want them," he said. "Why do we worry so much about 'unencumbered' sidewalks? We just have to decide which is more important: having someone walk in the gutter occasionally to get around a crowd—which isn't all that dangerous and happens all the time anyway—or passing up the chance to make the city a more attractive place."

The hamburgers came, and we all stopped talking in order to eat them before they got cold.

•

OVERHEARD at a conclave of economic researchers: "The money this year is in poverty."

THE CONVERSATIONAL BALL

I SUPPOSE it's true enough that women talk too much, and, conversely, husbands never listen. A proper conjunction of these two clichés of human conduct can produce a crisis of anything but trite proportions, as was proved by a recent incident of which I still bear the scars—or will as soon as the wounds heal. Even now I have this queasy apprehension that the worst is yet to come. The qualm before the storm, you might say.

I was drinking coffee in my favorite chair, one evening after dinner several weeks ago, when I dimly sensed that my wife was discoursing at length on something that perhaps required closer attention than, through the fog of abstraction with which I listened, I was paying it. She was in fact relating a dream she had had, but, like a late theatregoer who has missed an essential piece of exposition, I didn't learn that until it was too late. I thought she was talking about something that had happened to her that day, or maybe the day before.

"I was wearing my new slacks—you know, the pink ones with the flower print," she was saying, "and I was walking downtown. As I turned the corner and passed the library, I met Jack Brady. We stopped a minute to talk."

"Oh? How is Jack?" I asked, showing some interest.

"What?"

"How is Jack?"

"All right, I guess. Why? What has that got to do with it? You see him on the train."

"Not every day. He doesn't even go in every day, as you know." I was only trying to keep the conversational ball rolling. "But go on. What then?"

"Well, suddenly he looked down at my slacks and started to laugh. He asked whether they were new, and I said yes, and he laughed again."

"Why, that son of a bitch," I said. "It's just like him, though. Jack likes to think he's the answer to every woman's prayer, but he's really a pain in the pancreas. So what happened then? What did you say?"

"Well, naturally I took offense, and asked him what he meant. He kind of looked away and said what he meant was that I was one of the few women who understood the art of dressing absurdly. He was trying to cover up, you see."

"He's a lout. Yet at the same time mealymouthed. Then what?"

"Then I left him, and hadn't gone far up Main Street when I was glad to run into Louise Maley, dressed in slacks, like me, and I told her what Jack Brady had said. Then we decided to have a cup of tea together. . . ."

Here my attention wandered again from an account of what was an apparently interminable ramble through town. Catching a word here and there to keep some vague connection with the thread of the narrative, I turned over in my mind the prospects of lunch in town the next day with an office colleague of tender years and notable charms. I mentally sorted out the various midtown restaurants from among which a choice might be made, occasionally turning to nod at my wife with the expression of an intelligent listener.

I forgot about the whole thing until the next morning when I caught sight of Jack Brady in the bar car on the way to the city, and I bristled. The bar car is not serving at that hour, of course, but Jack is one of the habitués who ride it then in anticipation of the evening return, when it is. His eyes seemed a little bleary now, probably the result of a heavy load the night before, and I hoped for his sake he had had a few when he had insulted my wife. I could clearly not let that pass, though obviously I would not stop to make an issue of it in public—even the low-consciousness public represented by the score or so of somnambulists slumped behind their *Timeses*. I returned his greeting with a curt snub, and went on through to a coach farther up front.

Settled down in a seat there, I found myself unable to concentrate on my own *Times*. The challenge I must raise, and the "satisfaction" I would positively require, hung like a cloud over my day. Well before we reached the city, I had decided to have it out the minute we pulled into Grand Central.

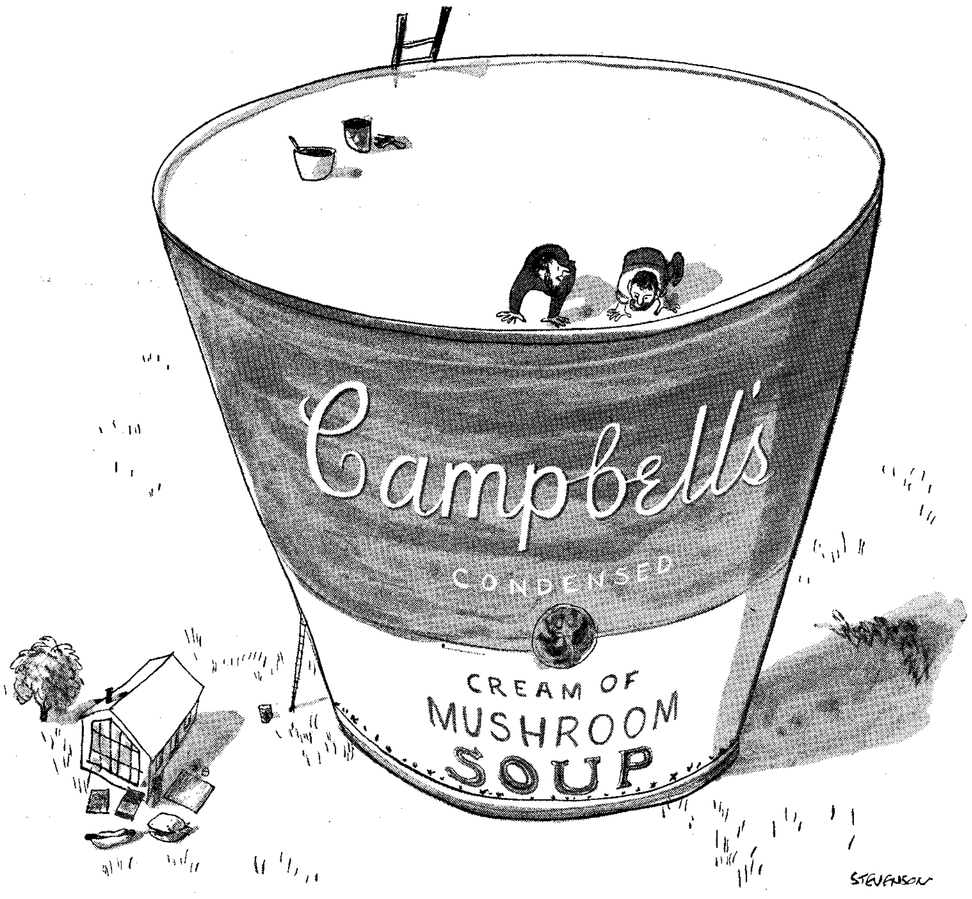
I was waiting for him at the train gate as he made his way along the station platform.

"Jack?" I said, accosting him.

"Hi," he said. "What is it?" He looked really awful, close up. His eyes were red-rimmed, and he was coughing into a handkerchief. He had evidently caught a heavy summer cold.

"I want to talk to you a minute. Let's step over here."

With a jerk of my head, I led the way back inside the train gate and toward a baggage cart, behind which it seemed to me we could most decently have this thing out. We both had on gabardine suits, and we were



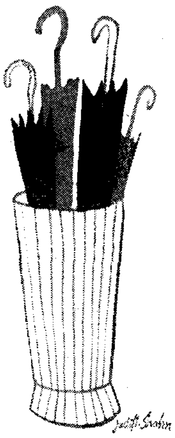
"You must be terribly proud. It's the finest thing you've done."

swinging attaché cases of the same shape, color, and size, and I had a brief, Surrealist vision of two commuters flailing one another to death with identical luggage—*reductio ad absurdum* of the Age of Conformity. Well, chivalry, at least, was not dead.

When we were out of view, I turned and faced him squarely.

"Look, fellow, I take exception to that crack you made to my wife," I said.

"What crack?" he said. "What are you talking about?"



"You know very well what I mean. The slacks. That seem to refresh your memory, Jack?"

His face was something to behold as he coughed again into the handkerchief, which he had not yet pocketed, looking away and shaking his head in puzzlement. "When was this?"

I opened my mouth to answer several times before a lull in his coughing fit permitted. The whole thing was like some dream. "Don't stall. It doesn't become you, and hardly serves to dignify this thing. You know very well when this was, and what it was. It so happens that I think my wife looks very good in slacks."

"Why, none better, man, but whah—?"

"Soft soap will get you nowhere. We don't behave toward women that way—that's the long and the short of it. I demand an apology, not to me but to her," I said, and added, tapping him on the chest, "and I demand it by tonight!" With that, I turned on my heel and marched out of the station.

As can be imagined, my day in the city was not in the least brightened by the relief of having spoken up and got that part of it over with. It was a rotten day, hardly improved when this office colleague of mine turned out to be busy for lunch. "I have a date with this, um, friend I met at the party in Teaneck I was telling you about," she said. She was apparently ignorant of the present-day vogue decreeing that young girls be seen in the best restaurants with older men, nor had I the time or the strength to try to bring her *au courant* just now. I had a grilled-cheese sandwich sent up to my office, and relieved my solitude by munching it into suggestive shapes. It had come uncut, and I was able, by careful nibbling from the crusts inward, to mold it into a very satisfactory female silhouette—which I immediately defaced into a lampoon of this office colleague by adding the two pickle slices for big feet, and making a funny hat of strands of the coleslaw that accompanied the sandwich in a small fluted cup, complete with disposable plastic fork. I had this composition laid out on the wax wrapper on top of my desk, and was admiring the effect as I sipped iced tea from a container when my telephone rang. It was my wife.

"What. In God's name. Have you done. Now?" she said, spacing her words in the dramatically clipped manner of one long burdened with the need for some device to express utter and total exasperation.

"Why? What have I done now?"

"Jack Brady just called me, from the city—"

"As damn well he might. I buttonholed him this morning and insisted on an apology."

"What for?"

"For that crack he made about your slacks. What else?"

"That's what I thought."

There was a long sigh, after which she said, "Now, look. Are you listening very carefully now, for once? Because this time— What's that guzzling noise? Are you drinking something?"

"Just some iced tea. In my office. But shoot. What's this all about?"

"It's all about some more confusion created by your not paying any attention to anything anyone tells you. But listen very closely now. *That was a dream I was telling you about*, not something that happened. Jack didn't say it to me, I dreamed he did, that's all. Now have you got it straight?"

"Oh, good Lord," I said. "I'm sorry. I've made a mess of things. Poor Jack. And you, too. I'm terribly sorry. But I'll make it up to you, and I'll square it with Jack, too, tonight on the—"

"No. The best thing is to forget about the whole business. I think I handled it the only way. He really did call to apologize, figuring he *had* said something to me after a few drinks at that beach party the other night. It wouldn't be the first time he couldn't remember what he said to somebody. It's always happening to him. I just said that you had misunderstood what I'd told you—a mixup for everybody to forget as soon as possible. I didn't tell him the truth. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece, but I do think it's better this way, and lets him off just as well. So just turn it off if he brings it up, and buy him a drink. And maybe after this you'll listen when somebody's talking to you. Goodbye!"

THE aftermath can be readily imagined. I listen attentively these days when nothing much is being said. The corrosive silences are, however, gradually beginning to diminish in both length and severity, and despite the occasional twinges of apprehension that the worst is yet to come, I hope that things will soon be back to normal. Meanwhile, there was a kind of epilogue to the whole episode that rounds it off in a rather neat fashion, I think.

This business colleague came into my office one day to announce that the courtship by the chap in Teaneck had proved to be whirlwind, and flashed a ring to prove it. She then hemmed and hawed a moment in a way that indicated she had a favor to ask.

"I don't know what to give him for a wedding present, personally, from me," she said, "and I was wondering if you might have any suggestions. Get the point of view of a man who's more, um, seasoned."

"If you're free for lunch, we can discuss it," I said.

I knew instantly what to suggest, but didn't spring my idea till we were well into our brandies. "By all means give him a leather club chair," I said. "A plain. Old-fashioned. Leather club chair is what every man wants but nobody ever thinks of getting him. Go to Macy's. I got mine there."

She nodded thoughtfully, while I smiled inscrutably to myself, knowing what she did not know but would soon enough learn: to wit, the sequel to the fairy tale that she was, for a brief moment, living. The princess is awakened from her sleep by the kiss of a true lover, all right enough, but that's not the end of the story by a long shot. Some of us are familiar with the fuller version, which is never told. How they get married, and how after dinner they sit down together and she begins to talk to him. And she talks and she talks, till at last his head nods on his chest, and he sleeps, forever, and ever, and ever. —PETER DE VRIES

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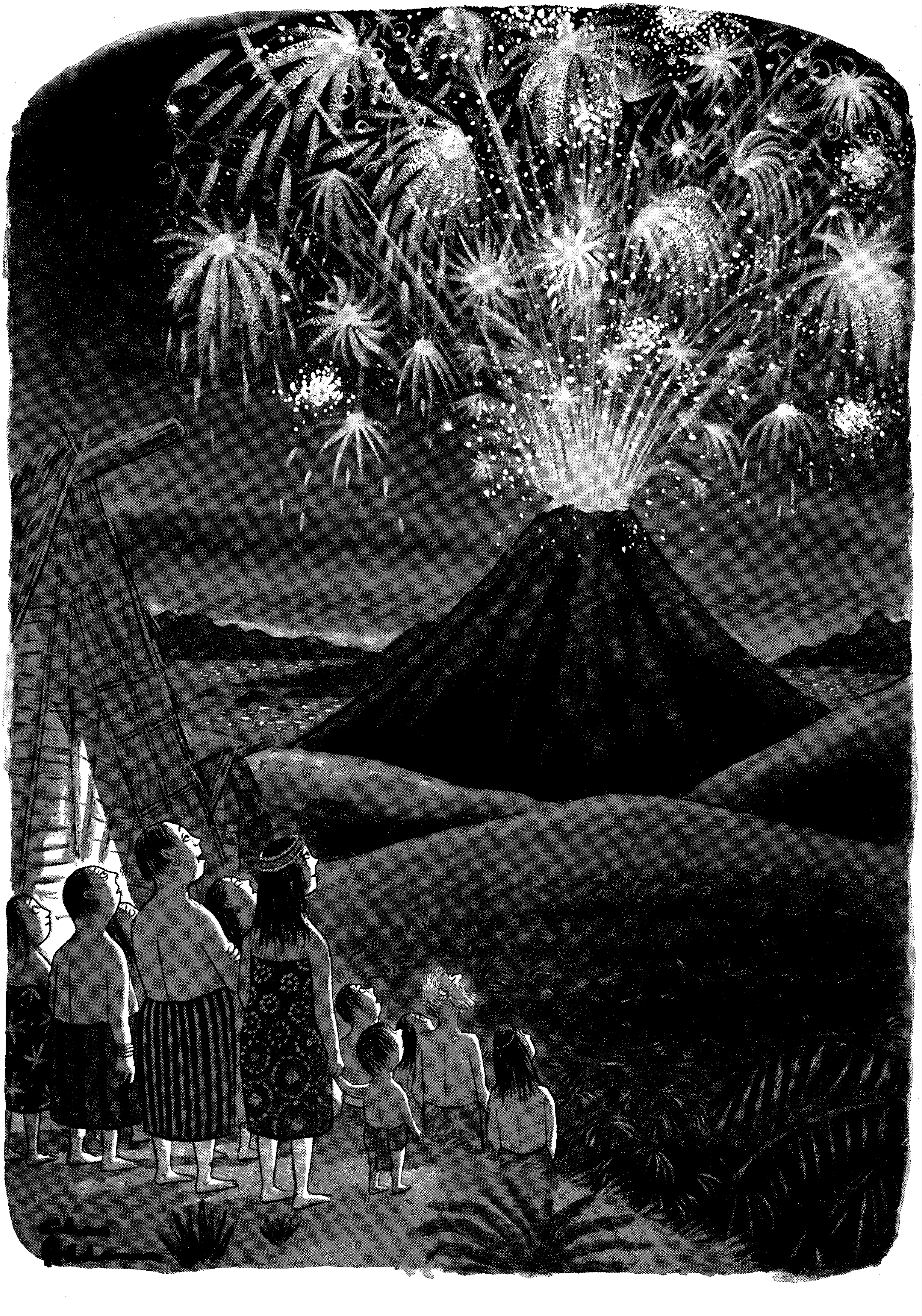
Rudd denied that he had threatened to get them back because he had been double-crossed.

Defense counsel branded Rudd as "a self-admitted thief, a liar, and a guitar player."—*Durham (N.C.) Herald.*

Just an all-round heel.



"Whatever the gods are, they aren't angry."

THE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT

I. RIGOR VITAE

Istanbul. 21 March. I woke today
With an absurd complaint. The whole right half
Of my face refuses to move. I have to laugh
Watching the rest of it reel about in dismay

Under the double burden while its twin
Sags on, though sentient, stupefied.
I'm here alone. Not quite—through fog outside
Loom wingèd letters: PAN AMERICAN.

Twenty-five hundred years this city has stood between
The passive Orient and our frantic West.
I see no reason to be depressed;
There are too many other things I haven't seen,

Like Hagia Sophia. Tea drunk, shaved and dressed . . .
Dahin! Dahin!

The house of Heavenly Wisdom first became
A mosque, is now a flame-
less void. The apse,
Militantly dislocated,
Still wears those dark-green epaulets
On which (to the pilgrim who forgets
His Arabic) a wild script of gold whips
Has scribbled glowering, dated
Slogans: "God is my grief!" perhaps,
Or "Byzantine,
Go home!"
Above you, the great dome,
Bald of mosaic, senile, floated
In a gilt wash. Its old profusion's
Hypnotic shimmer, back and forth between
That of the abacus, that of the nebula,
Had been picked up from the floor,
The last of numberless handfuls,
By the last 18th century visitor.
You did not want to think of yourself for once,
But you had held your head erect
Too many years within such transcendental skulls
As this one not to feel the usual, if no
Longer flattering, kinship. You'd let go
Learning and faith as well, you too had wrecked
Your precious sensibility. What else did you expect?

Outdoors. Uprooted, turban-crested stones
Lie side by side. It's uglier than I feared.
The building, desperate for youth, has smeared
All over its original fine bones

Acres of ochre plaster. A diagram
Indicates how deep in the mudpack
The real façade is. I want *my* face back.
A pharmacist advises

. . . The Hamam

After the hour of damp heat
One is addressed in gibberish, shown
Into a marble cell and thrown
On marble, there to be scrubbed clean,
Is wrapped in towels and a sheet
And led upstairs to this lean tomb
Made all of panes (red, amber, green)
With a glass star hung in the gloom,

Here sits effaced by gemlike moods,
Tastes neither coffee nor loukoum,
And to the attendant who intrudes

(Or archeologist or thief)
Gravely uptilts one's mask of platinum
Still dripping, in a sign of life.

And now what? Back, I guess, to the modern town.
Midway across the bridge, an infantile
Memory promises to uncramp my style.
I stop in deepening light to jot it down:

On the crest of her wrist, by the black watered silk of the watchband, his grandmother had a wen, a large mauve bubble up from which bristled three or four white hairs. How often he had lain in her lap and been lulled to a rhythm easily the whole world's then—the yellowish sparkle of a ring marking its outer limit, while in the foreground, silhouetted like the mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, mass and minarets felt by someone fallen asleep on the deck of his moored caïque, that principal landmark's rise and fall distinguished, from any other, her beloved hand.

Cold. A wind rising. An entire city
Dissolved by rhetoric. And out there, past
The mirror of the Bosporus, what black coast
Reflecting us into immobility?

On this side, crowds, a magic-lantern beam—
Belgians on bicycles, housewives with red hair,
Masts, cries of crows blown high in the rose-blue air,
Ataturk's tailcoat . . . It is like a dream,

The "death-in-life and life-in-death" of Yeats'
Byzantium; and, if so, by the same token,
Alone in the sleepwalking scene, my flesh has woken
And sailed for the fixed shore beyond the straits.

II. THE CURE

The doctor recommended cortisone,
Diathermy, vitamins, and rest.
It worked. These months in Athens, no one's guessed
My little drama; I appear my own

Master again. However, once you've cracked
That so-called mirror of the soul,
It is not readily, if at all, made whole.
("Between the motion and the act

Falls the Shadow"—T. S. Eliot.)
Part of me has remained cold and withdrawn.
The day I went up to the Parthenon
Its humane splendor made me think, *So what?*

One May noon in the Royal Park, among
The flora of l'Agneau Mystique—
Cypress, mimosa, laurel, palm—a Greek
Came up to name them for me in his tongue.

I thanked him; he thanked me, sat down. Peacocks
Trailed by, hard gray feet mashing overripe
But bitter oranges. I knew the type:
Superb, male, raucous, unclean, Orthodox

Ikon of appetite feathered to the eyes
With the electric blue of days that will
Not come again. My friend with time to kill
Asked me the price of cars in Paradise.

By which he meant my country, for in his
The stranger is a god in masquerade.
Failing to act that part, I am afraid
I was not human either—ah, who is?

He is, or was; had brothers and a wife;
Chauffeured a truck; last Friday broke his neck
Against a tree. We have no way to check
These headlong emigrations out of life.

Try, I suppose, we must, as even Valéry said,
And said more grandly than I ever shall—
Turning shut lids to the August sun, and all
Such neon figments (amber, green, and red)

Of incommunicable energy
As in my blindness wake, and at a blink
Vanish, and were the clearest hint, I think,
Of what I have been, am, and care to be.

III. CARNIVALS

Three good friends in as many months have complained,
"You were nice, James, before your trip. Or so
I thought. But you have changed. I know, I know,
People do change. Well, I'm surprised, I'm pained."

Before they disappeared into the night
Of what they said, I'd make a stab at mouthing
Promises that meant precisely nothing
And never saved my face. For they were right.

These weren't young friends, what's more. Youth would explain
Part of it. I have kept somewhere a page
Written at sixteen to myself at twice that age,
Whom I accuse of having become the vain,

Flippant, unfeeling monster I now am—
To hear them talk—and exhorting me to recall
Starlight on an evening in late fall,
1943, and the walk with M.,

To die in whose presence seemed the highest good.
I met M. and his new wife last New Year's.
We rued the cold war's tainted atmospheres
From a corner table. It was understood

Our war was over. We had made our peace
With—everything. The heads of animals
Gazed in forbearance from the velvet walls.
Great drifts of damask cleaned our lips of grease.

Then L.—her "Let's be friends" and her clear look
Returned in disbelief. I had a herd
Of *friends*. I wanted love, if love's the word
On the foxed spine of the long-mislaid book.

A thousand and one nights! They were grotesque.
Stripping the blubber from my catch, I lit
The oil-soaked wick, then could not see by it.
Mornings, a black film lay upon the desk

. . . Where just a week ago I thought to delve
For images of those years in a Plain Cover.
Some light verse happened as I looked them over:

POSTCARDS FROM HAMBURG, CIRCA 1912

The ocelot's yawn, a sepia-dim
Shamelessness from nun's coif to spike heels,
She strokes his handlebar who kneels
To do for her what a dwarf does for him.
The properties are grim,

Are, you might want to say, unsexed
By use. A divan covered with a rug,
A flat Methusalem of Krug
Appear from tableau to tableau. The next
Shows him with muscle flexed

In resurrection from his underwear,
Gaining an underworld to harrow.
He steers her ankles like—like a wheelbarrow.
The dwarf has slipped out for a breath of air,
Leaving the monstrous pair.

Who are they? What does their charade convey?
Maker and Muse? Demon and Doll?
"All manners are symbolic"—Hofmannsthal.
Here's the dwarf back with cronies . . . oh I *say!*
Forget about it. They,

In time, in pain, unlearned their tricks.
Only the shrouded focusser of the lens
May still be chasing specimens
From his lone bathysphere deep in the Styx.
St. Pauli's clock struck six;

Sighing, "The death of sin is wages,"
He paid his models, bade them dress and go,
Earthlings once more, incognito
Down swarming boulevards, the contagious-
ly easy, final stages,

Dodged even by the faithful, one of whom
(Morose Great-Uncle Alastair)
Brought back these effigies and would shortly bear
Their doctrine unconfessed, we may assume,
Into his brazen tomb.

We found the postcards after her divorce,
I and Aunt Alix. She turned red with shame,

Then white, then thoughtful. "Ah, they're all the same—
Men, I mean." A pause. "Not you, of course."

And then: "We'll burn them. Light the fire." I must
Meanwhile have tucked a few into my shirt.
I spent the night rekindling with expert
Fingers—but that phase needn't be discussed. . . .

"The soul, which in infancy could not be told from the body, came with age to resemble *a body one no longer had*, whose transports went far beyond what passes, now, for sensation. All irony aside, the libertine *was* 'in search of his soul;' nightly he labored to regain those firelit lodgings. . . . Likewise, upon the Earth's mature body we inflict a wealth of gross experience—drugs, drills, bombardments—with what effect? A stale *frisson*, a waste of resources all too analogous to our own. Natural calamities (tumor and apoplexy no less than flood and volcano) may at last be hailed as positive reassurances, perverse if you like, of life in the old girl yet."

—Germaine Nahman

". . . faced with such constant bickering, Cynthia would have to pinch herself to recall how warmly and deeply those two did, in fact, love one another."

—A. H. Clarendon, "Psyche's Sisters"

Love. Warmth. Fist of sunlight at last
Pounding emphatic on the gulf. High wails
From your white ship: The heart prevails!
Affirm it! Simple decency rides the blast!—
Phrases that, quick to smell blood, lurk like sharks
Within a style's transparent lights and darks.

The lips part. The plume trembles. You're afloat
Upon the breathing, all-reflecting deep.
The past recedes and twinkles, falls asleep.
Fear is unworthy, say the stars by rote;
What destinations have been yours till now
Unworthy, says the leaping prow.

O skimmer of deep blue
Volumes fraught with rhyme and reason,
Once the phosphorescent meshes loosen
And the objects of your quest slip through,
Almost you can overlook a risen
Brow, a thin, black dawn on the horizon.

Except that in this virgin hemisphere
One city calls you—towers, drums, conches, bells
Tolling each year's more sumptuous farewells
To flesh. Among the dancers on the pier
Glides one figure in a suit of bones,
Whose savage grace alerts the chaperones.

He picks you out from thousands. He intends
Perhaps no mischief. Yet the dog-brown eyes
In the chalk face that stiffens as it dries
Pierce you with the eyes of those three friends.
The mask begins to melt upon your face.
A hush has fallen in the market place,

And now the long adventure

. . . Let that wait.
I'm tired, it's late at night.

Tomorrow, if it is given me to conquer
An old distrust of imaginary scenes,
Scenes not lived through yet, the few final lines
Will lie on the page and the whole ride at anchor.

I'm home, of course. It's winter. Real
Snow fills the road. On the unmade
Brass bed lies my adored Scheherazade,
Eight-ninths asleep, tail twitching to the steel

Band of the steam heat's dissonant calypso.
The wind has died. Where would I be
If not here? There's so little left to see!
Lost friends, my long ago

Voyages, I bless you for sore
Limbs and mouth kissed, face bronzed and lined,
An earth held up, a text not wholly undermined
By fluent passages of metaphor.

IV.

Now if the class will turn back to this, er,
Poem's opening section, I shall take
What little time is left today to make
Some brief points. So. The rough pentameter

Quatrains give way, you will observe, to three
Interpolations, prose as well as verse.
Does it come through how each in turn refers
To mind, body, and soul (or memory)?

It does? Good. No, I cannot say offhand
Why this should be. I find it vaguely satis—
Yes please? The poet quotes too much. Hm. That is
One way to put it. Mightn't he have planned

For his own modest effort to be seen
Against the yardstick of the "truly great"
(In Spender's phrase)? Fearing to overstate,
He lets *them* do it—lets their words, I mean,

Enhance his— Yes, what now? Ah. How and when
Did he "affirm"? Why, constantly. And how else
But in the form. Form's what affirms. That's well
Said, if I do—[*Bells ring.*] Go, gentlemen.

V.

And when the long adventure reached its end,
I saw the Sultan in a glass, grown old,
While she, his fair wife still, her tales all told,
Smiled at him fondly. "O my dearest friend,"

Said she, "and lord and master from the first,
Release me now. Your servant would refresh
Her soul in that cold fountain which the flesh
Knows not. Grant this, for I am faint with thirst."

And he: "But it is I who am your slave.
Free me, I pray, to go in search of joys
Unembroidered by your high, soft voice,
Along that stony path the senses pave."

They wept, then tenderly embraced, and went
Their ways. She and her fictions soon were one.
He slept through moonset, woke in blinding sun,
Too late to question what the tale had meant.

—James Merrill

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

SANTIAGO

IN the summer of 1948, I followed my mother, who had followed my grandparents, who had followed my Uncle Paul, to the Dominican Republic. My mother came to Ciudad Trujillo to fetch me from the boat and take me to Santiago de los Caballeros. We were still waiting for the quota to the United States, for which we had applied in Vienna in 1938, when Hitler took over.

Santiago is a small, dusty native town lying inland and low between mountains. It has narrow streets of wooden painted houses. Across the first floor of each house runs a narrow *galería*, where you can rock a rocking chair or lean on the painted, turned-wood balustrade. "That's ours, the yellow house," said my mother. On the *galería* stood Paul, bespectacled, skinny, hook-nosed, and completely different from my memory of him; and my grandmother, wearing the kind of striped calico apron and hairnet she had worn in Fischamend, the village near Vienna where my grandparents had their haberdasher's shop; and my grandfather, who was, after a heart attack, perfectly bald and looking very small and ill. They smiled and smiled. I could tell that they were fantastically pleased to have me there. They had seen me last when I was ten years old, and now I was twenty.

They all escorted me up the *galería* into the front room, which had been converted into a little grocery shop, with neat, well-stocked shelves, scales, meat slicer, cash register, and through a door into the living room. I looked eagerly around my new home. It had bare wood walls and a wood floor, and strange windows that had no glass, Paul explained, so that what little air came in might circulate.

"Lorle, look! Pauli had this piano here for me the day I arrived," my mother said.

"Would you like to sit in my rocking chair?" my grandfather asked me.

I had forgotten about his thick Hungarian accent. Both of my grandparents had come from Hungary to Vienna when they were children, but my grandmother had mastered German perfectly.

"She would like to sit at the table and have coffee and cake," my grandmother said, mimicking him, as I remembered her doing in my childhood.

"*Ja so*," said my grandfather.

I was excited. "This is all so strange and familiar. *Sacher Torte* with *Schlagobers* in San Domingo, and eating in a room next to the shop so that someone can watch the door, just as we did in Fischamend."

"Do you remember, Lorle, how much we used to laugh?" my mother asked.

"Do you remember," my grandmother said, "once your parents were on a holiday and you stayed with us? You badgered me to let you sell something, so I showed you where the shoelaces were kept and said you could wait on the next person who asked for shoelaces, and the next person who came in asked for shoelaces and you laughed so much you had to run to the bathroom."

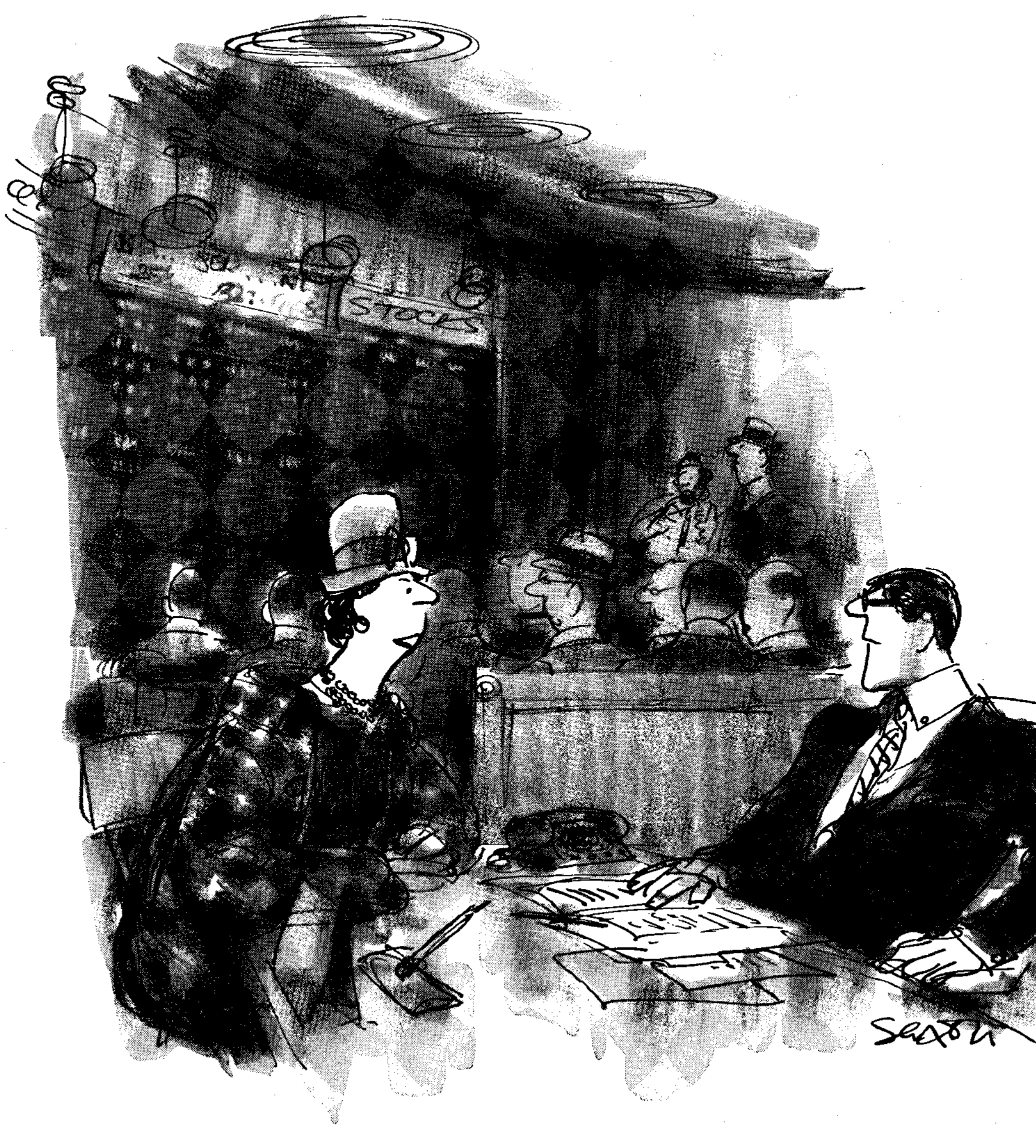
A customer came into the grocery, and Paul and my mother and my grandfather all rose. Each said, "You sit. I'll go."

"Franzi will go," said my grandmother. My mother went into the shop. "Sit down, Joszi." My grandfather sat down.

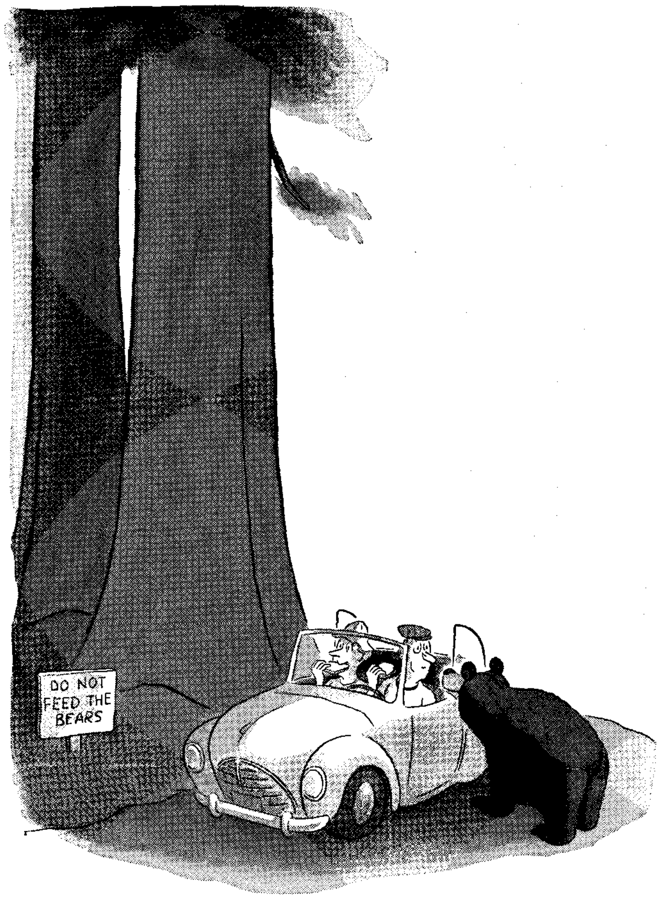
My mother returned and reported, "That was Mercedes. Señora Molina sends her for five cents' worth of butter every evening, for her boy friend," she explained to me.

"Hey," I said, "do you think you would have recognized me if you had seen me in the street?"

Paul said he would not, but my grandmother said that I had a certain look of Ibolya, her eldest sister. "Around the eyes. And your great-aunt



"*Isn't there something I should be buying or selling because of the XB-70?*"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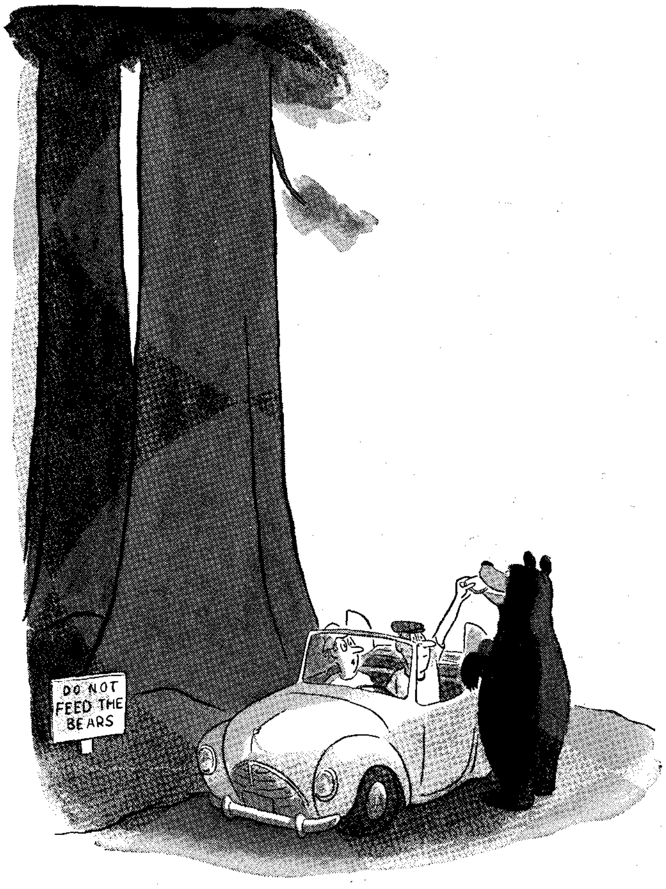

DO NOT FEED THE BEARS

Sari had light eyes like that; the boys all had dark eyes like me."

"Take off your glasses, Omama," I said. "You didn't always wear glasses, did you? You have real black eyes."

"I remember once in the Kaffee Norstadt, in Vienna," said my grandmother, "I was waiting for Joszi and I looked up and in the door stood Miklos Gottlieb, staring at me. He came over and said, 'Frau Rosa, you haven't changed. Your eyes are as black as ever.' That was years after I had married Joszi."

"Your Omama always had beautiful eyes—black eyes, like a gypsy," said my grandfather.

"Eat up, Joszi," my grandmother said, "and go upstairs and get ready for the doctor."

"*Ja so*, the doctor," said my grandfather.

"I'll do the dishes. You sit, Muttilein," my mother said, but my grandmother said, "You stay in the shop with Paul. I don't like him to be alone." She went to the kitchen, and I followed her.

"Why can't Paul be alone in the shop?" I asked. "There are no customers now."

"You never know who will come in. This is not Europe. These people go around with knives."

"All of them? Every single one of them, Omama?" I asked.

My grandmother and I would have had our first argument there and then if my mother had not called me from the living room. "Come, Lorle, here are some friends to meet you. . . . This is my Lore. Herr and Frau Freiberg have come to say hello and goodbye. They're going back to Vienna the day after tomorrow. Please sit down. I will get coffee."

"*Aber bitte*, don't make yourself any work for us. We did not come to eat."

The Freibergs were a middle-aged couple; at twenty, I thought them thoroughly uninteresting. "Are you going back for good?" I asked Frau Freiberg.

"You know how it is here—this heat," said Frau Freiberg. "No good for our people." She turned down the corners of her mouth at the Dominican Republic. "Look at your Uncle Paul. Herr Paul, you're not looking well. You should come back to Vienna and finish your medical studies."

Paul said, "Vienna threw me out of the university. I prefer to broil in a Santiago grocery."

"I have a sister there," said Frau Freiberg, "and her boy, Edi, who was like my own. I haven't seen him since he was three. Imagine—now he's fourteen. You should see the letters he writes. Sigi, you have Edi's last letter? They were hiding out in Holland all through the war. Terrible! I lost my brother in Poland, but Elli and the boy are back in their own flat on the Ringstrasse."

"Ah, Vienna! '*Wien, Wien, Nur Du Allein*,' " sang Herr Freiberg. "The music, the food, the women—eh, Paul?"

His wife said, "*Ja, ja*, I'd like to know what you think you can do about the women?"

"What are you going to do professionally?" I asked Herr Freiberg.

They both turned down the corners of their mouths and shrugged their shoulders.

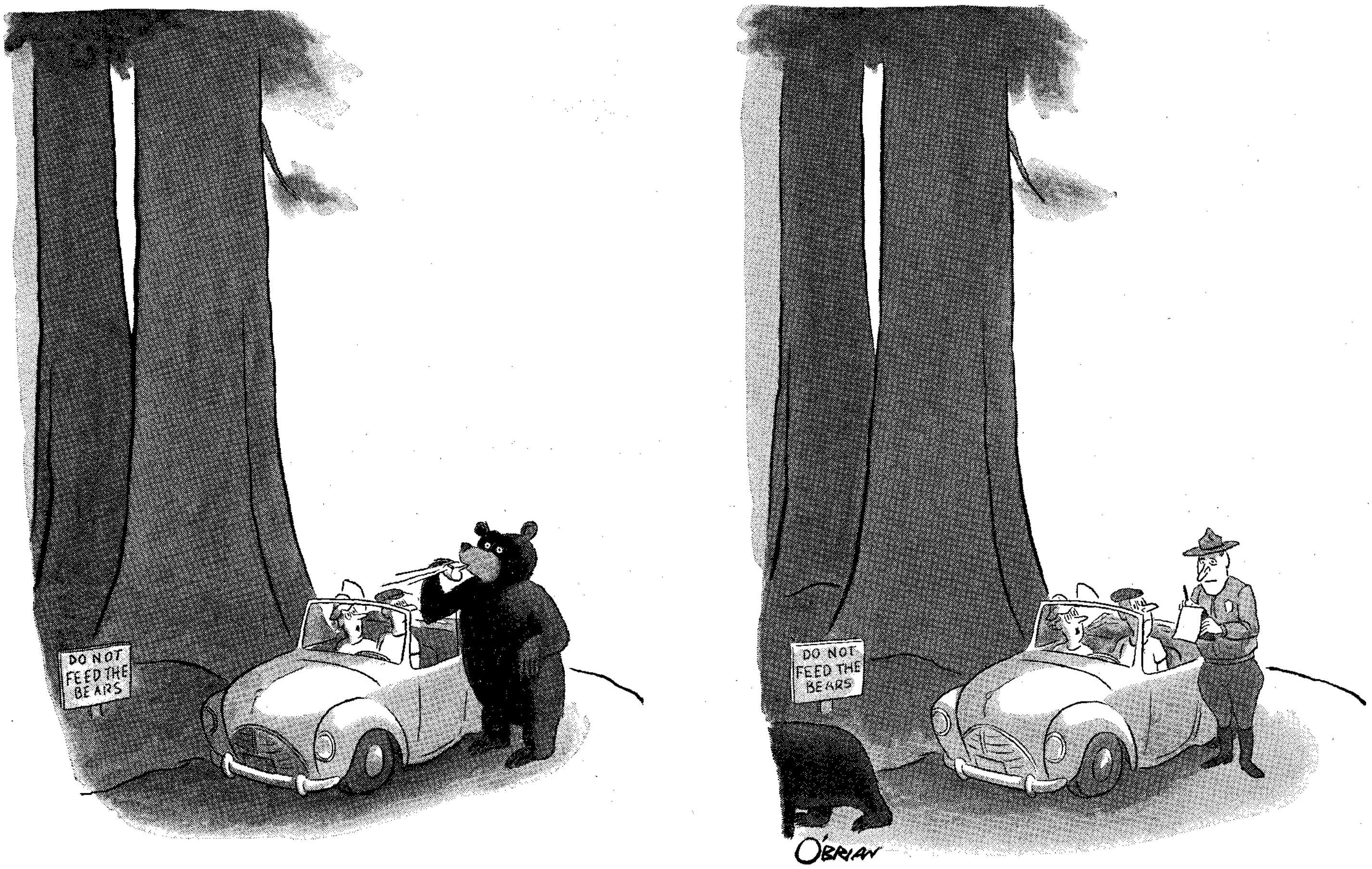
"Sigi has connections. Have you got the letter here, Sigi, from Karl Weber—that's a friend of Sigi's from his old glee club, the Wiener Gesangverein. Aha, Frau Steiner!" They both rose and shook hands with my grandmother, who had come in from the kitchen. "How is poor Herr Steiner? And how is it to have your big granddaughter?"

My grandmother nodded her head sidewise with a strange smile and sat down a little back and sidewise, and when the Freibergs had gone she said to my mother, "How is it that when people come you don't call me? Lore you call, but not me."

"I called you," said my mother, dumfounded.

"I heard you clearly. You said, 'Lore, here are friends to see you.' Not a word about me."

"*Aber* Mutti," my mother began


DO NOT FEED THE BEARS
DO NOT FEED THE BEARS
O'BRIAN

just as Paul came to the door, saying, "Lorle, this is Herr and Frau Grüner, Rudi Grüner. My niece Lore."

My grandmother got up and went back to the kitchen.

The Grüners were younger than the Freibergs, but no less uninteresting, I thought, and was depressed at the prospect of my social life in Santiago. They had brought me a piece of the jewelry that they manufactured and sold—a dreadful tortoise-shell brooch stuck with imitation pearls. Their great white, fat son, Rudi, sat down in the rocking chair and said not a word.

I chatted with Mrs. Grüner. "You and your mother must come over and have tea with us Sunday," she said. "We just love your mother, and we wish we could see more of her."

Paul came in with a dapper little man in a white suit, carrying a boater. "This is Dr. Perez, Opapa's doctor."

Dr. Perez had a pleasant, mobile face that frowned and wrinkled to illustrate what he was saying. He shook my hand with both of his, saying, "You are very—how you say? *Muy linda*—very beau-ti-ful," and he leered at me in the friendliest way, as if he liked me a lot. He said, "We are—*como se dice*? Neighbors. You know it?"

"Dr. Perez has a very lovely daughter. Juanita is eighteen, isn't she?" my mother asked, looking unhappy all the while, because she had inadvertently hurt my grandmother's feelings.

"Maybe you tich English?" Dr. Perez suggested.

"First I better learn Spanish," I said, and before Herr and Frau Grüner left, they forced Rudi into offering to come and give me Spanish lessons.

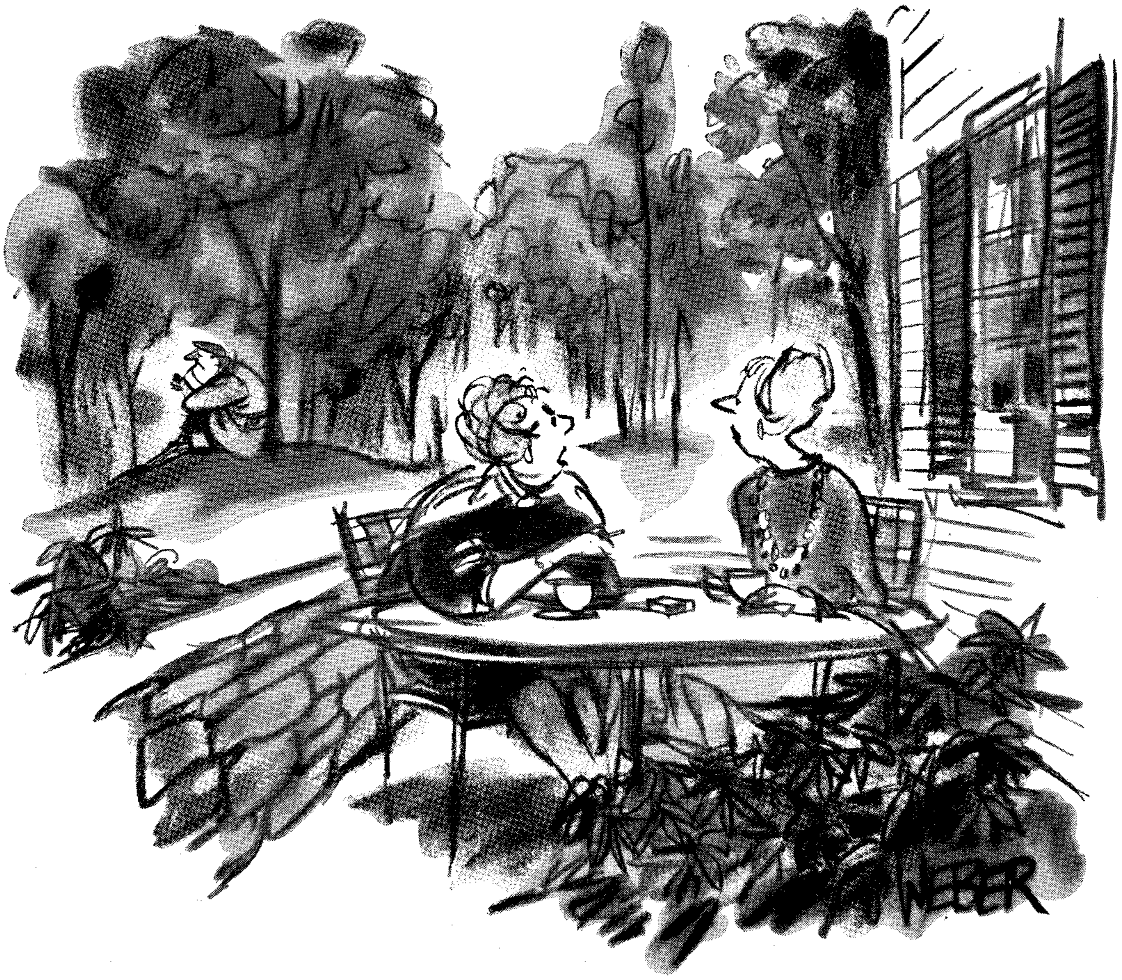
Afterward, my mother went to fetch my grandmother out of the kitchen, but my grandmother said, "I heard Frau Grüner ask you and Lore to visit, but I notice she didn't ask me."

"Mutti," said my mother, "it's just because Lorle and I were in the room and you were not. I know she wants you to come."

But my grandmother could not forgive my mother. She said, "Ibolya and Sari were going to a *Kranzerlball* once, the year I turned sixteen—so Ibolya must have been nineteen, and Sari eighteen—and there were a lot of young people. I remember Miklos Gottlieb was there, and my mother said, 'Why don't you take Rosa along?,' but then, of course, I wouldn't go." And it was clear my grandmother had not forgiven her sisters in a lifetime.

THE upstairs, like the ground floor, of our Santiago house was wood. The three areas—where my grandmother and grandfather slept, where Paul slept, and where my mother and I slept—were separated from one another only by swinging gates like the barroom doors in Western movies. When I awoke next morning, my watch said eight. Everyone was long downstairs, and the room was bright as noon. A merengue was blasting from a radio across the street. I leaned out of the window. The street was a walking market, with peddlers in straw hats calling out their vegetables, and girls in shredded rags of dresses carrying baskets classically on their heads. A donkey overloaded with sacks of pineapples had come to a standstill at the corner. The woman sitting sidewise on its bare back was smoking a cigar and suckling a baby and curling her toes to keep hold of her flapping slippers while she kicked the animal in the stomach and beat it with a cactus across the ears. A man wrapped in a feather coat stopped under my window, and I saw that the coat was a couple of dozen chickens strung together by the legs and hanging from the pole he carried across his shoulders; more chickens were draped around his neck and tied to his belt. I thought the birds were dead, until my grandmother appeared on the *galería* and poked them under the feathers so that they flapped their wings and squawked as if she were tickling them.

"*Cuánto?*" asked my grandmother



"Franklin says he's finally discovered the meaning of life, but he won't tell me what it is."

• •

in the irate voice of someone expecting to be cheated. "*Cómo*? Forty centavos? You think you can take advantage of me, because I don't speak Spanish!" she said very loudly in German. "You think I don't know you charge Señora Molina only twenty-five centavos! I'll give you twenty-five centavos. No? *Adiós*," and she turned away.

"*Señora. Que venga.* Thirty centavos," the chicken man called. My grandmother came back and counted the pennies one by one into the cup of his huge, dusty black hand. The chicken man raised his face to my window, showing the gap where his front teeth should have been, and started a loud Spanish wailing, which I took to be a justified complaint against my grandmother.

When I came downstairs, she was quarrelling with Pastora, the maid. Pastora was a little, grotesque black woman who gave the impression of being misshapen. Over her petticoat she wore a length of black gauze torn along the bottom and sewed together down the back with large, loose stitches. I could tell that Pastora was dressed up, but my grandmother was taking off her own ankle-length calico apron, saying, "Wrap yourself in this. Tell her, Paul."

My grandmother's great eyes were popping, her nose an angry beak. Her hairline was hidden by the elastic of the net under which her hair was flattened—not unlike the *shaitel*, or wig, that separated Orthodox Jewish wives from freewheeling womanhood. "No shame!" my grandmother was saying. "Coming out like that on the *galería* in front of the chicken man. Go upstairs. Go! Make the beds. And no shoes. Disgusting. You can see her toes. Children, breakfast! Lore! Joszi! Pauli!" called my grandmother, not mentioning my mother.

"Franzi," Paul said when everybody was sitting down, "I've been wanting to ask you not to come down at six every morning. Let me have half an hour to do my exercises."

"If Franzi doesn't want to come down, I will," said my grandmother, without looking at my mother. "I don't want you to be alone in the shop, Pauli."

"But I want to get up, Muttilein," said my mother, stroking her hand over my grandmother's arm. "You don't have to come down."

"But I don't open the shop till half past six," Paul said. "I'm physically in bad shape these days. By lunchtime I'm good for nothing, and I find that if I can do half an hour of exercises down here by myself, in the nude, I feel better all day."

"But you, Vater," my mother said to my grandfather, "you needn't come down so early. The doctor wants you to take it very easy."

"But I have always come down after I am awake," my grandfather said. "And I have to tidy the shelves and have everything in good order before the shop opens. Mutter, you could take an extra hour of sleep. Paul and I can get our own breakfast."

"Typical," Paul said to me. "Have you noticed how the members of Jewish families can't bear to see each other work?"

(The following morning, at six o'clock, my mother heard Paul downstairs and leaped out of bed to go and help him. After that, Paul tried being down by five-thirty, but my mother always heard him.)

WHEN breakfast was over, I carried the dishes into the kitchen and found my grandmother already at the sink, whipping on her toes like a tennis player waiting for service, plucking the chicken.

"Omama, why are you starting lunch at half past eight?" I asked.

"The soup," my grandmother said. "I'm already late. Thirty centavos for this skinny bird. This will never make a soup like our Fischamend hens—and look at these miserable carrots."

"Would you like me to clean them for you?"

"If you like. Not with that knife—with this, and beautifully. Don't peel. Scrape."

"What difference does it make so long as they are clean?"

"All the difference if you work beautifully or not."

"Omama, how come you don't use some of the strange and wonderful local vegetables they were selling in the street?"

"They're no good for us," said my grandmother, and to my mother, who appeared in the doorway, "Franzi, you do the carrots. Use this knife, and scrape." Which was the first time my grandmother had addressed my mother directly since my mother had forgotten to call her when the Freibergs came to see me last night. My mother's face broke in relief, and she went and embraced my grandmother and kissed her.

I walked away. For the rest of the morning I hung around the shop. It was called Productos de Sosua, because it sold the specialty cheeses and sausages made in the Jewish immigrant colony of Sosua, where Paul had lived and farmed until he became ill. But the shop's main business was a brisk traffic of our poor neighbors coming all morning for infinitesimal quantities of staples.

At twelve o'clock, we sat down around a table covered with the same kind of ugly, shiny oilcloth my grandmother had had on the table in Fischamend. My grandmother stood lightly on her toes, ladling out the beautiful, burnished soup. She filled each plate only two-thirds full, and the smallness of the amount was in direct proportion to the undiluted strength of the taste; it was soon eaten, leaving the surprise of its delicate, strong essences, as varied on the tongue as wine.

"A wonderful soup, Mutter," said my grandfather from under his Hitler-type mustache, which was the only distinctive feature on his small person. "As long as I have been married to your grandmother, every meal was a surprise and a pleasure," he said.

"Eat, don't talk," said my grandmother. "Eat, Paul. Eat, Lore."

After lunch, my grandparents went up to rest, just as they had done after lunch in Fischamend. I said I was going to stay downstairs with Paul.

"Paul will want to rest, too," my mother warned me.

I was left alone with Paul. He said, "Well, my grown-up niece Lore!" He sat down in the rocking chair, from where he could watch the shop. "Not that anybody comes during the siesta hour."

The street was silent. The noon brightness seemed trapped inside the room despite closed shutters; the heat was intense. Paul had laid out his account books, but his head began to drop, nod by nod, until it hit his chest and he snapped awake, setting the rocker in motion as he leaped to the door of the shop, which stood empty except for an excess of light. He came back and sat down, saying, "This rocking chair is a mistake. Tomorrow is Thursday. The Sosua truck will be here and I don't have my order ready." He drew the account books determinedly toward him and fell asleep. Where his head came to rest upon his shoulder, a pool of sweat formed on his shirt. Little by little, he lost that hold with which sleepers in public places still keep themselves erect, slipping forward on the hard wooden seat until his legs buckled at the knees.

At half past two, my grandparents came downstairs. My grandmother stood in the door looking with pity and something of her habitual anger at her sleeping son. Then she laughed. Paul opened one eye. My grandmother said, "I wish you would come over here and look how uncomfortable you look sleeping over there."

Paul laughed and sat up.

The heat had imperceptibly lessened. One could forget to think about it. The merengue started up outside. The street was coming awake—not commercially, as in the morning, but socially, like an outdoor drawing room. Little Señora Molina, a child-sized, gray-faced woman, came out and rocked on her pink *galería* next door, watching Mercedes, the little seven-year-old servant girl, feed a plate of rice and beans to Señora Molina's little baby, América Columbina.

"Did you see the baby's crooked foot?" Paul asked me. "There's so much of that here, and they've never heard about remedial exercises. I have thought of applying for a correspondence course that one of the Southern universities in the United States is giving. With a diploma and my medical background, I could make myself a small clientele here, and later, perhaps, give up the shop and move to Ciudad Trujillo. You would like it better there, Mutti, and it would be much better for Lorle."

"We're not going to move to Ciudad Trujillo," my grandmother said. "And you don't need any diploma."

"Don't, Omama!" I whispered.

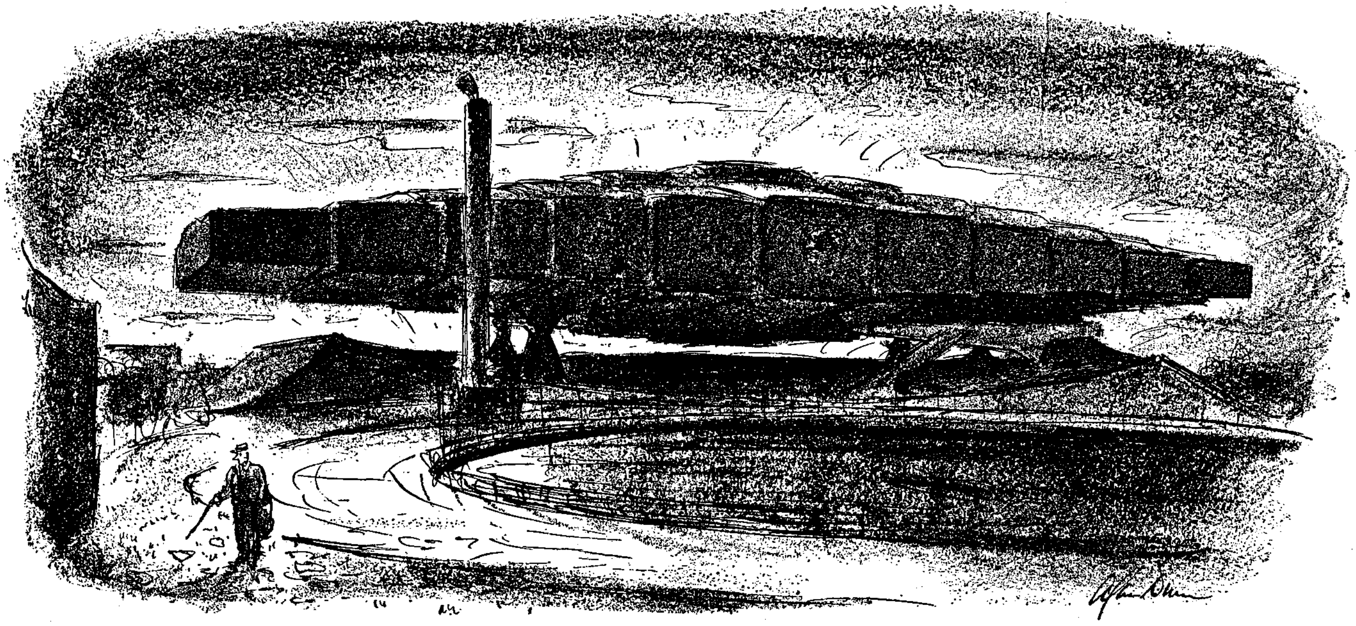
"What 'Don't, Omama! Don't, Omama!'?"

"Don't discourage Paul when he wants to do something."

"Paul has always wanted to do everything except what he was supposed to do. He never passed his exams in medical school because he was writing poetry and messing with politics. Now it's remedial exercises."

"Well, what is he supposed to do here?" I said, bursting with rage.

"Concentrate on the shop, which is



going into the ground just like every business his father ever started went into the ground," said my grandmother. "When we had our paper shop in Vienna after we were married, I said to him, 'Joszi, if you don't have the courage to borrow capital and stock up properly, you may as well close down.' Of course we went bankrupt and had to move to Fischamend, where we were the only Jews and I had to send my children away to Vienna to school. In Fischamend, I said to Joszi, 'If you keep giving credit upon credit to these anti-Semites, the shop will go into the ground.' But it so happened those Nazis repaid him—they took the whole shop away from us before it could go bankrupt."

I had gone to my grandfather's chair. From behind, I clasped my hands around his thin chest to shield him from my grandmother's words, but he said, "Your Omama is perfectly right. She was always a better businesswoman than I."

"Ah, you think I am being cruel to your grandfather," my grandmother said, with her bright black eyes on me. "Many people have thought so, but they have not been married to him."

Later in the afternoon, Señora Rodriguez came to take a piano lesson from my mother. She was a German woman, married to a Dominican diplomat who had a large summer home just outside Santiago. The Señora carried herself very straight and wore her hair in a complex and perfect coiffure of interwoven braids. Her eyes were bright blue and her lips looked thin, as if she were feeding inwardly on them. While my mother was out of the room, Señora Rodriguez told me how much she valued her. "She is a wonderful human being. When you have lived in this country a while, you will understand how necessary it is to have someone with whom you can really talk and make music. I've been trying to persuade her to come to the capital. I could get her piano pupils. I was telling your daughter, Frau Franzi, how you could come to town and stay with us till you got settled."

My mother made Señora Rodriguez play Czerny, and outside the window the neighbors gathered to listen. She played a Bach prelude and fugue, and the neighbors took one another by the hand and danced.

Before she left, Señora Rodriguez invited all of us to come to tea on Sunday, but my grandfather begged off on account of his health, and Paul on account of my grandfather. Afterward, Paul told me the Rodriguezes were Nazis.

"Are all Germans Nazis? Are there no exceptions?" I asked.

"All Germans have the tendency, and, yes, there are exceptions," Paul said. "But Rodriguez was made consul-general in Frankfurt in his twenties and fell in love with Germany and married it and brought it back here intact."

I wanted to argue, but the shop was filling with the afternoon rush of business.

After supper, when there was only a trickle of customers, I said, "Let me sell something."

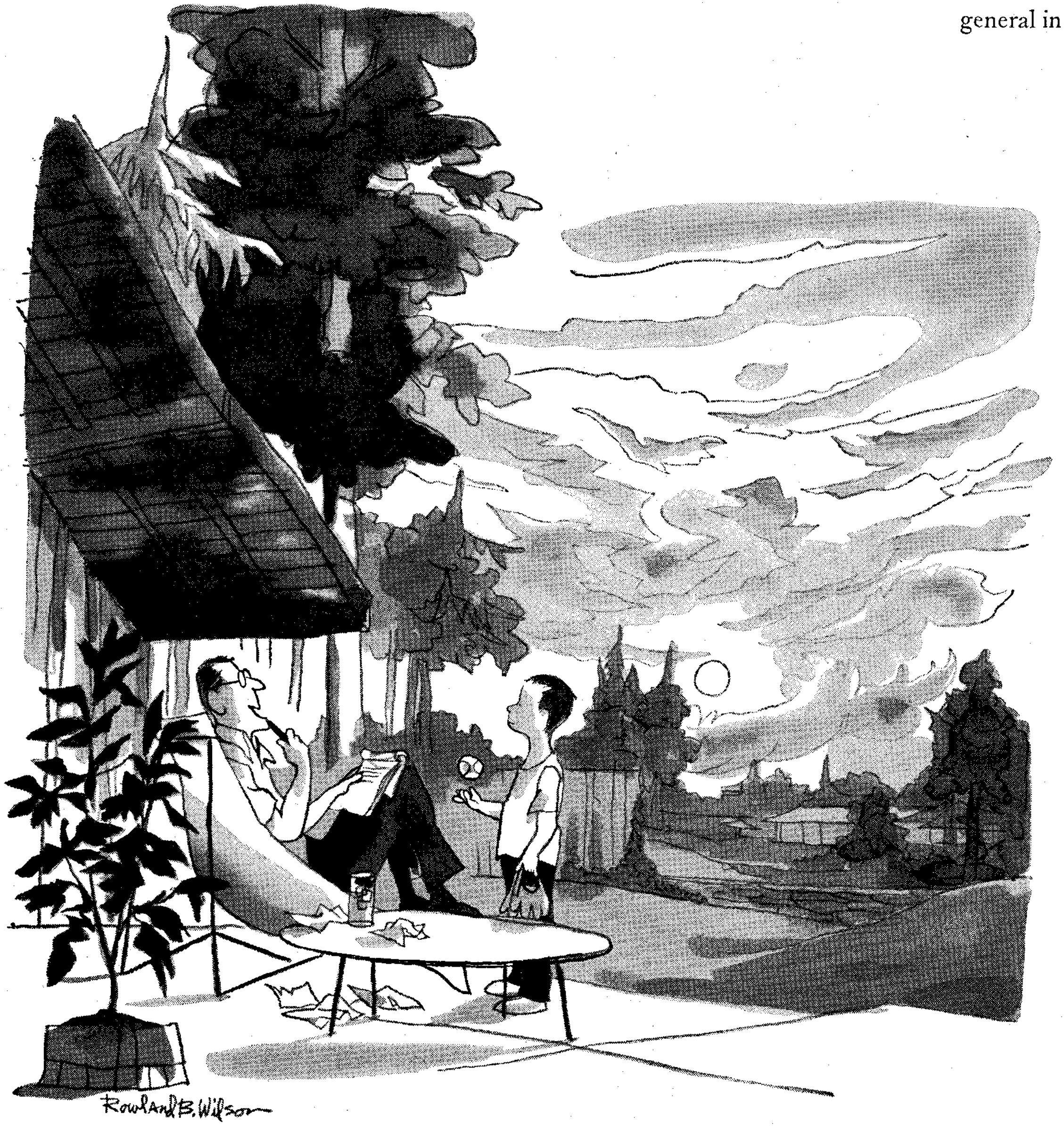
Paul showed me where the butter was kept, and presently little Mercedes came in from next door. She looked, from her gray bare feet and washed-out rag dress to her laughing gray-black face, as if she were covered with a layer of dust, out of which her two eyes shone with an unnatural brightness. She curled up on the floor under the counter, giggling and making faces at me behind her spread fingers.

"All right, Mercedes," Paul said, leaning over the counter to pat her on the head. "No time to play. *Que quieres, tu?*"

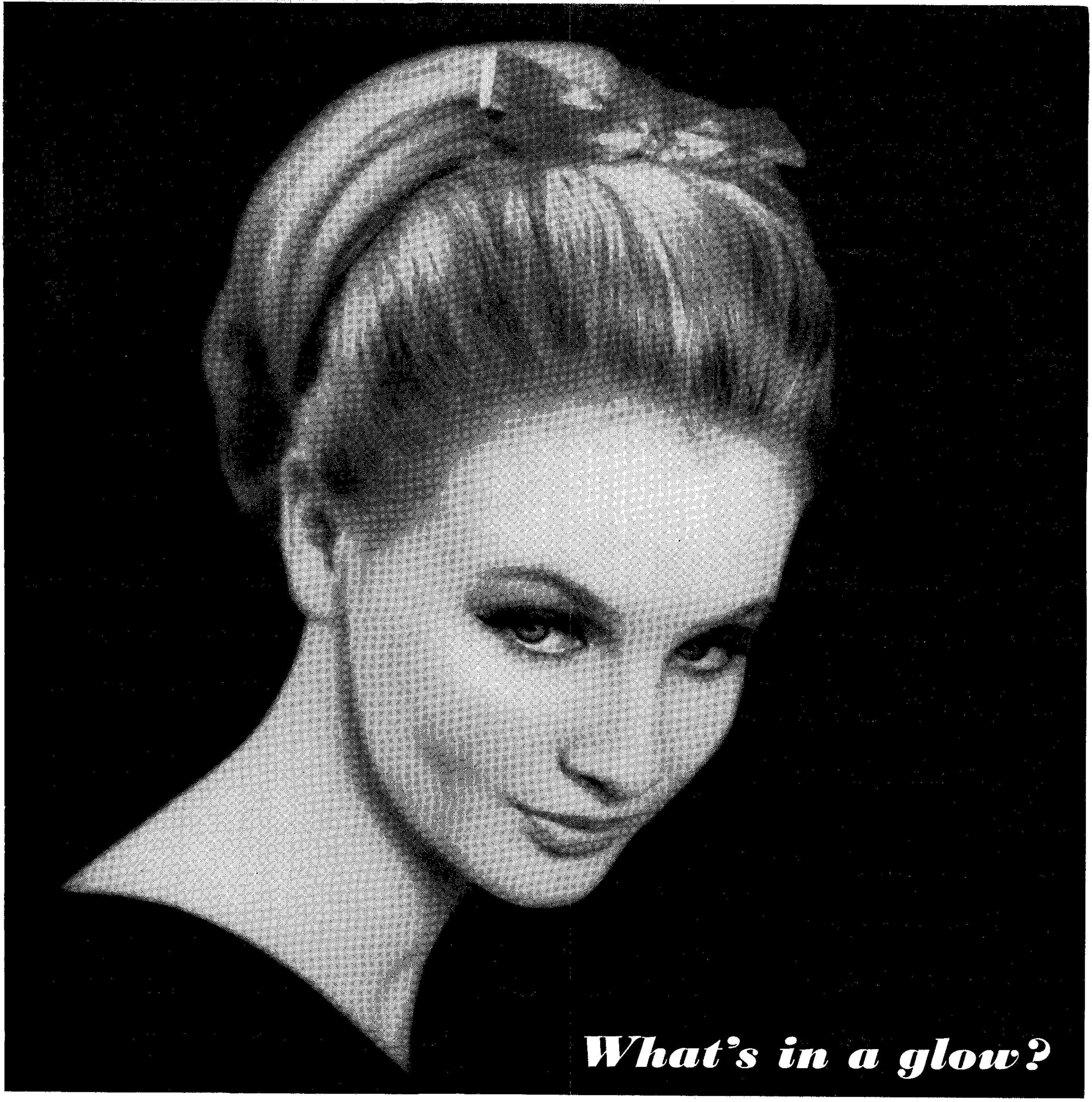
"*Cinco centavos de mantequilla.*"

"Mercedes wants five cents' worth of butter for Señora Molina's boy friend. Lore!"

I weighed out the pat of butter under Paul's direction, and my grandmother came and checked it and



"Not now, Son. Dad's composing an interoffice memo."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found it overweight and shaved off the hairsbreadth that made it exact.

"Omama!" I cried.

"With these small quantities," my grandmother explained, "never give more, because our profit gets eaten up with waste and work and wrapping. The people who buy a lot get extra weight."

"But that's not fair!" I said with indignation.

"When I was a boy, my father has had a tavern," my grandfather said from the door in his slow Hungarian voice. (I remember that it was always a surprise to me to hear my grandfather speak and that his speaking lips were always turned up in the faintest smile. My mother says he once told her that he sometimes thought of things to say but when he thought of saying them it seemed too much trouble.) "Every market day, the farmers come back from town and they get drunk. My father said, 'Körmöczi, you had nine slivovitzes,' when he had only eight."

"But that's robbery!" I cried.

"Yes," said my grandfather. "Have I ever told you when I was a boy the chieftain of the robbers took me to school? There was a robber band in the forest between our village and the town, and in spring and autumn my father left a barrel of Tokay at the edge of the forest, and in return Betyár Bácsi—Uncle Robber, I used to call him—fetched me and put me in front of him on his horse and took me to school. In the evening, he brought me back."

In my mind's eye the shop in Santiago, with its counter and cash register, had faded into a deep-green forest out of the Brothers Grimm, with a dozen robbers in green hunting suits.

"All right, Joszi, go inside. You don't have to stand," said my grandmother.

"*Ja so*," said my grandfather and went and sat down inside.

The rest of us moved out on the *galería* together, leaning on the balustrade, talking.

"What did your father do, Omama?" I asked my grandmother.

"Produce children," my grandmother said. My grandmother had a goitre, and whenever she was angry it swelled, setting her head back with a handsome look of pride.

"He was a wine merchant, wasn't he?" Paul asked.

"Later. When we came to Vienna, he was nothing and he had nothing—a wife and five children. Ibolya must have been seven, and there was Sari and I and Kari and poor Feri, who was only a baby. Him we had to leave in Hungary with the grandparents. I remember

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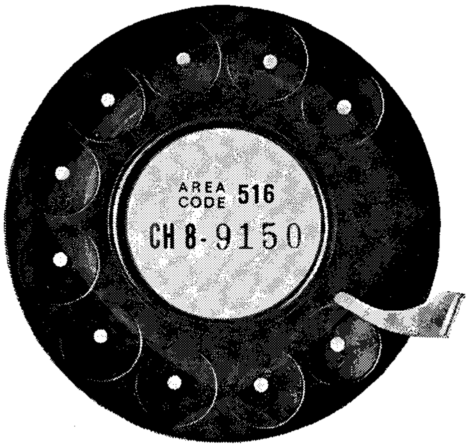

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Mother cried all the way to Vienna. Three weeks later, she had Wetterl, who is in Paraguay now. We had two rooms and a kitchen, and every year Mother lay down in the big bed in the back room and had another baby and gave it to us girls to look after. After Wetterl there was Pista and then Hilde, who is in Canada now . . ." and my grandmother went down the gallery of her thirteen brothers and sisters. "There were little children everywhere," said my grandmother. "The night before Mother died, I dreamed about a child in a white gown, and so I knew what was going to happen. At forty-five she had to die. Poor Feri and I were the only ones who grieved for her. I remember he stood at the foot of the bed and cried and cried. He was always a skinny little boy," my grandmother said. Then she added, "Mother was bad to him."

"What do you mean, bad? Bad how?"

"She used to shout at him. Father told me once that even in the train when they brought Feri to Vienna, when he was five, Mother didn't like him to touch her. He hung around her all the time, and she shoved him. Once, I took the little children to the park and Mother ran after us without a coat. She had a scarf, and she put it on Feri and she knelt and she hugged him and kissed him and called him pet names in Hungarian, and then she ran back into the house. But in the evening poor Feri cried because he had chilblains," said my grandmother, and stopped as if she were not going to tell the story after all. However, in a minute she said, "Mother said she was going to bathe his feet—only she used boiling water. After that, the older children wouldn't speak to her."

"You loved her, didn't you, Mutti?" my mother asked.

"To me she was kind," said my grandmother. "She always told Ibolya and Sari to take me along where they were going. They used to say I was her pet. They never liked me, and they were angry with Mother because of all those babies. I asked her once, after I was married and pregnant with my first baby and she was carrying Heini and already so ill, I asked her, 'Why have you had so many children?,' and she said she was afraid if she didn't Father would go to other women. Everything was always for Father. He was the only one who had meat for supper, and he would take one of the children on his lap and feed him from his plate."

"I remember Grandfather after he came to live with us in Fischamend,"

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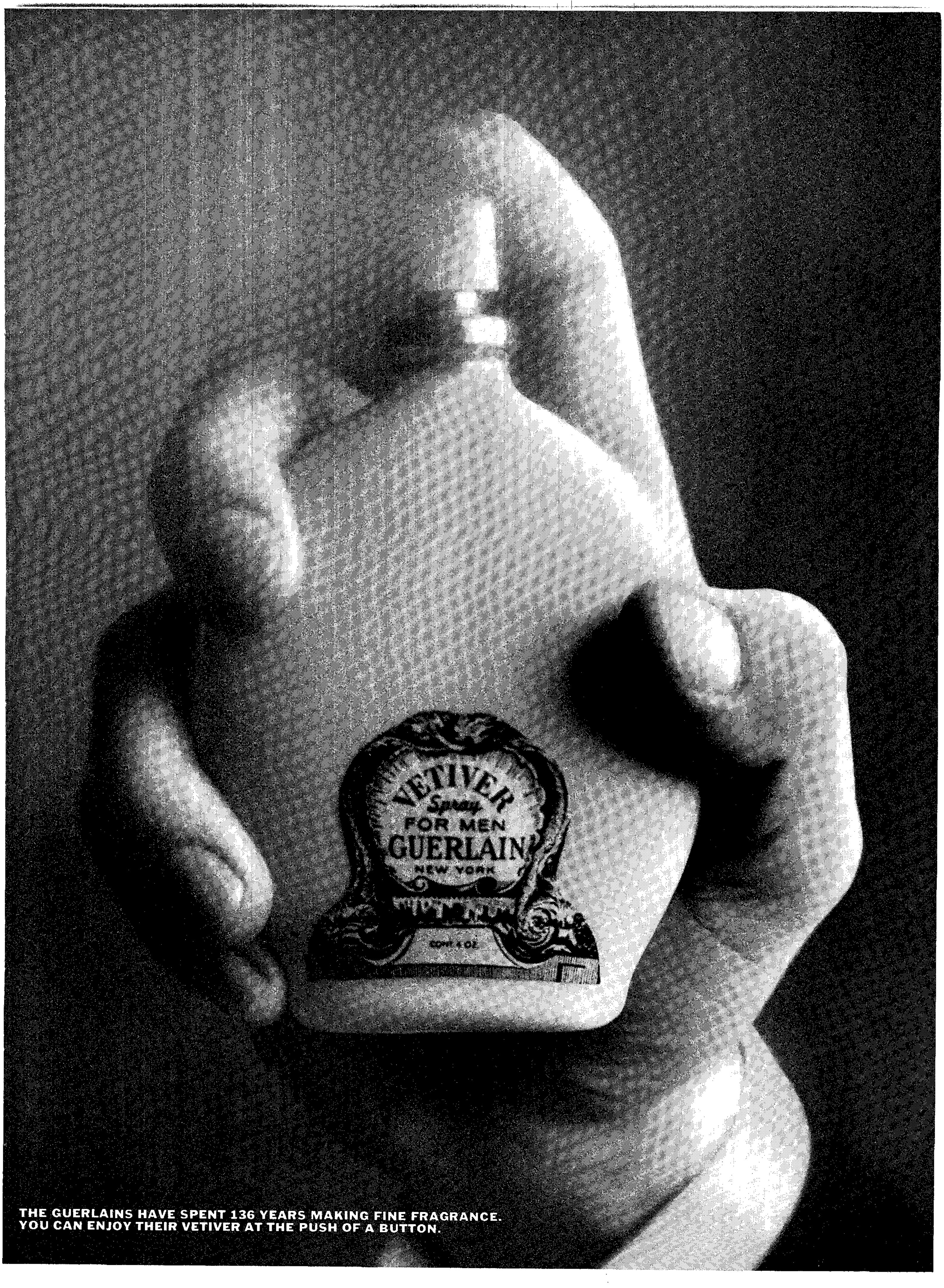
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my mother said. "He was a beautiful old man—always clean." (The German word my mother used was "*appetitlich.*")

"And a woman's man to the last," said Paul. "I remember when he was eighty-seven and bedridden I saw him pinching the maid."

"Every man pinches the maid," said my grandmother.

"Not Opapa, I bet," I said.

"What do you know about your Opapa!" said my grandmother. "I'm going up. Come, Joszi. Paul, don't forget to lock the cash register, and the shop and the back door. When are you coming up?"

"As soon as I've done the Sosua order for tomorrow," Paul said.

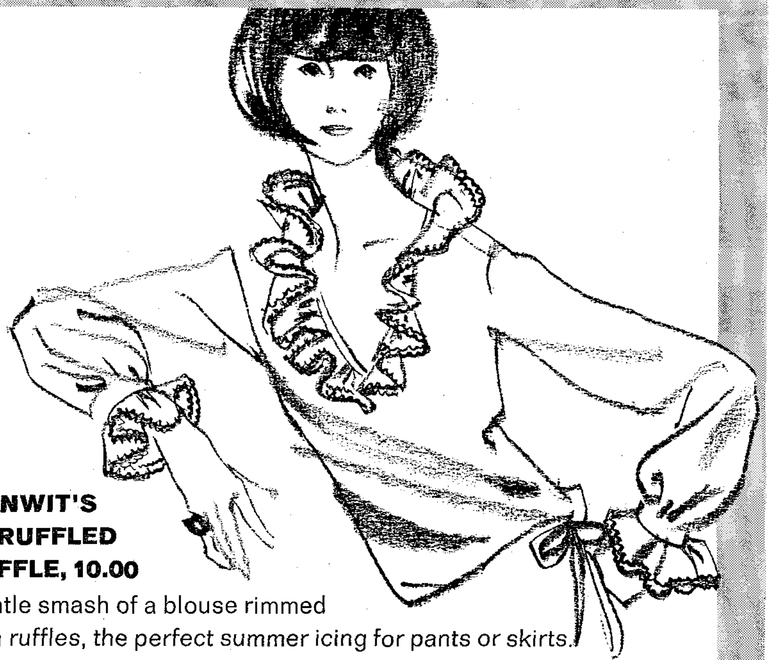
"But Omama, it's only half past nine."

"Paul is tired," said my grandmother. "He needs his rest. Don't forget to turn out the lights."

AFTER noon, on Thursday, came the red Sosua truck. Otto Becker, the driver, was a sunburned, curly-haired man, with whom Paul had worked on a communal farm in the first years of the settlement. When Otto had unloaded and sat down for a cup of coffee, my grandmother questioned him about everyone in Sosua. "How's that Frau Dressler? Is she living with her husband again? I said to her once, 'Frau Dressler, imagine if you had an extra pair of eyes—one in each ear—how you could flirt with three men at the same time!' And how's your wife, Otto? Does she still spend all her evenings with that Dr. Marschfeld, who has been on the point of death these last five years? She reminds me of my sister Sari. Whenever I came to visit in Vienna, she was washing a sick neighbor's floor or doing a neighbor's shopping. Her children had to get their own dinner. Ibolya didn't marry till later, but Wetterl was like me—all for the family. Hilde would have liked to eat her dinner in the restaurant, and her breakfast and supper, too."

My grandmother would have gone down the gallery of her seven sisters, discussing each with regard to her household habits, but Otto had another four hours' drive to the city markets. When he had gone, my grandmother still sat at the table with a charming and malicious smile. "Pauli, can you think of anyone in Sosua whom I didn't insult?"

At supper, I argued with my grandmother and had a run-in with Paul. My grandmother sent me to turn out



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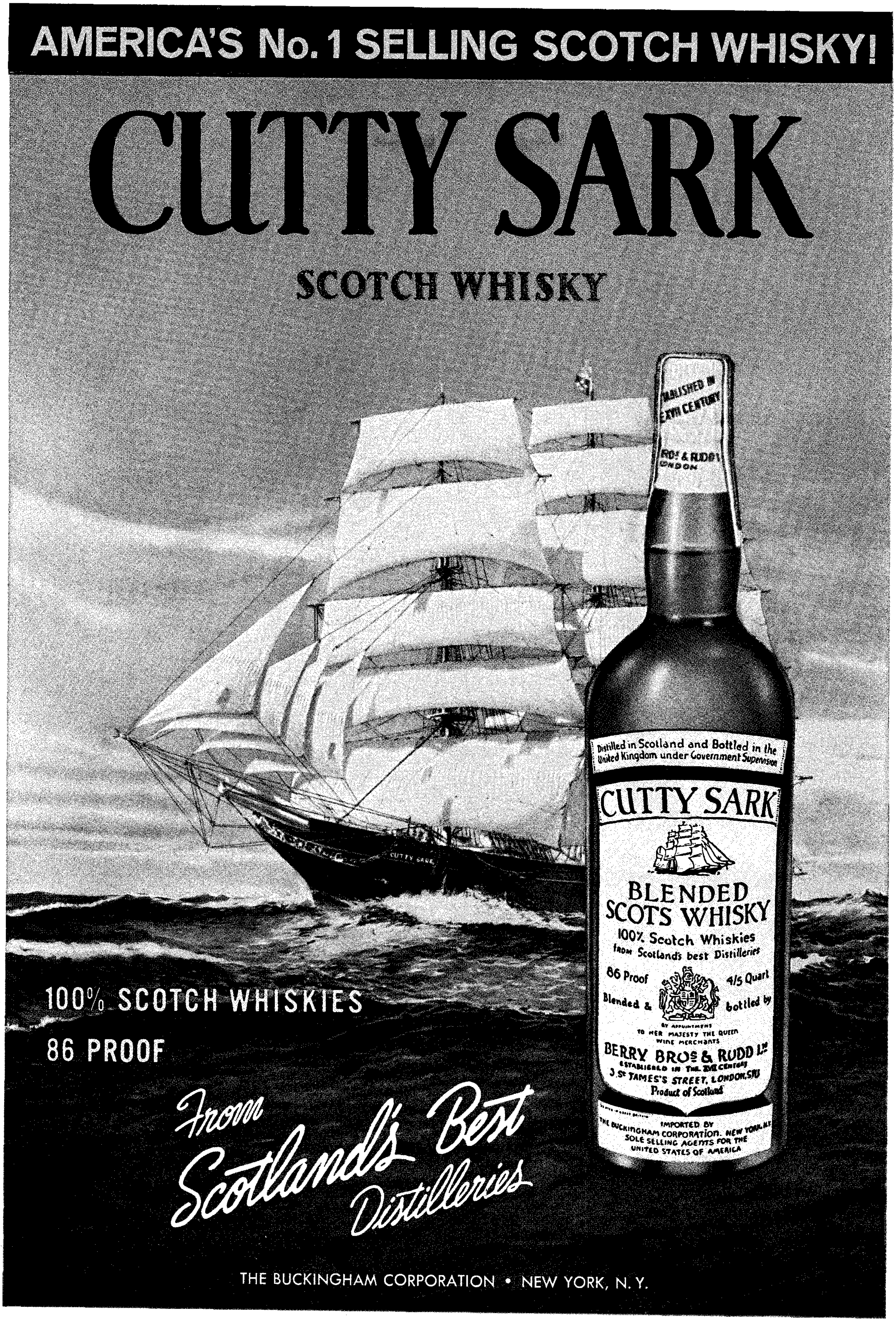
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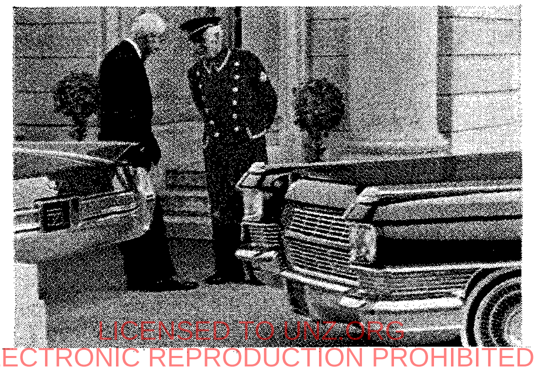


Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation the kitchen light, and I said, "But we'll be going out with the dishes in ten minutes."

"We can always put it on again," said my grandmother. "Why should we make the electric company rich?"

I said, "Just how much do you think it costs to burn one seventy-five-watt bulb for ten minutes?" and found myself confronted by Paul, rearing up.

"Go out into the kitchen and turn off the light!" he said, with a snarling mouth.

I went and turned out the light and burst into tears, because of the stinginess of our life, and because Paul had spoken harshly to me.

My mother came out after me and said, "Lorle, try not to quarrel with Omama."

"Me quarrel with Omama! It's Omama who quarrels with everybody! It's all right for us to be stingy with our butter, but when the chicken man puts a price on his chickens, *he's* taking advantage! When Pastora makes herself a new dress, she's a slut! Omama has no sense at all of other people's points of view!"

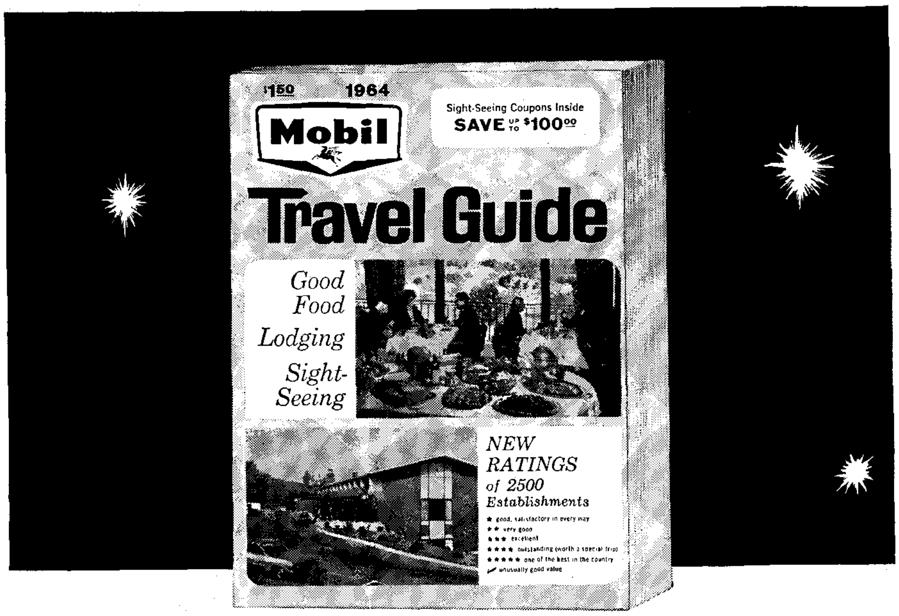
My mother was shocked and hurt and said, "But Omama has always been good to people. During the First World War, when the relatives in Hungary sent us food parcels, Omama cooked hot meals for all the Fischamend children."

When Paul had closed up the shop, he invited me to come for a walk. He said "*Buenas noches*" to Señora Molina, rocking to the rhythm of a merengue with her policeman boy friend, and made a little bow to Dr. Perez and his young daughter Juanita, leaning on the balustrade of their *galería*. Paul walked me along a street of good-sized shops, past the cinema and post office to the little square formal park, where we stood for the flag-lowering ceremony that took place daily at sundown. We had an ice at the Chinese restaurant on the corner. There was a freshness in the darkening air. We started back.

"Mummy says I shouldn't quarrel with Omama," I said. "But Omama is impossible. She can order everyone around, but you say one word to her and she is insulted for the next twenty-four hours."

Paul said, "Your Omama has a tendency toward paranoia. From her childhood, she seems to have felt that her sisters were in a conspiracy to neglect and insult her."

"Her sisters! The whole world! I remember once, in Vienna, we met Omama in a *Kaffeehaus*. She had just come back from a holiday in



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Baden, or somewhere, and I remember how she was dressed—in a light-gray silk suit with tiny woven black dots, and a hat over one eye. She looked marvellous, and not at all like the Omama from Fischamend in the calico apron and hairnet. And there was Tante Ibolya, and Sari, and Onkel Pista—a whole bunch of relations—and Omama was telling us about her holiday, how Fräulein So-and-So had bored her, with all her conquests, and Frau What's-Her-Name had worn a décolleté down to here, and there was an anti-Semitic man who had never said so much as good morning. And then Omama smiled and said, 'And there were mountains and trees.' And all the relations laughed and laughed. No, but Pauli, she does think anyone who is not insulting her is at least carrying a knife with the intention of robbing and murdering us."

"A notion not altogether fantastical if you remember that she lived under the Nazis until four years ago, and now, Lorle, in her old age she finds herself surrounded by people talking a language she doesn't understand. There she is now."

We had turned the corner into our street and could see my grandmother on our *galería*, looking this way and that. Her eyes in her peaked white face looked terrified. "I didn't know where you had gone," she said. "I thought something had happened to you."

"WHAT is Pastora doing on the *galería*?" my grandmother asked the next morning. "She has been sweeping it for half an hour."

"She's leaning on the balustrade talking to the chicken man," Paul reported. "She has red ribbons in her hair."

"Disgusting," said my grandmother.

"Why is it? I'm glad somebody is having fun," I said, and I tried to catch Pastora's eye as she went past me upstairs, but she did not notice. When she came back downstairs, she was smiling, wearing the tortoise-shell brooch the Grüners had brought for me.

"Thief! Robber!" cried my grandmother.

"Maybe it's not *mine*," I said. "I mean, she's got it pinned right to the front of her blouse."

Pastora raised her arms and shouted in Spanish.

"She says she's an honest woman," Paul translated. "She says she found it in the wastebasket."

"Tell her she's a liar," said my grandmother.

"Omama! I don't even want the

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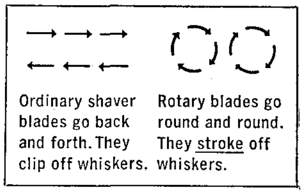

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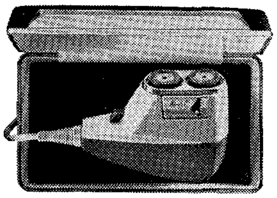

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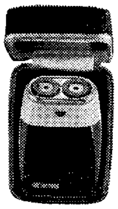

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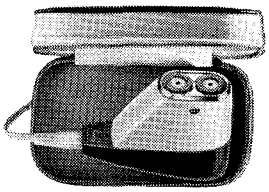

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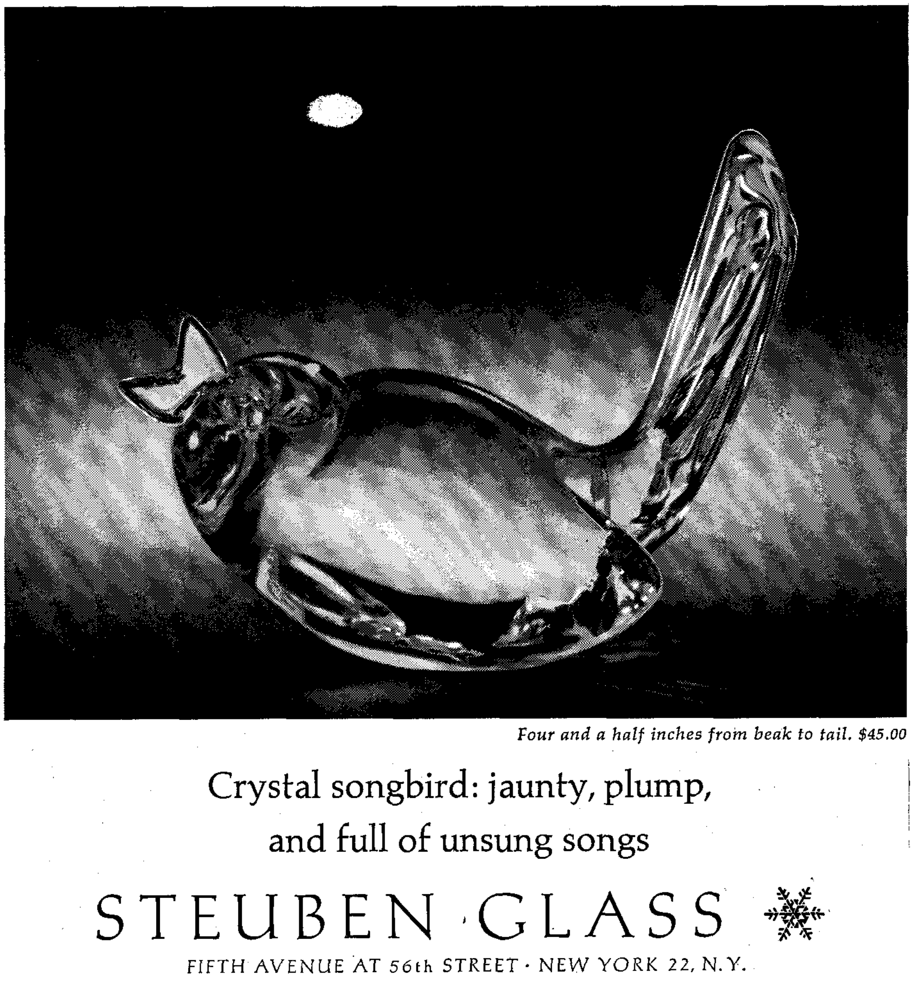
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ugly brooch," I said. But the next day my watch was missing.

"Paul, call the police," said my grandmother, and she made Pastora turn her pocketbook upside down on the table.

"You see," Pastora kept saying. "Nothing. I am an honest woman."

"You stole it yesterday," said my grandmother. "You took it home."

"You come to my home! You search me!" said Pastora.

"Let's go then," said my grandmother. "Come, Lore."

People stared at my grandmother and me walking in the wake of Pastora, who hurried on, bent forward—and limping, I noticed for the first time.

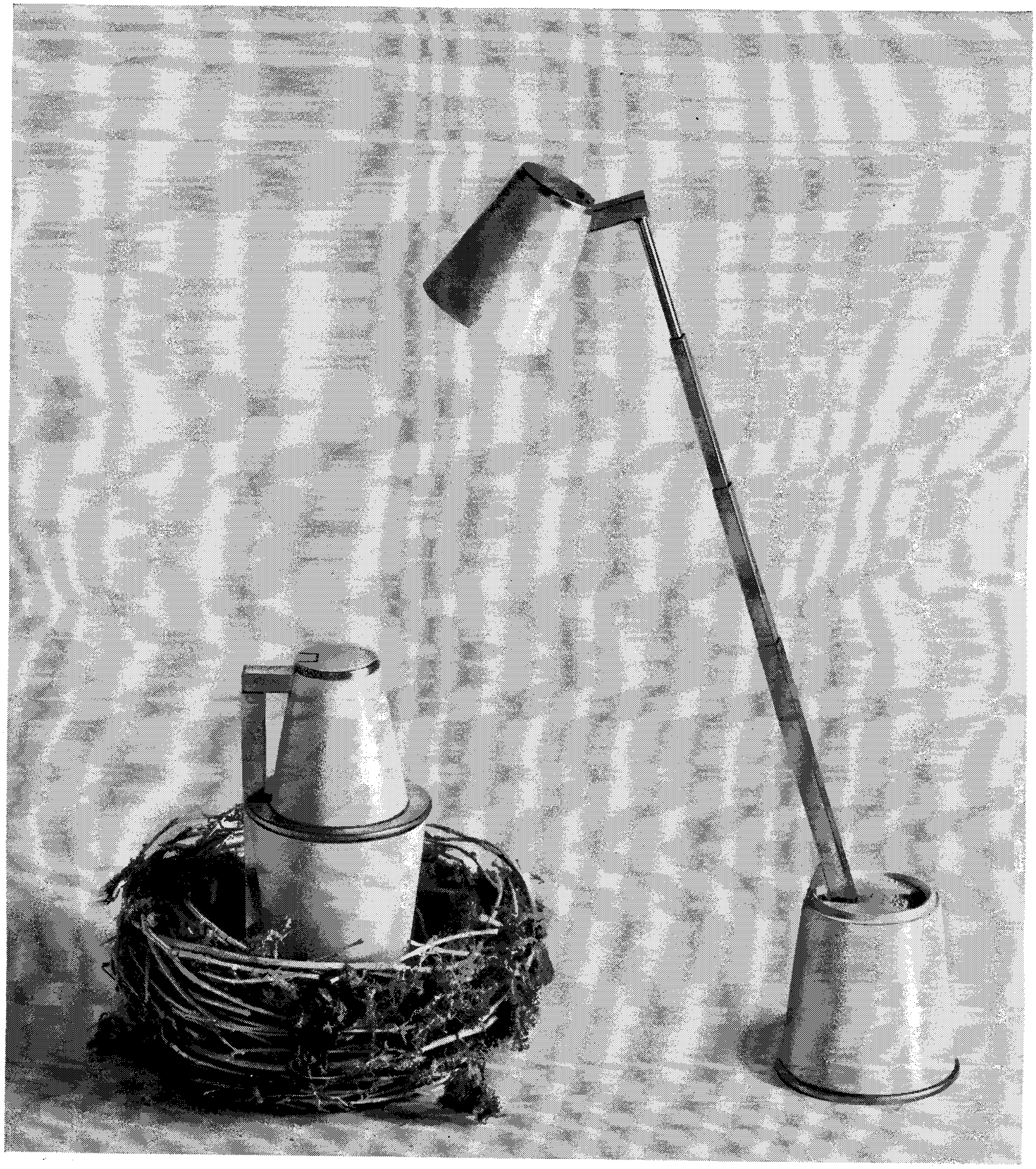
"Let's go home, Omama," I said. We were leaving the familiar streets and coming into a different country, where the road was a gash of dried rutted mud and the shacks looked like outhouses constructed of pieces of wood and corrugated iron. Naked babies waded in a ditch that carried sewage downhill. A merengue blared.

Pastora threw open the door of one of the shacks—a single room the size of a closet. It had a littered mud floor and no windows, though light seeped in between the wooden slats on which Pastora had pinned an over-life-size face of Betty Hutton. I remembered it from a copy of *Life* that had lain around our bathroom for weeks. Pastora's bed was a wooden chest without a lid, which seemed to double as a wardrobe, for it was filled, like the counter of a bargain basement, with pieces of stuff. I recognized my grandmother's calico apron.

I said, "It's silly. I can't begin to look for anything in this mess." We stepped outside, into what must have been Pastora's kitchen, because there were three charred bricks supporting one of our old coffee tins, full of rusty water.

"Where have you hidden the watch?" my grandmother shouted at Pastora, pointing to my wrist. "Do you want me to go to the police? *Policía? Sí? Policía?*"

"*Sí, sí, la policía,*" said the chicken man, who was suddenly standing there, too. "*Hay justicia aquí. Ella*" (he pointed at my grandmother) "*le hace acusación a esta señora*" (he pointed to Pastora) "*de robar. Son testigos ustedes!*" He pointed his forefinger around the group of little children and pigs who had gathered. "*Es testigo usted!*" ("There is justice here. She has accused this lady of being a thief. You are a witness! *You* are a witness!") He jabbed his finger at me. "*La po-*



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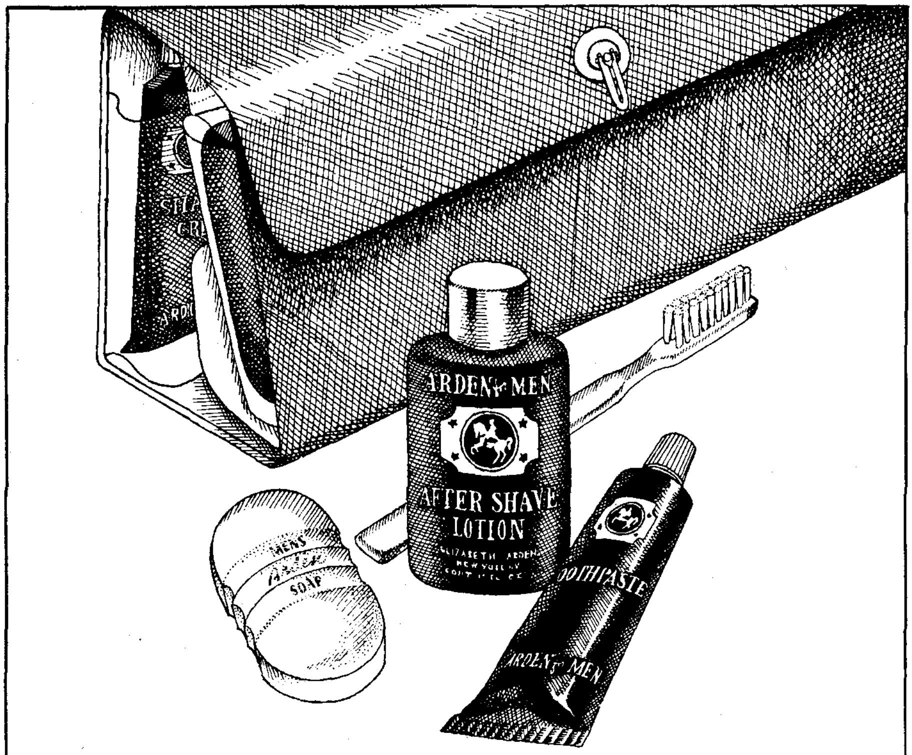

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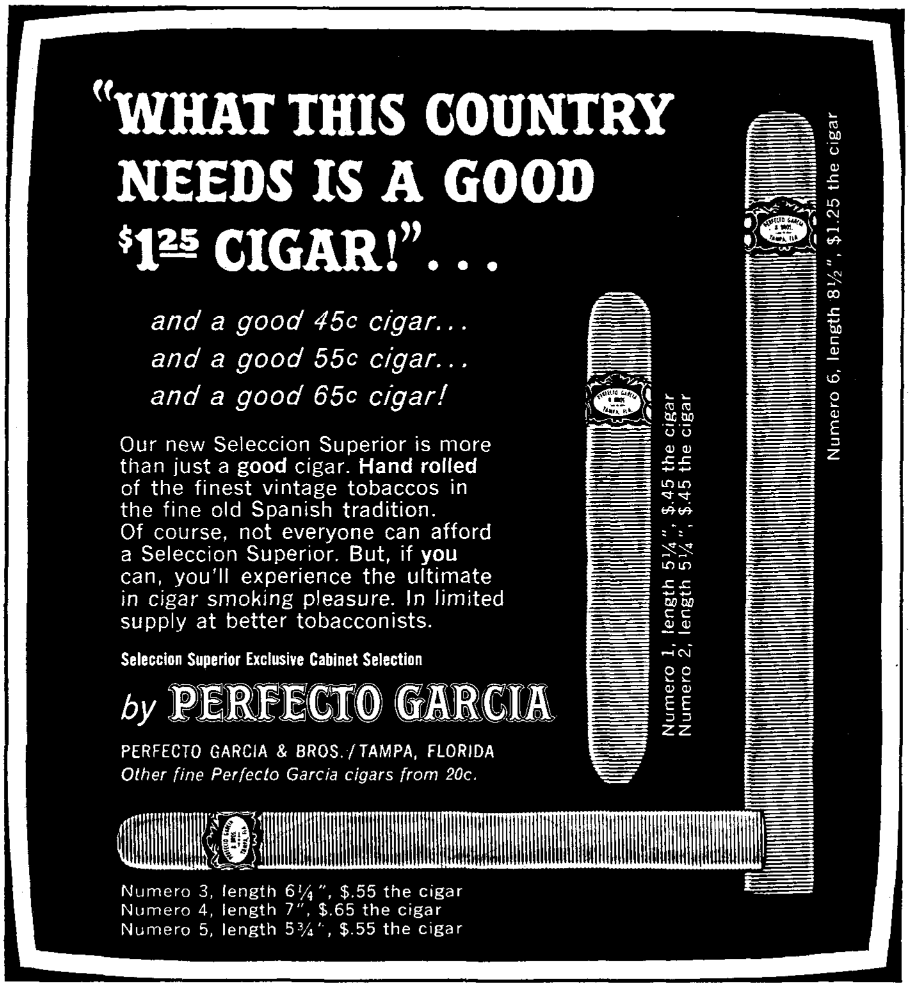

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licía, sí, sí, sí!" he yapped, with his face so close to mine that I was staring down the black hole of his toothless mouth.

"Let's go, Omama."

"We'll see you at the police station. *Policía! Adiós,*" said my grandmother.

In the evening, Paul took a quarter pound of butter over to Señora Molina's *galería* to ask the advice of her policeman friend, and it seemed the police knew all about the chicken man with a monomania about slander laws. "*Es un loco.*" The policeman made a moron face and tapped himself on the forehead. It was always the same story, he said. First this man would hang out with the maid, then the maid was caught stealing some worthless object, then something else was missing, and when the maid was accused, suddenly there was the chicken man, threatening slander. "But he always fouls it up somehow. Take you, now—the only witnesses he has are from that street over there, and your own mother and niece. Don't you worry, I'll take care of everything for you, my good friend, and your charming family."

We never saw Pastora again. Every morning now, a boy with a tender new goatee came up our street, hung with chickens and singing, "*Llevo las gallinas! Llevo las gallinas hermosas!*"

SUNDAY, after lunch, the shop was closed. Señora Rodriguez was to send her chauffeur for us. My mother dressed my grandmother's fine gray hair. My grandmother wore her best dress, of pewter-colored silk, which made her old-woman's face gleam a rare, pale gold. She had taken off her glasses.

"Omama, you look beautiful with your hair loose—and without your glasses."

My grandmother waved the compliment away with a rejecting right hand, but she was pleased. She said, "Now that I think back, I must have been a pretty girl, but then I only knew I had a big nose. Ibolya was the beauty; she had a little nose. Sari had a little nose, too, but too thick. Pista had a nice strong nose for a man"—and my grandmother went down the gallery of her brothers and sisters as to noses. "I'll never forget the time I was waiting for Joszi in the Kaffee Norstadt and Miklos Gottlieb came up and said, 'Frau Rosa, you haven't changed.' For years, I thought he meant my nose. However, now I remember what he said was 'Your eyes are as black as ever.' I'll never forget how he stared at me."

Señora Rodriguez seemed devoted

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to her house and to her garden, which grew in green profusion in the middle of the dusty, burnt-out landscape; her cabbages grew large; her hens laid eggs; her geese cleaned themselves with their beaks till they were immaculately white. Her cook was black and wore a decent blue linen dress. The Señora showed us around the house. She herself had widened the handsomely tiled *galería* that surrounded it on three sides. We sat in the shade, in large cushioned chairs, where plants in copper pots spread huge tropical leaves. Señor Rodriguez, a slim, very handsome man who looked a good many years younger than his wife, came out to join us. He had a fine military carriage and wore his hair cropped so close to his skull as to give the effect of baldness. Señor Rodriguez sat down between my mother and my grandmother. The cook came with a tea trolley, followed by a delicate Negro girl in a childish dress whom Señora Rodriguez introduced as Teresa.

Teresa carried the cups and plates of thin buttered bread from guest to guest with a pinched little smile of extraordinary sweetness, saying, "*Bitte, Sie wollen?*" to each in turn.

"Teresa, you can sit beside Señorita Groszmann." (I looked up, surprised—that was me.) "Practice your German. I'm taking Teresa to Germany next year, when I visit my parents. She is going to become a Protestant this Sunday."

"What do you do to become a Protestant?" I asked Teresa, making conversation.

"I wear white dress. I sing hymns," said Teresa, sitting very straight and smiling her *ingénue* smile.

My mother and Señor and Señora Rodriguez were talking about music. I saw my grandmother holding her teacup. She had an embarrassed smile on her golden face. She was not wearing her glasses, but below her silvery dress her old-woman's lace-up shoes stood a little sidewise to the party.

On Monday afternoon, Rudi Grüner came to give me my first Spanish lesson. The family tiptoed behind us. When we were finished, my grandmother brought coffee and cake and asked Rudi if he didn't think I would soon be speaking perfect Spanish. Rudi sat stolidly, with his head drawn into his shoulders like a boy in the presence of his parents' friends, and said I was doing brilliantly.

When he had gone, my mother asked me how I liked him, and I said, "Very much. He looks like a steamed suet pudding without the treacle."

My grandmother said, "Lore is like

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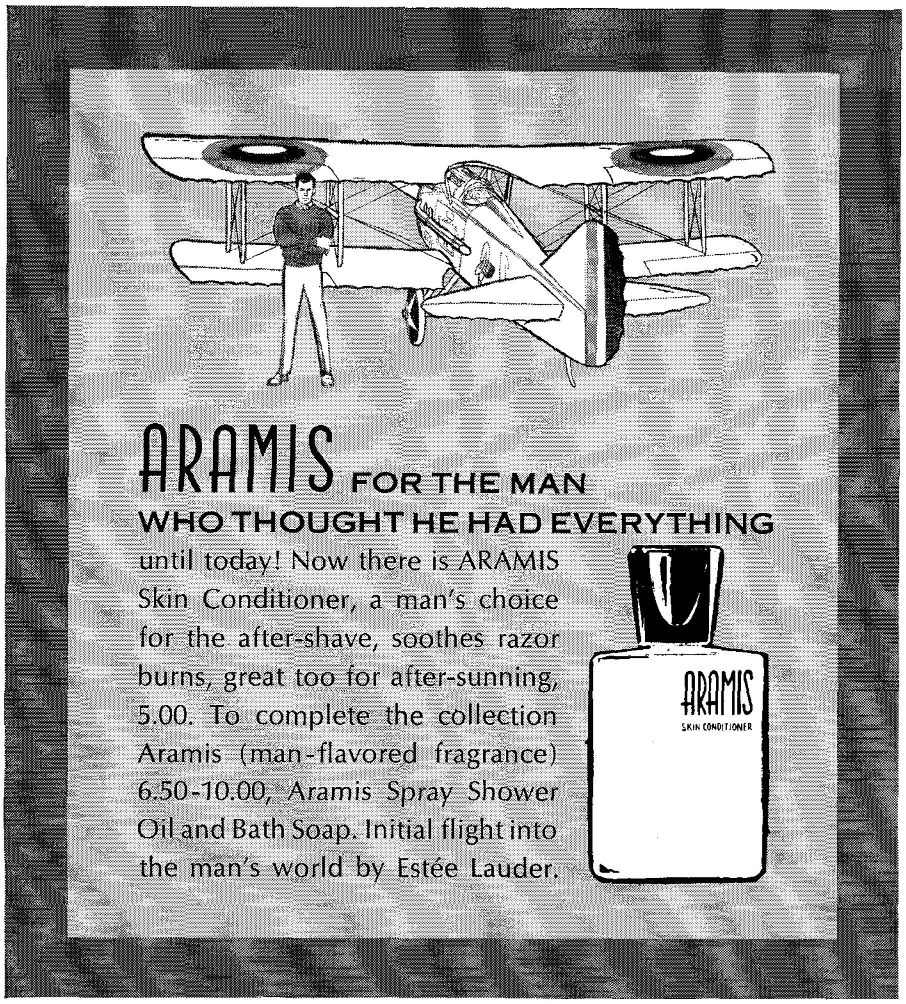

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my sister Ibolya—too choosy. Ibolya didn't get a man till she was twenty-nine, and then she married the butcher, a real brute. She left him six weeks later."

Rudi came back on Wednesday, and I did brilliantly again, except that I had a little difficulty with my first irregular verb. Over coffee I asked Rudi questions about life in Santiago, where he had lived since he was nine years old, but he had little to say and he asked me no questions at all.

Afterward, we saw Rudi stop outside the Perezes' *galería*, chatting to Juanita and illustrating his conversation with an animation of face and hands that made him look like a Dominican boy.

In the evening the Grüners came with a letter from the Freibergs, who had arrived in Vienna. The fellows of Sigi's old glee club had met them at the airport with songs, they wrote, and, except for the omnipresence of the Russians, Vienna was—well, Vienna. Imagine, on Sunday they were going for a picnic on the Kahlenberg!

On Monday, Rudi gave me my third lesson, and I had the same difficulty with the first verb that I had had in my second lesson. And afterward Rudi leaned over the railing of the Perezes' *galería* and kidded with Juanita.

I stood around the shop. I said, "I want to sell something." But my grandmother said that I gave overweight, I should let my grandfather do it; and later, in the kitchen, she said I didn't wash the green peppers beautifully enough, I should let my mother do it.

When Paul put on his straw hat to go to the post office for our mail, I said I would go along—hoping I hardly knew for what.

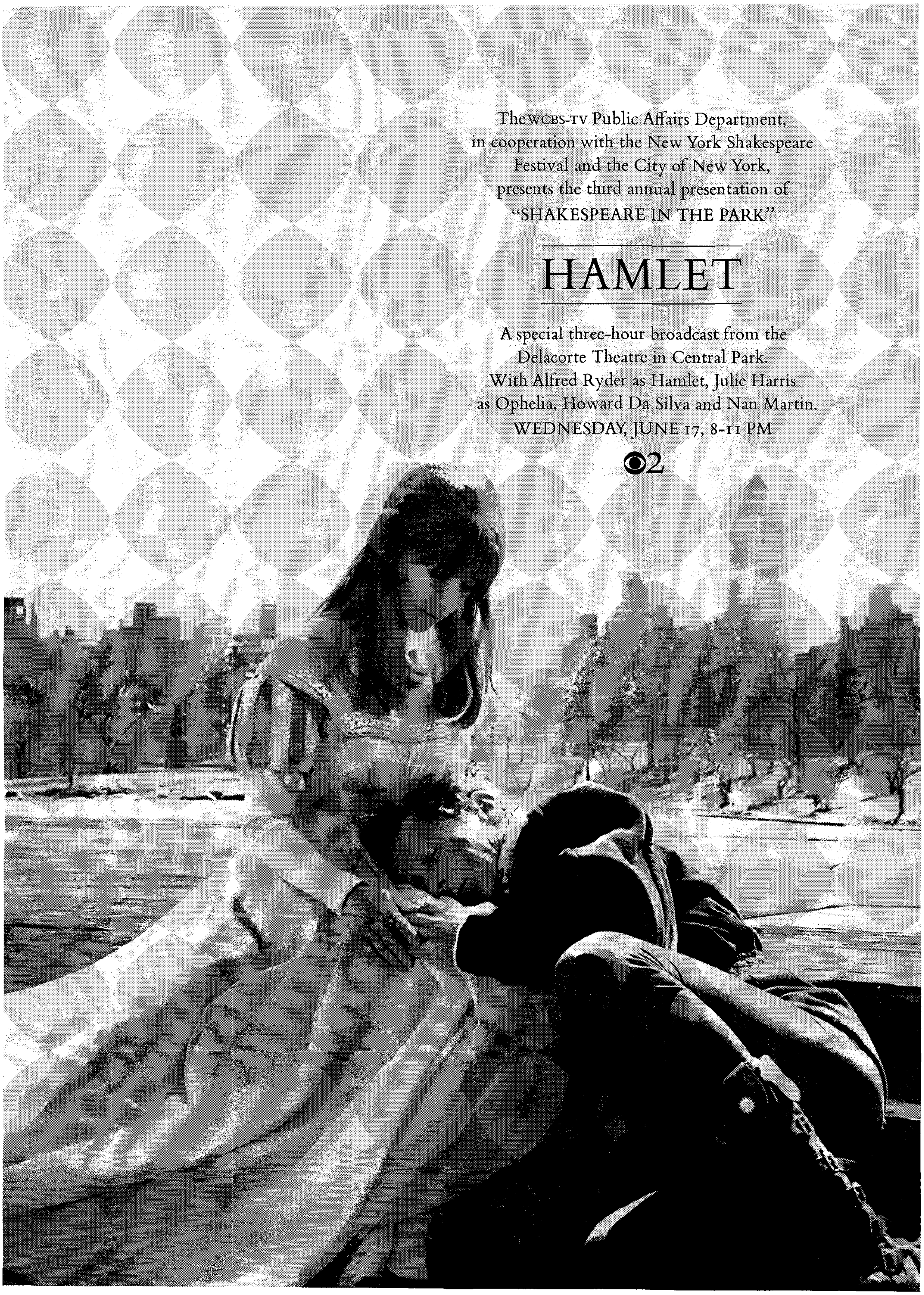
While we were gone, my grandfather happened to be alone in the shop when two boys came in. One asked for a box of Chiclets and the other for half a pound of cheese, and while my grandfather was weighing out the cheese the first boy ran away with the Chiclets, leaping over the *galería* railing, and the second boy leaped after him, and grandfather ran around the counter and down the *galería*, and he stood in the street shouting. That evening, he had another heart attack.

"He's not doing badly at all," said Dr. Perez, "but we must keep him in bed. *No* walking up and down stairs."

"You hear, Joszi?" said my grandmother.

My grandfather stroked his mustache and said, "*Ja so*, but now I feel much better."

"*I'll* tell you when you feel better," Dr. Perez said and winked at me with



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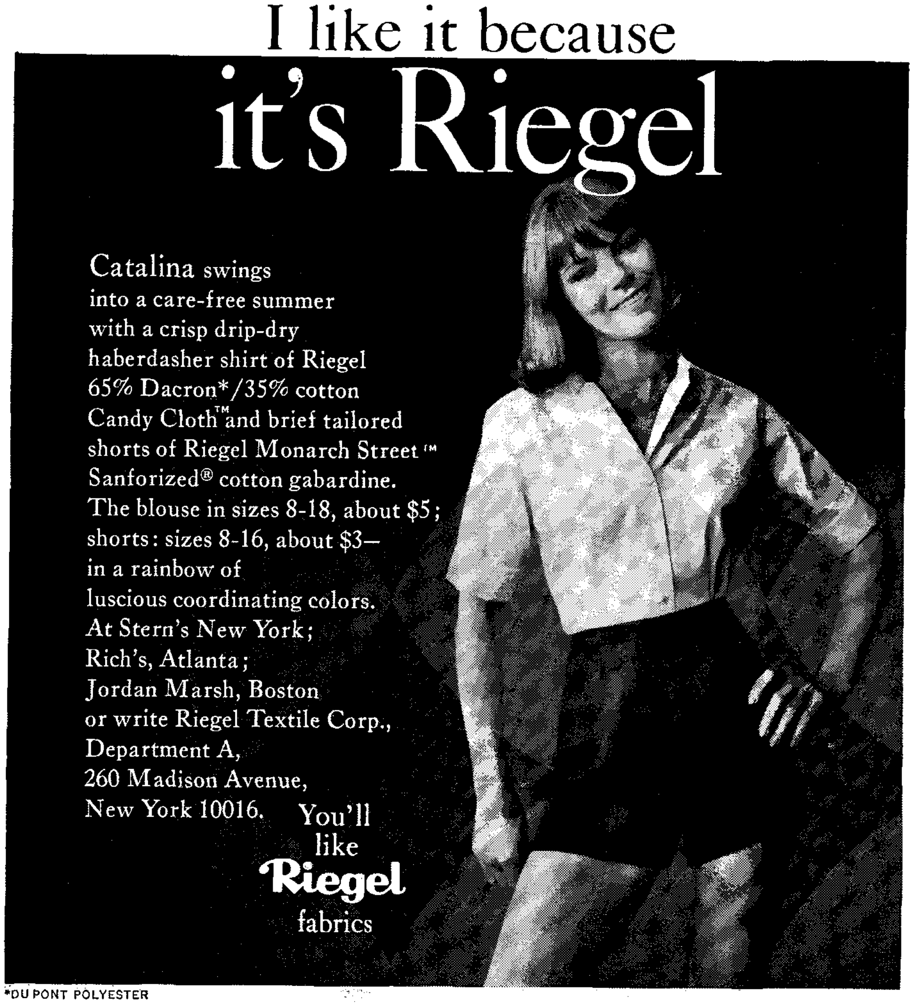

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the leer he seemed to feel my due as a woman.

My mother asked me to stay with my grandfather when the afternoon rush started.

"Is it very busy now in the shop?" asked my grandfather.

"That's not your problem, Opapa," I said. "Paul and Omama and Mutti can manage perfectly well without you, you know."

"*Ja so*," said my grandfather.

We sat looking at one another. I wished I had a book. I said, "Tell me a story. Did you really go to school with the robber chief?"

"Until I was thirteen years. Then my father sent me to Vienna to be an apprentice in a draper's shop. The owner was called Benedick, a cousin of your Omama. He arranged the marriage, but that was many, many years later."

"What does an apprentice do?"

"Tidy the shelves and put everything in good order before the shop is opened. He waits on customers and makes deliveries. We were three boys—Pista, from my village, and Karl, from Vienna, and older. Every morning, he and Pista pulled the blankets away at five o'clock in the morning to make me light the stove." My grandfather smiled mildly at the jokes of his youth.

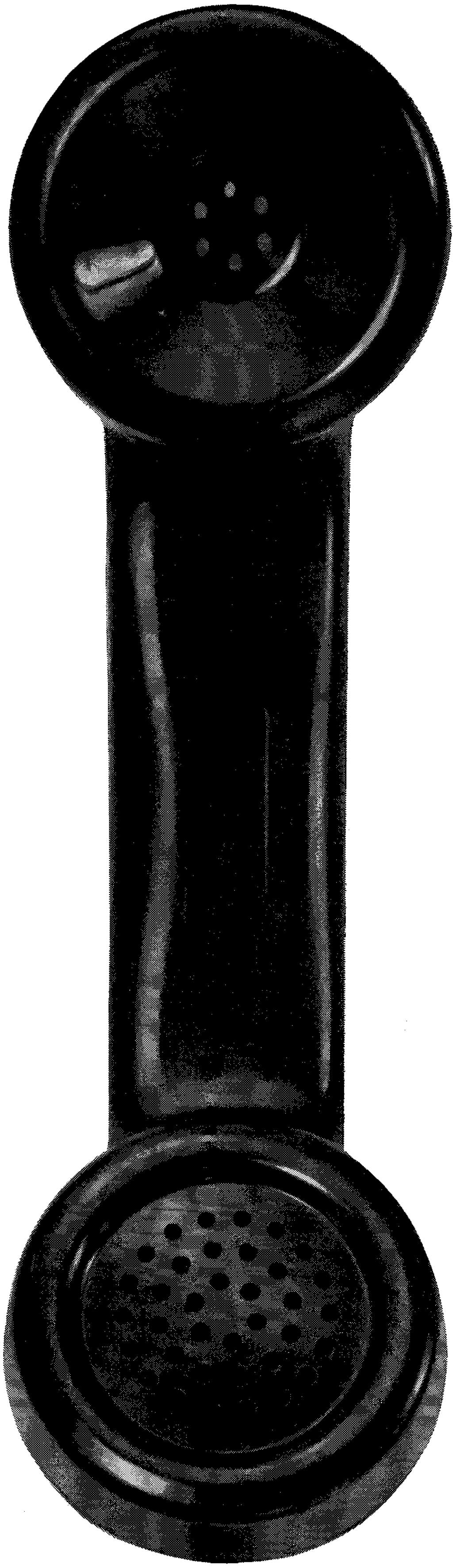
I saw in my inner eye the back room of a shop and furnished it with shelves of boxes and bales of fabric, arranged precisely like the storeroom behind my grandfather's shop in Fischamend, except that there were three beds in it: it was winter dark, 5 A.M., the stove unlit—and my mother came in, wearing a sleeveless cotton dress and bringing my grandfather's supper tray. "I should come down, if you are too busy," said my grandfather. "I'm feeling much better."

"You heard the doctor, Vati!" my mother said.

But the next morning when Paul came into the shop to open up, my grandfather, fully dressed, was standing on a ladder arranging the coffee tins in a tidy pyramid.

Paul was very angry. He helped my grandfather down and led him upstairs, saying, "Now, I want you to walk very, very slowly, please."

After that, we never left my grandfather alone. My mother sat with him in the mornings. She taught him Spanish words out of a grammar book. When my grandmother finished cooking, she would go up. I remember I stood at the bottom of the steps, listening, because I could not imagine what they might have to say to one another. I heard my grandmother say, "*Setz dich.* Sit up,



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Joszi. I will plump your pillow." In the afternoon, when my grandmother was needed downstairs in the shop, I went to sit with my grandfather.

"Tell me a story," I said. "Why did you need a third person to arrange your marriage?"

"Because I was busy working in the shop, saving my money so I could open a shop of my own, so I could get married," said my grandfather.

"Opapa, do you remember the first time you saw Omama?"

"Oh, yes," said my grandfather. "I remember the day Benedick took me up to the flat. Your Omama was sitting by a window with one of the babies on her lap. And all the time she kept watching me with her big black eyes. She had black hair, like a gypsy. Your Omama was always a good wife. She is a good businesswoman in the shop."

"Hey, Opapa!" I cried. "Why are you getting out of bed? Where do you think you are going?"

"I just thought I would open the shutters."

"Then why don't you ask me to do it? That's the Molinas' yard, isn't it?" From the window, I could see the neighbors I knew only from their public *galería* life in the intimacy of their back yard. The yard was square and had a mud floor, with scarlet flowerpots all around the pink walls, and a lemon tree growing in the middle. Under this lovely tree sat Señora Molina, brushing América Columbina's hair. Mercedes was sweeping with an outsize broom and doing a silly head-wagging dance to distract the squirming baby.

"Do you remember, Lorle, our yard in Fischamend?" my grandfather asked.

At supper, I asked my grandmother if she remembered the first time she saw Opapa.

"Yes," said my grandmother. "My father had asked Cousin Benedick to find a husband for me, because I was already twenty-four. I could have married Miklos Gottlieb." My grandmother pulled her shoulders up and dipped her head, in something between a shrug and a sidewise nod. "He dressed very well. He was very handsome, always with some girl. Once, he said to me, 'Fräulein Rosa, I am a man who cannot be without a woman, but you see I always come back to you.' But I wouldn't speak to him. He didn't marry till four years after I married Joszi. Her name was Rosa, like mine."

"Do you remember Opapa in those days?"

"Yes. He had a bad temper."

"Opapa had a bad temper?"

"Yes. The week after we were mar-

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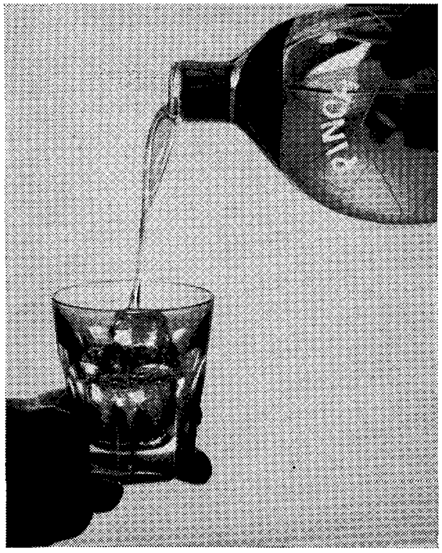

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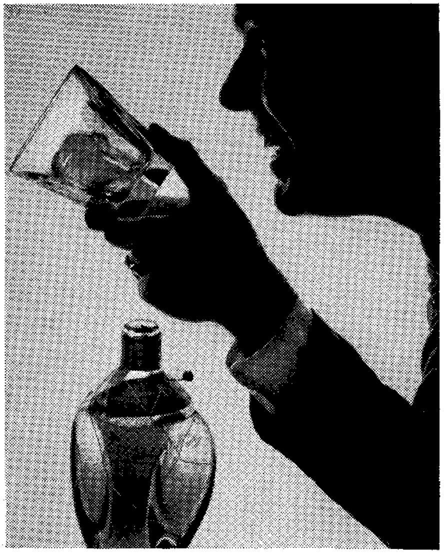
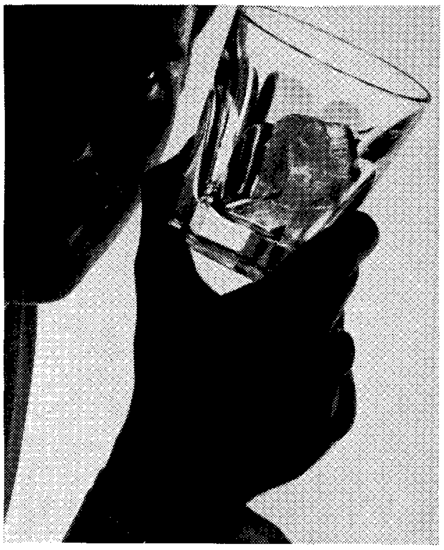


See?



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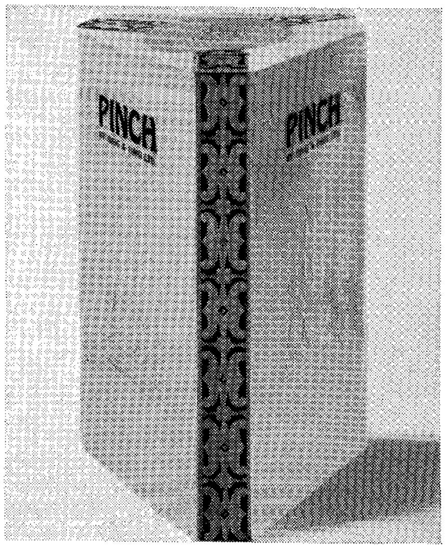
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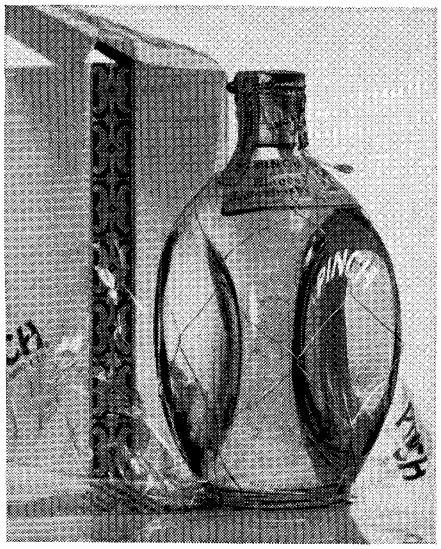

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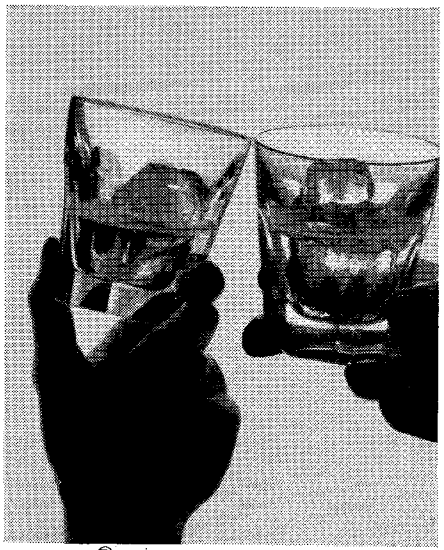

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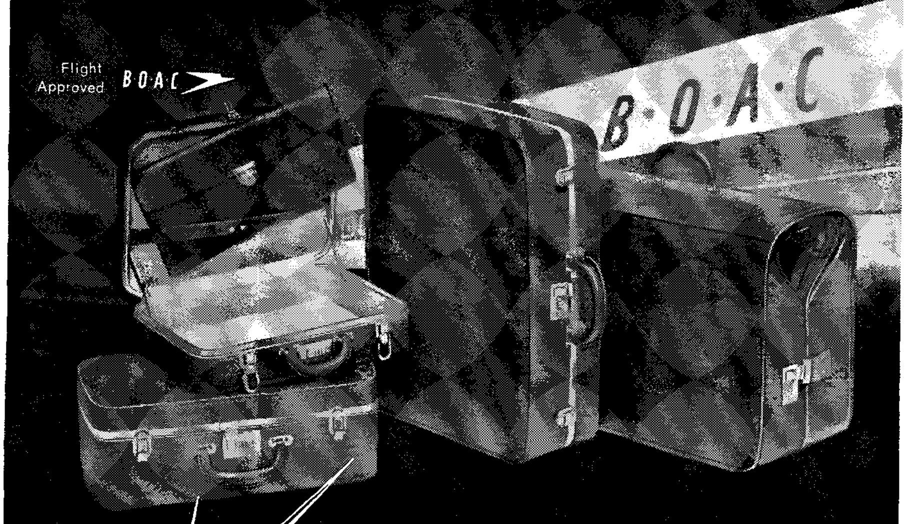
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ried, I told him to borrow some money and stock up properly. He threw an ink bottle at me. *Aber ich hab' ihm's Wilde abig'räumt*," my grandmother said in pure Austrian, meaning "I stripped the wildness off of him."

"But Muttilein," said my mother, "he took poor Feri in after your mother died, and Ibolya when she got divorced, and he was good to Grandfather when he came to live with us."

My grandmother acknowledged her husband's virtues without enthusiasm. She gave her shrugging nod. "He didn't drink and he didn't gamble. Miklos Gottlieb, you know, drank. Once, I went to see my father in the shop and he and Miklos were drinking wine together in the back. His wife—that Rosa Frankel—she wasn't good for him. But then, I wasn't good for Joszi," my grandmother said. "I wouldn't have been good for any man," and she made a gesture of hers, with the right hand, like the downward half of a wave, that had the effect of someone pushing away a plate of food or an unpalatable question.

On Wednesday, Señora Rodriguez came for her last piano lesson. They were moving back to the city and would return to Santiago at Christmas. She brought a jar of marmalade, made from her own oranges, for "poor Herr Steiner."

In the evening, the Grüners came to sit with my grandfather. "What are these bad things we hear of you?" they said to him.

"*Ja so*," said my grandfather.

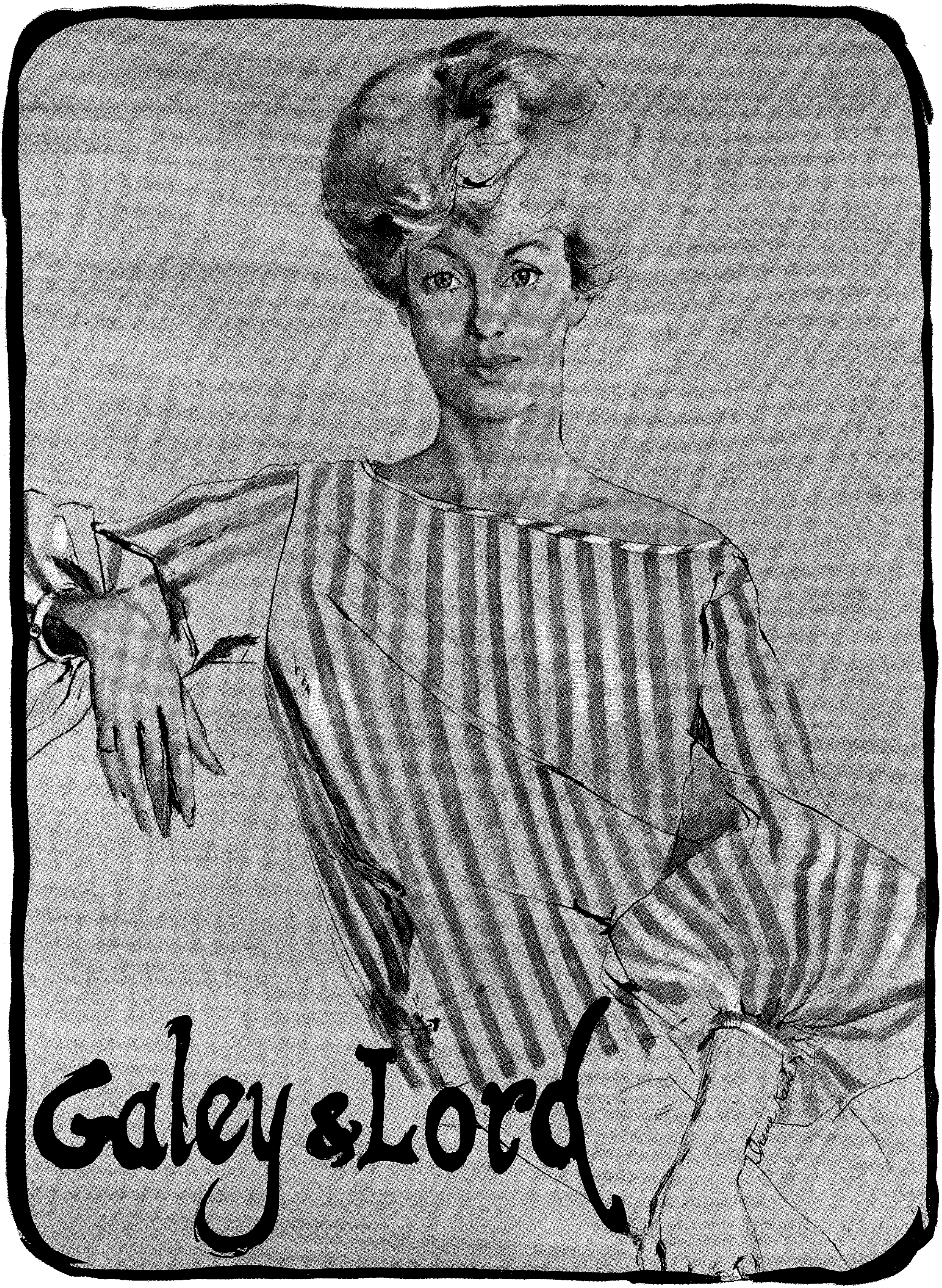
"We had a letter from the Freibergs," said Frau Grüner. "Imagine—poor Erna has broken a leg and Sigi has to nurse her. She says her sister is always busy with the boy and he is cheeky in return. Sigi wants us to send him some tortoise-shell pins, to start an import-export business. Sigi has talked to his friends in the glee club about the Nazis, but all they want to talk about is the Russians."

"And how is Rudi?" asked my grandmother. "He didn't come with you?"

"He was going to come, but you know young people," said Frau Grüner. "They don't like illness."

"He hasn't been to see us for weeks," said my grandmother, "though we see him all the time on the *galeria* with that Juanita Perez, climbing all over one another. He's become a real native, hasn't he?"

Frau Grüner rose, bristling. She bent over my grandfather, saying, "Now, we want you to get better soon. You are a good man. We are all very fond



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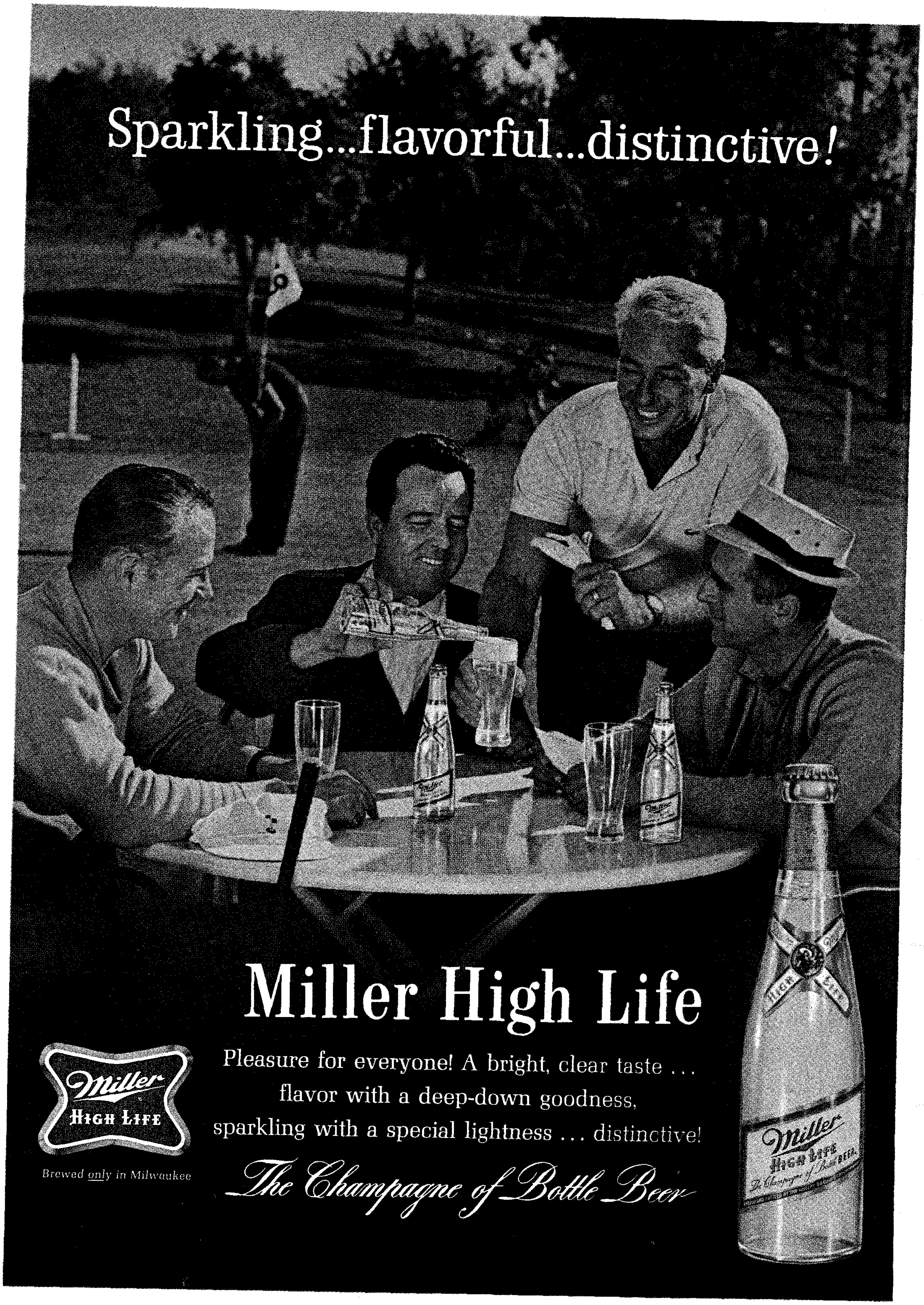

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of *you*," and she led her husband downstairs without saying goodbye.

My grandmother sat grinning. She said, "Well, children, on to Ciudad Trujillo. I've insulted everyone in Sosua and I'm halfway through Santiago."

My grandfather seemed to have accepted the fact of his illness and to be actually looking frailer. The fingers that stroked his mustache looked transparent and trembled a little. He no longer asked questions about the shop but spent the day propped against his pillows, watching the workday life in the Molinas' back yard. One day he said to me, "So she is opening a shop next door, just as I always thought."

"Who? Señora Molina? What ever makes you think so? I mean, I know she's not."

"Look," said my grandfather. "They are folding up the linens."

"Opapa! That's only Mercedes shaking out the tablecloth."

My grandfather said, "We always used to display the linens—tablecloths, dish towels, and handkerchiefs—in the window facing the Fischamend Square, do you remember?"

That weekend the rainy season set in. I had never seen such a furious, inexhaustible descent of water. América Columbina and all the children came out and played in the flooded gutters, but the grownups went inside and closed their doors.

When Paul came downstairs in the morning, he found Manuela, our new maid, sleeping on the floor. She explained that she couldn't go home in the rain; she would get her hair wet, and if one got one's hair wet one got pneumonia and died.

"She can't go home in the rain, but she can sleep on the floor," said my grandmother. "They're not our kind of people."

I said, "What's so great about our people? All *you* ever do is quarrel with them."

This was rude. My grandmother went out into the kitchen and didn't talk to me the rest of the day.

And day after day it rained, at times in a fantastic downpour—as if an immense bucket were being upturned over Santiago—until the water rushed turbulently down the gutters. Then the rain settled back to a steady, muted rustling, without hope of any end. I woke up in the mornings to hear my grandmother in the next room setting my grandfather's tray across his bed, saying, "Sit up, Joszi," and then my mother called us to breakfast.

The shop remained empty. Paul sat

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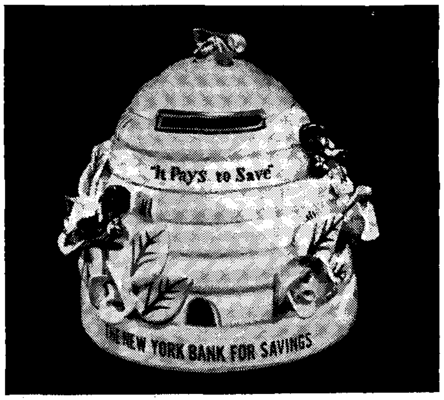

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in the rocking chair, studying his course in remedial exercises. "This is near criminal," he said. "The information is laughable, and they propose to teach by correspondence exercises impossible to understand except in practice. But I know all this. What I need from them is a diploma, so I can get work. Then maybe we can all move to the city."

The Freibergs wrote my mother. They were so sorry to hear about poor Herr Steiner's illness. They were moving back to Santiago; Vienna was nothing for our people anymore. What with the Russians everywhere and business so poor and stoves having to be lit now that autumn had come and maids not five dollars a month like in the Dominican Republic but three times that a week—ridiculous! They would be back before the end of the year. They sent their best to everyone in sunny Santiago.

From the bed where my grandfather sat propped against his pillows, he looked across the muddy yard. "Look! Señora Molina is talking to a salesman in the back room—you see, where the light is on," said my grandfather. "He has his sample case with him."

"But Opapa, that's Señora Molina's policeman friend—don't you remember?—who always sits on the *galería* and sends Mercedes for five cents' worth of butter? He brought his suitcase. I suppose he is moving in."

"*Ja so*," said my grandfather. "He always likes his butter every evening. You see, now he is showing her a tie, a shirt, shoes, a pair of trousers."

IT was December; the rain had stopped. In the mornings, I woke to the sound of the chicken boy with the goatee singing out his wares and the birds flapping and gurgling as my grandmother tickled them under the wings.

Then it was Christmas. Every house on our street had its papier-mâché tree imported from the United States, decorated with glass tubes filled with a colored liquid that bubbled when plugged into the electric outlet.

The Rodriguezes were in Santiago for the holidays, and my mother, my grandmother, and I went there for the Christmas Eve celebration. Señora Rodriguez had ordered a yew tree from the mountains. It smelled of the forest and was decorated in German fashion with brown tallow candles smelling of honey, and with silver chains and golden glass balls and chocolates, candy, and cookies wrapped in colored foil. There was an elderly German gentleman staying in the house. "He

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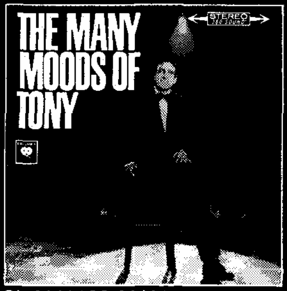

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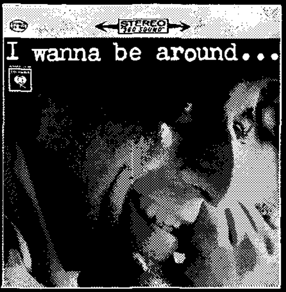

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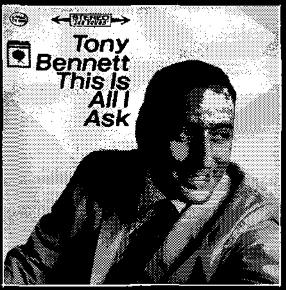

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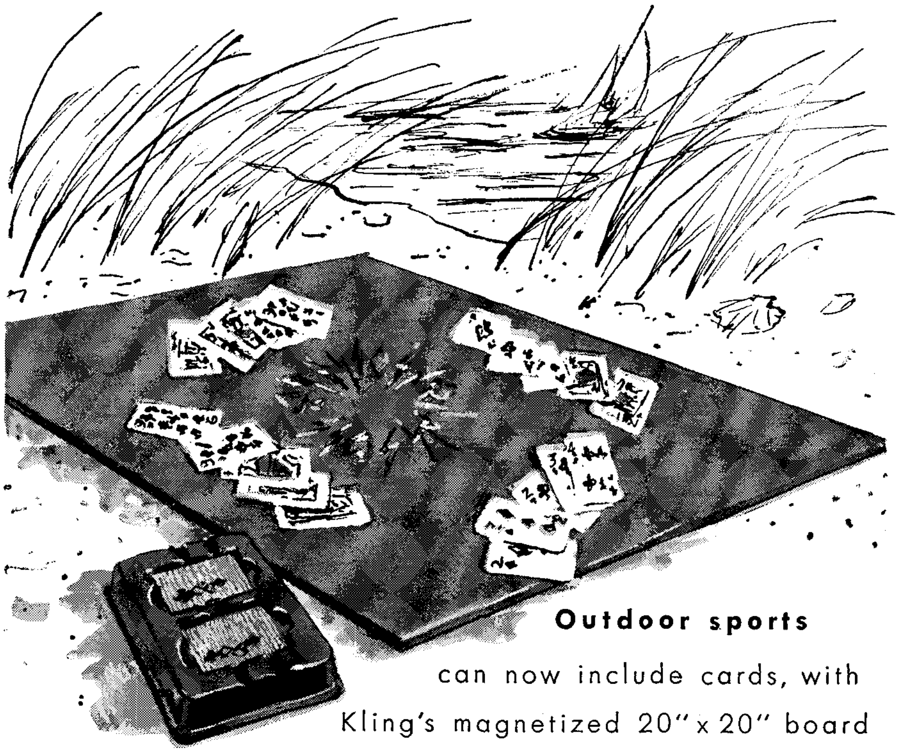

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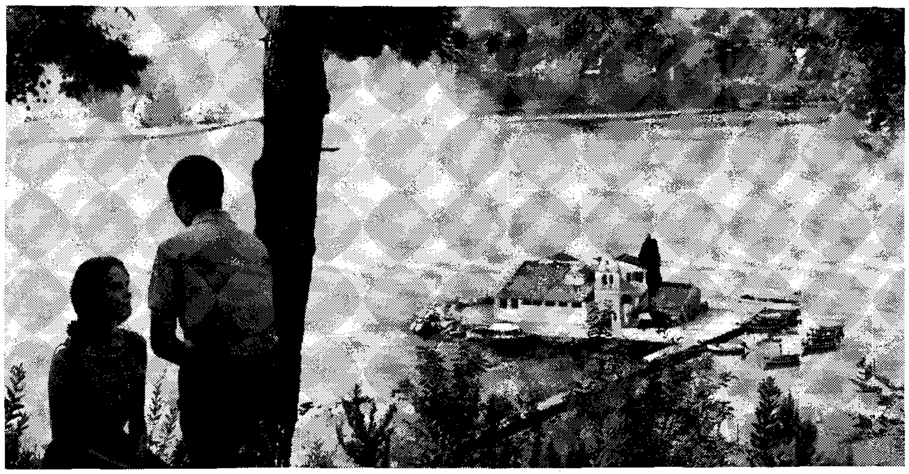

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is leaving for Germany as soon as he can get his passport," Señora Rodriguez whispered. "He's just come out of prison, poor man. He was arrested for spying for Germany near the end of the war—though my husband tried to get him out of the country. Germany was doing so badly already, you know; one had to do every little thing one could." Señora Rodriguez asked my mother to play "Silent Night, Holy Night." She said she could never get used to celebrating Christmas with the sun high, in eighty-nine-degree weather. It didn't seem right.

Frau Grüner seemed to have forgiven my grandmother and came to the shop. She invited us all to her house on Sunday, to welcome the returning Freibergs.

My grandmother said she wasn't going. "It's you she wants, and Lore," she said to my mother. "She doesn't want me."

"She asked for you especially," said my mother. "Frau Freiberg has always been fond of you, Mutti. I'll do your hair. Go and fetch Omama's silk dress, Lorle. I'll stay with Vater, and you and Paul and Lore go, even if it's just for an hour."

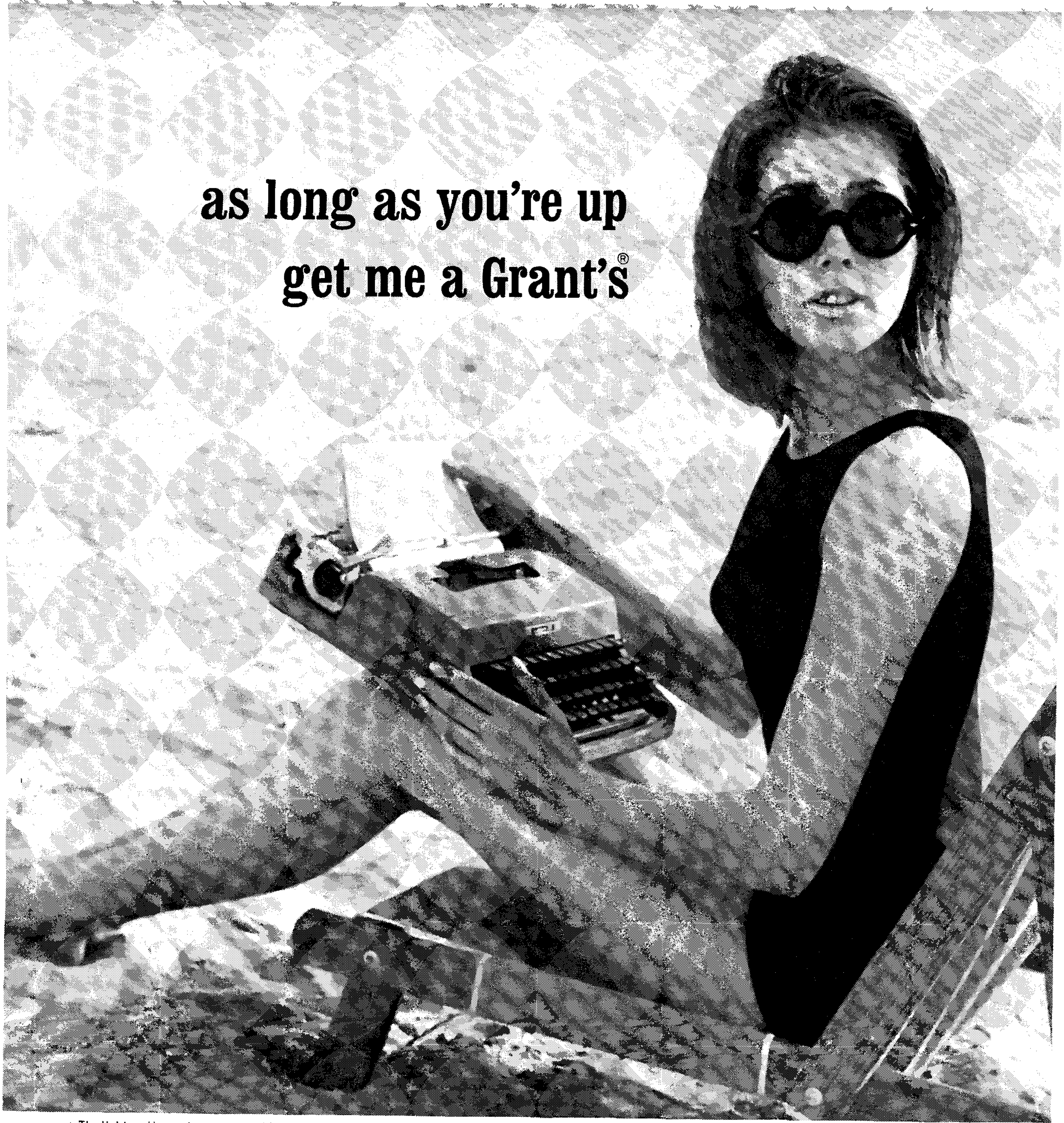
At the Grüners', I watched my grandmother sitting with Frau Freiberg, who was saying, "Vienna is nothing anymore for our people," pulling down the corners of her mouth and shaking her head in dismissal of the Old World.

"But here is no good, either," said my grandmother. "The climate . . . Paul has not been well a day since he came to San Domingo."

"He wouldn't like the cold in Vienna anymore," Frau Freiberg said. "And everyone so—I don't know. I used to say to my sister-in-law, 'What would it hurt you to put on a little lipstick? Why don't you go out somewhere?' You wouldn't recognize the old Vienna. No culture. You remember the opera, the theatre, the music? Everybody who is anybody has gone to America."

"We never used to go anywhere," my grandmother said. "I lived from the time I was twenty-six till Hitler came in a village outside Vienna. We were the only Jews. There was nowhere to go, no one to see. Once a month, I came into Vienna to visit the children."

"Sigi's old friends at the glee club kept saying they would invite us, but they never did. Karl Weber was very funny about it. Once, he said what did *we* know, living on a tropical island all these years while they had been through hell—first the Germans, then the Eng-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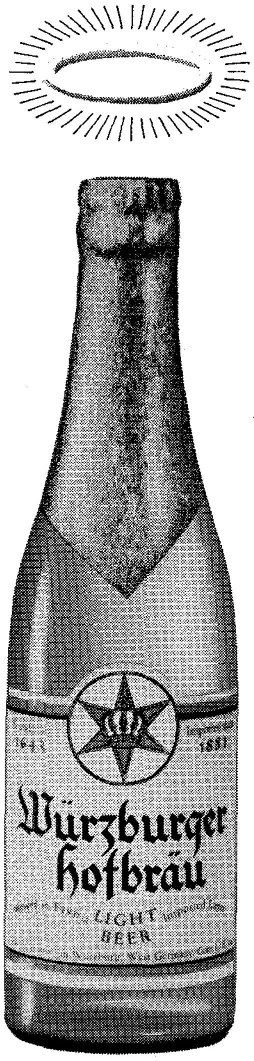

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lish and Americans, now the Russians. But the Americans weren't so bad. I was saying to Herr Paul just now he should wait till he gets to America and finish his studies."

"Paul will never finish anything," said my grandmother, throwing her right hand out in her half wave of resignation and rejection. "He never finished his medical studies. Now he has got his diploma for remedial exercises and it turns out that a United States diploma doesn't count in the Dominican Republic."

"But it's all different in America," said Frau Freiberg. "Sigi's sister and brother-in-law live in Queens. That's near New York. He works in a zipper factory—fifty-five dollars a week and the apartment cleans itself, she says. Next year, they are going to get television."

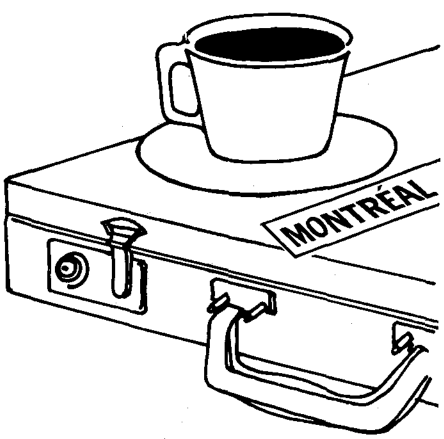
"America!" said my grandmother. "A friend I know, a certain Miklos Gottlieb, went to America—New York. I will never see America. I will go into the ground in Santiago," and my grandmother nodded her body from the waist, like a man praying in the synagogue.

Frau Grüner brought coffee and *Sacher Torte*. My grandmother whispered to Paul not to eat; it was heavy and would upset his stomach. After that, Paul and I were ready to depart, but my grandmother didn't want to go home.

In the Dominican Republic, children get their presents from the Three Kings on the Feast of Epiphany. The street was gay with balls and hoops and new dolls. Mercedes came to the shop for a quarter pound of rice and laid her arm along the counter and put her head on it and rubbed her left ankle with her right instep and said, "*No me dejaron nada*," which means "They didn't leave anything for me."

That night, my grandmother dreamed about a little child in a ragged shift leading a baby and beckoning, and so she knew that some calamity would befall us. We said it only meant that Mercedes was always in and out with little América Columbina, but one afternoon that week, in agony, my grandfather died. My mother leaned her arms against the wall and put her head in them and cried with deep, painful sobs.

Paul put a notice on the door and closed the shop. Herr and Frau Grüner and Rudi and the Freibergs came bringing food, according to Jewish tradition. They said what a good man my grandfather had been. When they were gone, my grandmother said, "I know



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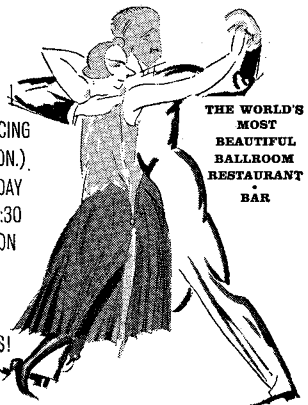

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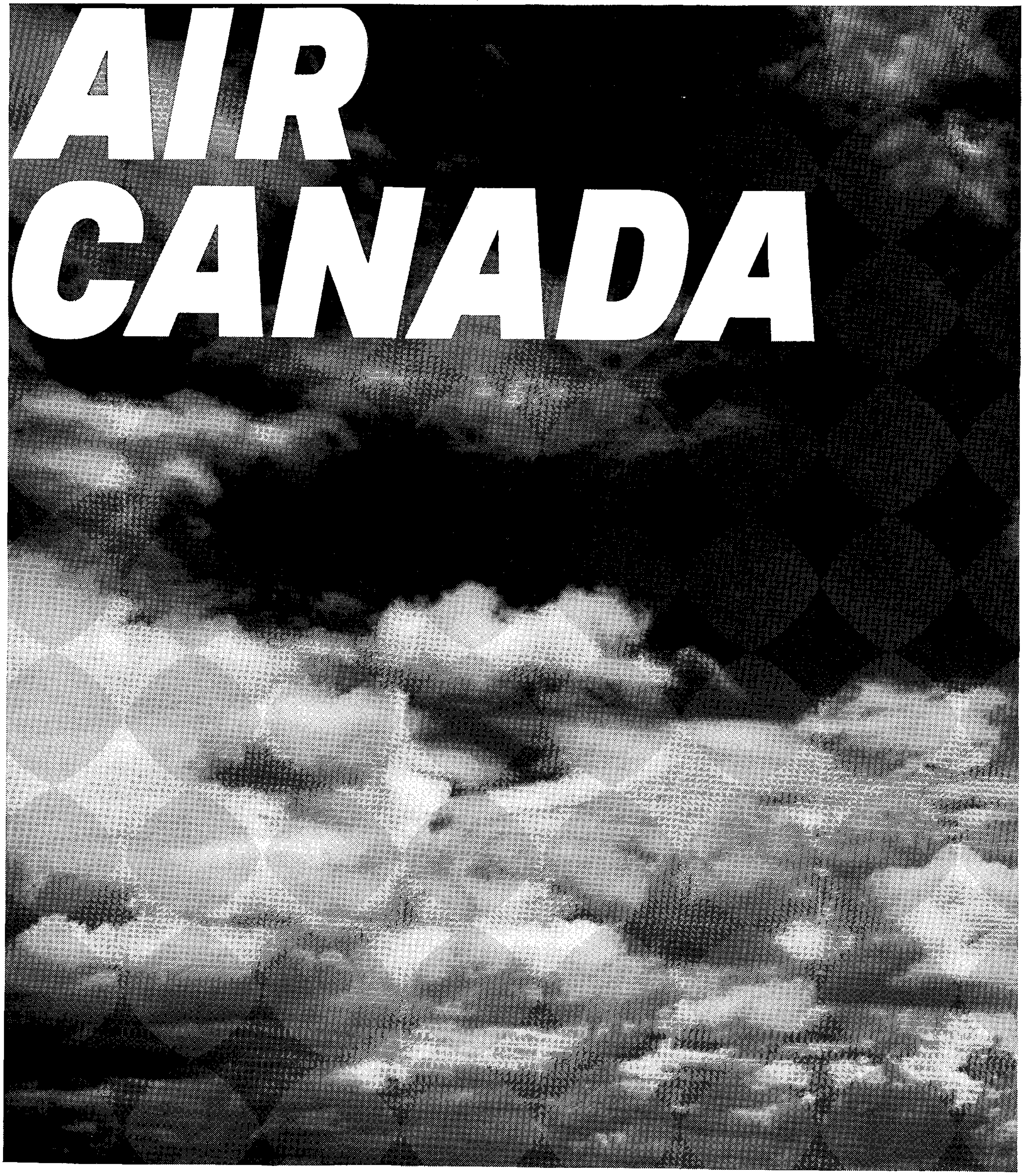

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what they think. Everyone always thought I mistreated Joszi."

"No, no, no, no," said my mother.

"I never told you what he did to me on our wedding day. He carried the stair carpet my father had given us, so we would save the carrier's fee. On our wedding day, he took me home carrying a stair carpet! A woman can't forgive that kind of thing," said my grandmother, with her eyes angry and her nose standing large and bleak in her white face.

There was no Jewish cemetery nearer than the one in Sosua, so my grandfather's body was buried in the Catholic graveyard in Santiago de los Caballeros.

Afterward, the neighbors came to sit with my grandmother—Dr. Perez and his wife and daughter, and Señora Molina with América Columbina. On the third day, Paul reopened the shop.

One Sunday afternoon, as Paul and I were walking up and down the street, he said, "I sent away for a course in bookkeeping, in which I am getting a certain amount of practice through the shop, and I might perfect myself and maybe get a job in the city later. Your Omama would be so much happier."

"Living in town? So she could have more people to quarrel with?"

Paul said, "I wonder if you remember, Lorle, how you used to love coming out to Fischamend for visits."

"It was lovely," I said.

"When Franzi and I went to school in Vienna, there was nothing more wonderful for us than to come home weekends, to fill up the house with our friends. Omama always made a perfect feast of food, and Franzi played the piano, and there were stories. Omama loved to laugh. Opapa used to keep asking what the joke was. It is curious that a woman who is so little capable of happiness herself should have been able to fill her house with such an immense amount of fun. But Lorle, Franzi and I were talking about you yesterday. How would you like to go ahead to live in Ciudad Trujillo? There's nothing for you here, and maybe we can all join you in a year or two."

When my grandmother heard the plan, she said, "In our day, girls didn't go off and live by themselves."

"But Omama, I was sent off by myself when I was ten years old!" I said.

"To England. What do you know about this country? You remember, Paul, that Feiniger in Sosua—he went away by himself and came back with a knife wound in his arm."

"Muttilein, he went to a brothel and got in a fight over a woman."

"I promise you, Omama, I won't do

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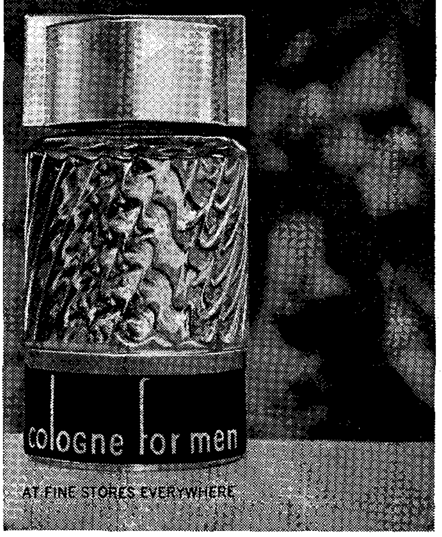

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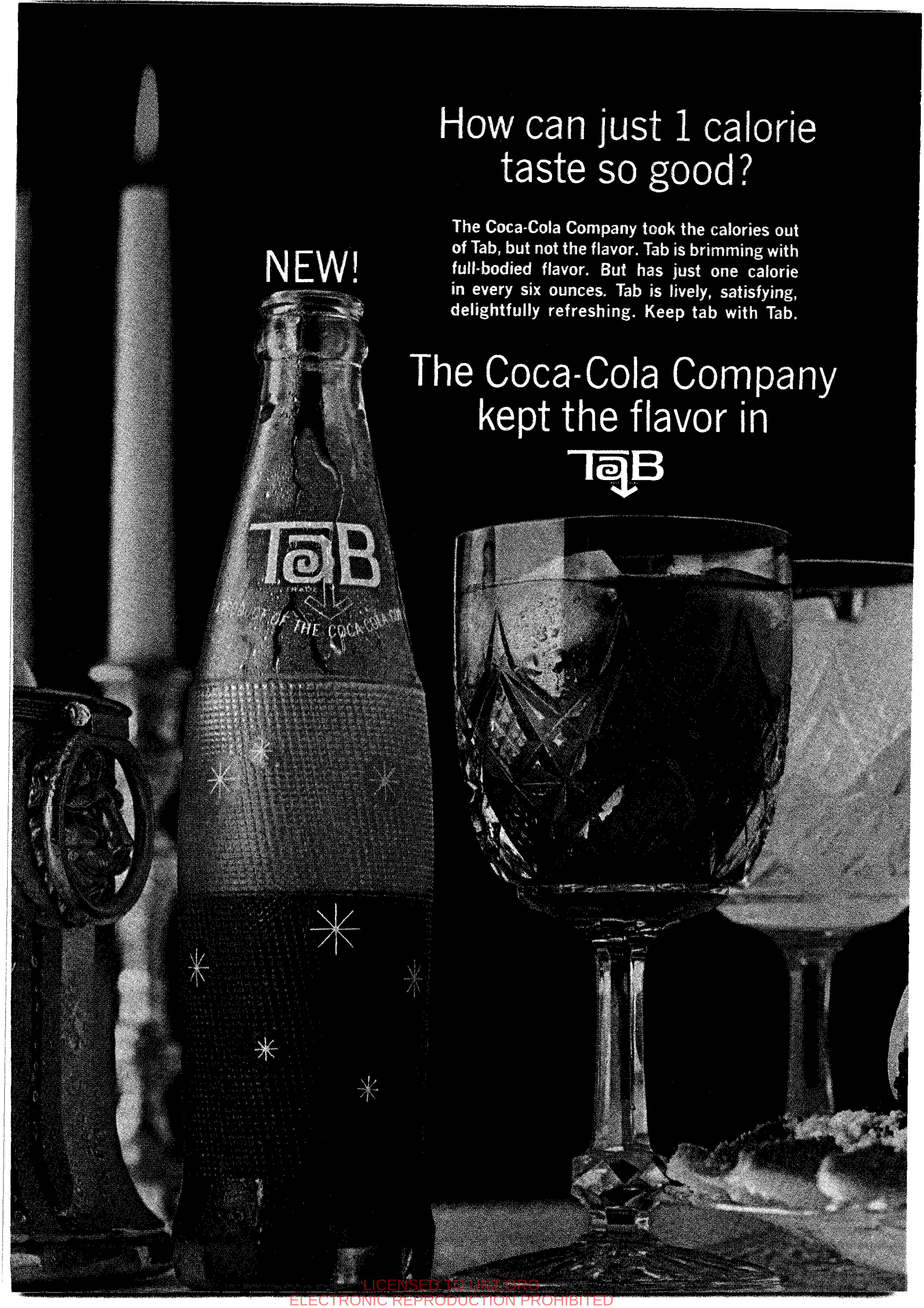

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any such thing," I said. But my grandmother's paranoia had infected me. I did go to Ciudad Trujillo, and in my first weeks alone there I kept looking over my shoulder and seeing in every black face turned toward me the chicken man's gap-toothed, nightmare smile.

IN the spring of 1951, my mother and I followed my Uncle Paul, who had followed my grandmother, to America.

My grandmother's visa had been the first to come through, and she had gone to New York, where she quarrelled with her landlady and wrote us saying she would never speak to her again. By the time Paul got to New York, my grandmother was physically ill with unhappiness. One evening, as Paul was taking her for a walk on Riverside Drive, they happened to run into the Freibergs, who had been in America for over a year and were about to return to Vienna. "The New York summer is nothing for us people. Worse than Santiago. You wait and see! And there is no culture in America," Mrs. Freiberg said, and the two of them turned down the corners of their mouths in unison and shook their heads. They offered Paul the lease on their apartment at West 157th Street, where there would be room for all four of us.

Paul and my mother and I found our first American jobs. Paul worked as an animal attendant in a large research foundation, my mother as kitchen help in the basement of the Fifth Avenue branch of a restaurant chain, and I as a file clerk in a shoe factory in Queens. My grandmother saw us off every morning, cleaned the apartment, and cooked us beautiful meals; then she stood at the window, waiting for us to get home.

After supper one night, my mother asked my grandmother to come for a walk on Riverside Drive, but my grandmother said she would rather go up on Broadway, where there were people and cars and things going on all around.

The traffic island at Broadway and 157th Street, with its triangle of benches, its three dusty trees, and its pigeons, is the summer rendezvous of the elderly German-speaking population of Washington Heights. My grandmother's old landlady came every evening. She had long since forgotten her quarrel with my grandmother and wished her a good evening, but my grandmother turned her back and talked with a certain Frau Hohemberg. One day, my grandmother happened to

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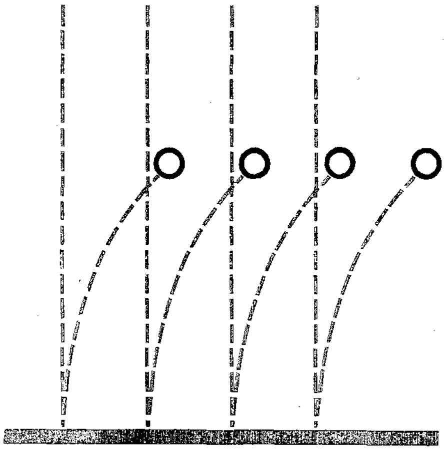

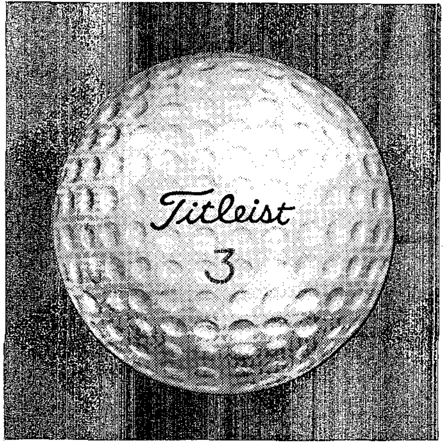

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mention her old friend Miklos Gottlieb, and it so happened that Frau Hohemberg had a cousin who happened to live in the same house as Herr Gottlieb and knew him and knew that Rosa Gottlieb had died a year ago after a long illness. And Miklos, hearing that my grandmother was in New York, asked to be allowed to pay his respects.

I looked forward to this meeting that promised to be the very cliché of romance. My grandmother put on her pewter-colored silk dress. She let my mother arrange her hair, but under protest—like a very young girl who doesn't want to acknowledge wanting to make an impression.

"It was me, you know, he wanted to marry," my grandmother said.

"Did he ask you, Omama?"

"He spoke to my father. He asked my father what he would give me for a dowry. But even if he had asked me I would not have married him. He was flighty."

The old man to whom I opened the front door did not fill the role of decrepit, doddering, has-been manhood in which I had cast him. He was a very old but dapper little person, in a well-fitting suit with matching vest, and he carried a walking stick. His mustache was of the First World War Viennese style and suited the style of his face. He turned his tiny, very blue eyes appreciatively on me, with a frank tribute to youth and womanhood not unlike the more vulgar leer that Dr. Perez in Santiago had thought my daily due.

My grandmother came out into the hall.

Miklos Gottlieb hooked the crook of his walking stick over his wrist so as to have both his hands free to take my grandmother's right. "*Ja*, Frau Rosa!" he said. "Still those beautiful black eyes!"

My grandmother acknowledged the compliment by pulling her head a little forward and down into her shoulders. My mother said, "Muttilein, take Herr Gottlieb inside. I'm coming with the coffee."

My grandmother sat down in a chair over by the window while Miklos Gottlieb complimented the room, the persons in it, and presently what he was given to eat and drink, ending with a neat observation on the smallness of the world and the water that had passed under the bridge. "But you, *liebe* Frau Rosa, you have your children here with you. I have lost two sons—my Johann in the First World War fighting the Allies in Caporetto, and my younger one, Franzl, in the second war, in London, in a German raid." He

John Bradford was seen talking to a celebrity in the La Concha lobby yesterday.

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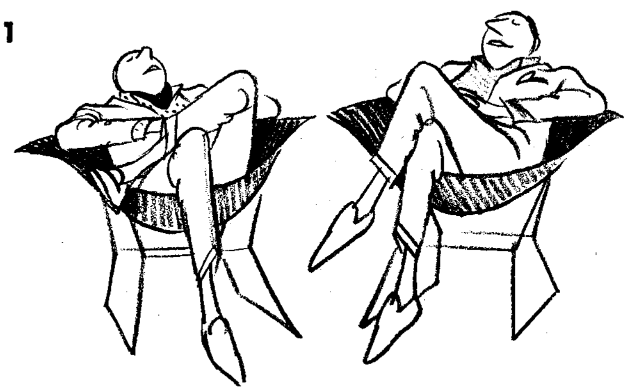
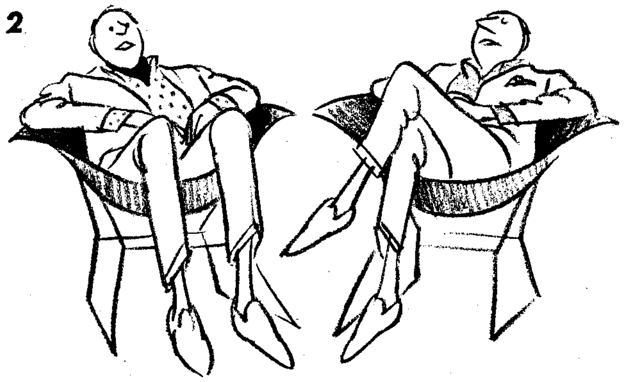


They say in 10 years you'll be able to fly to Europe in an hour.

It takes me longer than that to get to the office.

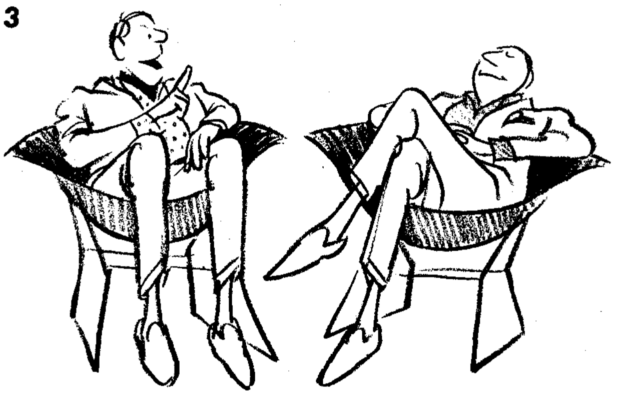
2



You'll also be able to go there underwater—on a vista submarine.

I've always felt the call of the sea. But I can hear my wife saying—"Why go to Europe on a vista submarine when you can fly over in an hour?"

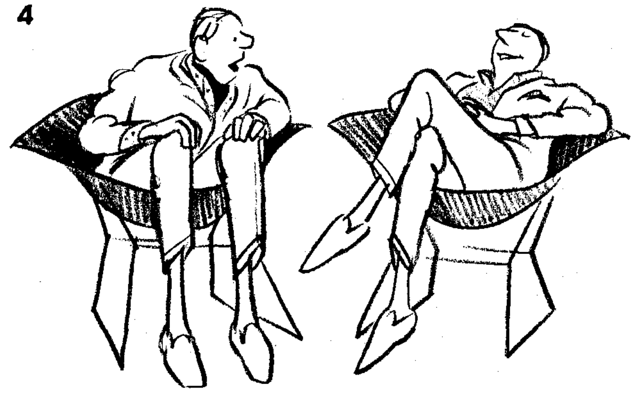
3



It's not how you go that counts. The important thing is to plan today if you want to take advantage of everything the future offers.

I'll call my travel agent in the morning.

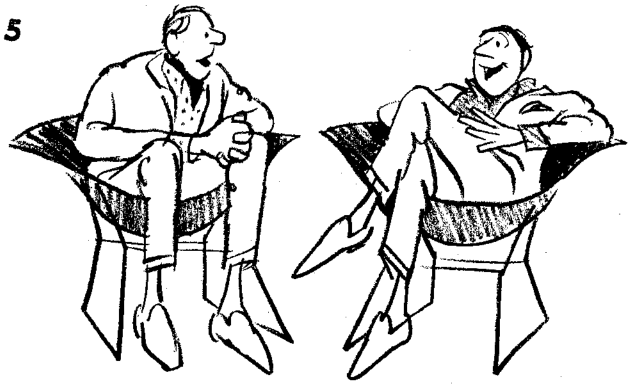
4



You'd be better off calling The Man from Equitable.

Is he handling travel reservations?

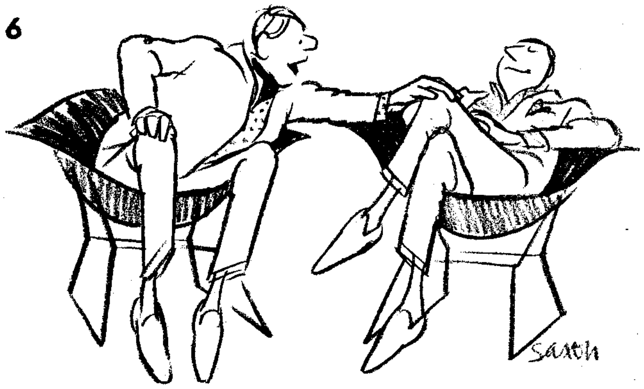
5



He handles Living Insurance—and he can help you plan a great future.

I can see it now—gay Paree, Monte Carlo, the Canary Islands.

6



He has a Living Insurance plan that not only provides protection for your family—it also builds cash values and helps you save for the things you want to do in your retirement years.

I hope he knows of a nice little hotel on the Left Bank.

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looked around to have us appreciate the irony.

"I have lost, too. I have lost," my grandmother said. She was nodding the upper part of her body. "My Franzi lost her husband. My Paul lost his wife—twenty years old. I was still in Vienna. The night before I heard, I had my dream about a little child."

"If you dreamed it the night before you heard," I said, "it could hardly count as an omen of the event, as she must have died weeks before you had the news." I wanted the old people to stop keening over their dead.

"We follow one another across the world, and we leave our dead behind," my mother said. "My Igo in a huge graveyard in a Jewish slum in London, Paul's Ilse on a hill in Sosua, and my father in a Catholic graveyard in Santiago."

"And Ibolya in Auschwitz," said my grandmother.

"Ah, the lovely Ibolya with the charming nose," said Herr Gottlieb.

"And Sari God knows where in Hungary," said my grandmother. "And Feri and Kari taken away in Poland." And my grandmother went down the gallery of her ten dead brothers and sisters, naming the places where they had been murdered. "And, of the three of us alive, Wetterl is in Paraguay, and Hilde in Canada, and I will go into the ground in New York."

"And my Roserl," said Miklos Gottlieb, closing his eyes so that they looked like little trembling pebbles set deep in their sockets. Tears pressed out between the lids. "My poor good wife, my golden Roserl—five years she was ill and couldn't move out of her chair the last two, and she had to die, and what am I without her?"

"*Ein bisserl Kaffee*," my mother said, bending toward him and filling his cup, but my grandmother got up and walked from the room. When Herr Gottlieb was leaving, my mother had to fetch her out of the kitchen.

Miklos Gottlieb had perked up and recovered his sprightly gallantry. There was a tear—a shining, perfect sphere—still poised on the ruddy crest of his cheek. He held my grandmother's hand, and said, "You see, dear Frau Rosa, I told you I would always come back to you." But my grandmother would not answer him. —LORE SEGAL

•

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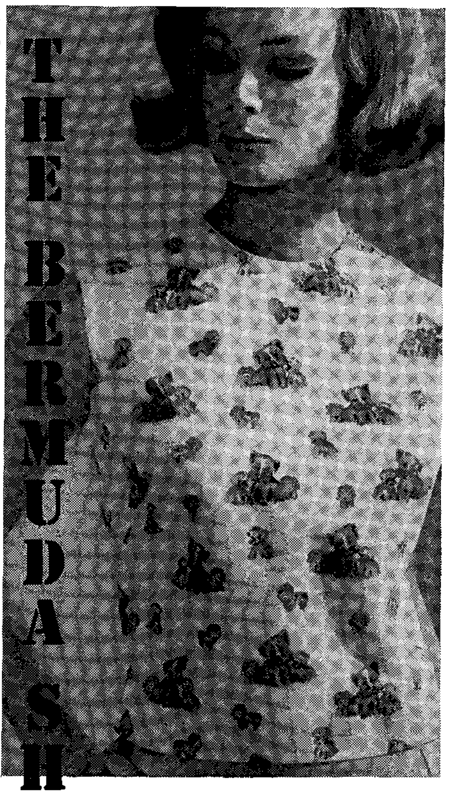
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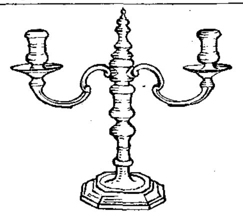
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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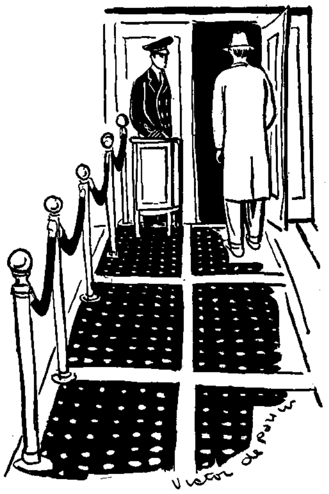
MY mind is like an old closet crowded with picaresque fiction and dubious fact, and the three movies I took a look at last week did nothing to straighten out my mental jumble. The first, and best, of the lot was an American-made film called "Voice of the Hurricane," and it had to do with the British colony of Kenya in the days, not so long ago, when the Mau Mau was making life very difficult for the Anglo-Saxons in residence. The screenplay, written by Alan Thornhill, who based his work on a play by Peter Howard and himself, is full of the sort of British we-mustn't-get-the-wind-up dialogue that I find trying, and it also attempts to convince us that the handsome, kindly housekeeper for a Kenya pioneer is really the dread Mbali, the leader of a terrorist band. As played by Muriel Smith, this fearsome lady is certainly attractive, and when she lets go with a song or two she cannot be faulted. However, the notion of her being a big-league menace to anyone struck me as ridiculous. Under the direction of George Fraser, "Voice of the Hurricane" includes many arresting scenes of African wildlife, but I'm not sure that, apart from Miss Smith, the cast contributes much to the enterprise. Its members talk up quite a storm, but at the end of the thing nothing much has been demonstrated except that bitter racial relationships are best resolved by a Mexican standoff.



THE second item on my agenda last week was "Honeymoon Hotel," which is the kind of picture that can make even veteran movie buffs quail. It involves a couple of bachelors, one of whom has just busted up with his potential bride at altar time, and both of whom take a room at a Caribbean hotel that is devoted exclusively to honeymoon couples. I won't go into any further detail about the plot, which is aimless, witless, and often actively annoying—an adjective that might very well be applied to Robert Goulet and Robert Morse, who head the cast. Mr. Goulet is torpid throughout, and Mr. Morse seems to be attempting an imitation of Jerry Lewis at his worst. God may forgive him. Nobody else will.

"KAPO" is our third, and final, entry, and its theme is worth considering, if nothing else about it is. It shows us a fourteen-year-old Jewish girl who is sent to a Nazi concentration camp, watches her parents led to slaughter, and then decides that in order to save her life she will, in a way, make common cause with her oppressors. After becoming the doxy of several members of the S.S., she takes on the job of *Kapo*, or trusty, in her camp, and displays an extremely vicious character until a Russian named Sascha comes along, and then she learns that love is all. This film was made in Italy several years ago, and in its current version it is raucous, badly dubbed, and as confusing in its various dialects as Babel. Susan Strasberg heads, to no consequence, a cast of no consequence.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Some people keep strange pets. Penicuik fowler-naturalist Alec Barclay actually took vipers, if not to his bosom, into his home—to study them. Now stoats are his special interest. Should they happen to be yours, some advice from Alec on how to catch them.

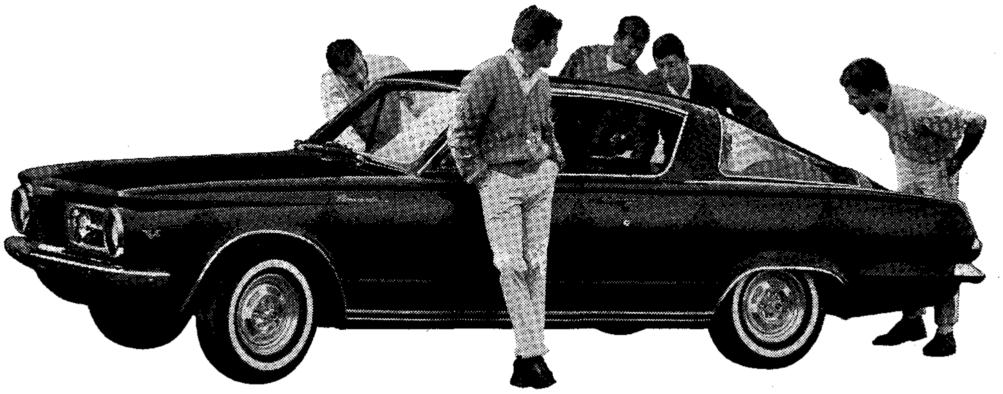
"I just love stoats," he writes. "They are so full of fun and vitality and are really very beautiful beasts." He has brought many back alive.

When the fields are cleared of stones, these are usually piled in heaps by the hedgerows.

"If you see a stoat near the hedge, approach not too hurriedly and ease it along the hedge till it runs into one of the stone heaps. If you see where it enters, remove the stones one by one till the tail and rear are uncovered. Slip your fingers forward beneath the stoat and circle them behind its forelegs, take a firm hold and pull it out. It is just like guddling a trout."

Two warnings. When you have pulled the creature out, it will (1) spray you from its musk glands; this spray will fetch tears to your eyes and the smell will remain on your clothes for a month or more; and (2) it will bite given the chance, and you won't forget that bite in a hurry. It is clinging and nearly always poisonous.—*London Evening News & Dispatch.*

Anyway, they're full of fun.



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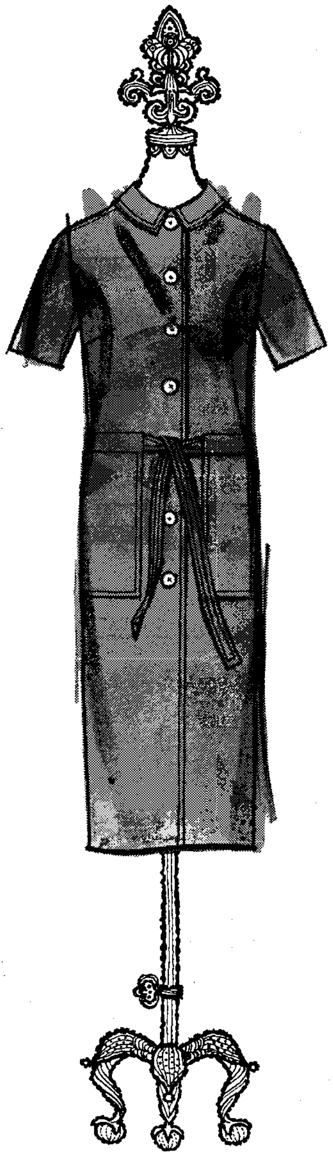

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 2

MR. NEHRU had been due here in July for the usual meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, and the news that his handsome, elegant figure, regarded by Londoners with increasing affection through the years, would not be seen again seemed to leave a huge, echoing space both in the coming conference and in people's anxious thoughts for the future. All that anybody can be really sure about is that however loyally his successor may follow his policy, another "special relationship" has come to an end, as the "special relationship" between London and Washington that was cemented by Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt also had to end with the arrival of new men. Lord Attlee, a veteran of those days, wrote in a short memoir in the *Observer*, "Nehru was a great man, a great European, as well as a great Indian." He added with his usual shrewdness, as good and as acute as ever in age, "Nehru understood power, and he understood poetry. What he didn't always see was where one began and the other left off." The irritation that this sometimes caused here has long since disappeared (except perhaps among those right-wing English who suspected him of hypocrisy and fulminated over the lectures that used to flow so frequently from New Delhi at one stage) in the grateful understanding of what this country owes him. All the tributes repeated what countless British realized and had come to depend on—that without him as the great steadying influence on the emerging ex-colonial nations, the new pattern of the Commonwealth would not have emerged, either.

PARLIAMENT returned from the Whitsun break today, doubtless to give early and worried attention to the new look of the Asian world without Nehru. M.P.s will now sit until July, go off for the long recess, and return to Westminster only to hear this tired Parliament dismissed and to be dispatched into the hubbub of a general election. The exact date in October has not yet been announced, but it will be a relief to all, since the campaign seems already

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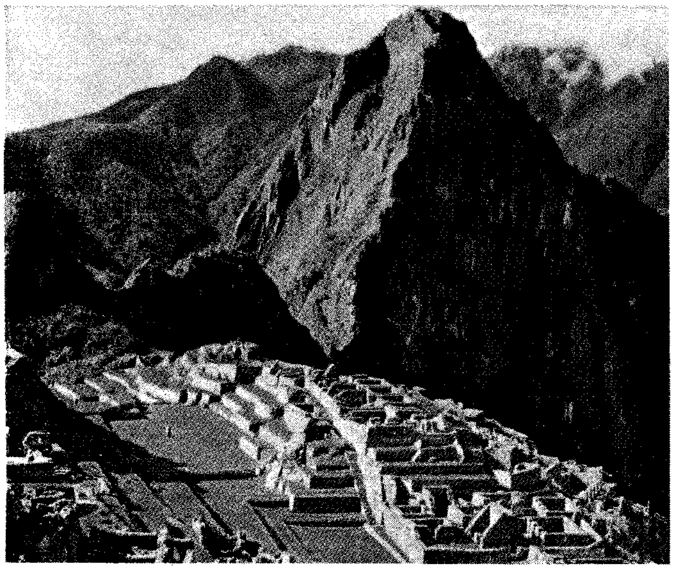
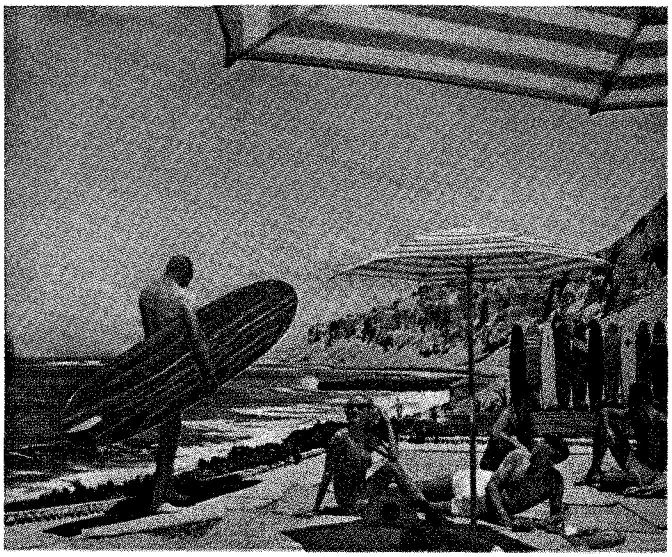
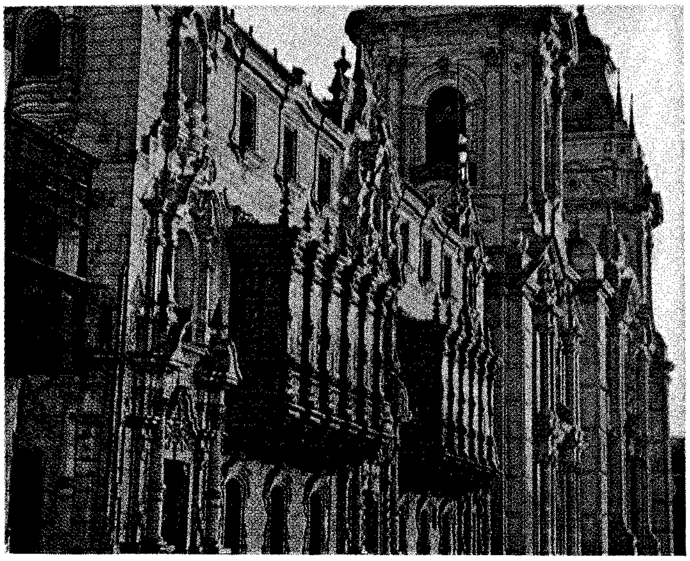
See Europe first. That's natural.

(Then see South America. That's overwhelming!)


Machu Picchu—the incredible Lost City of the Incas.

Trece Monedas is one of Lima's many elegant restaurants.


Surfboarding at Lima's Waikiki Beach. (That's its name!)


Carved mahogany balcony of the Archbishop's Palace, Lima.

And no country in South America will overwhelm you quite like Peru.

One of the most mysterious lost cities of all is here—Machu Picchu. It hid above the clouds of the Andes for almost 400 years. Now you can explore its watchtowers, temples, baths and terraces. And peer down 2,000 feet to the Urubamba river rushing on towards the Amazon.

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And nowhere does the charm of Colonial Spain live on as it does in Peru's capital, Lima. The home of the first university in the new world, it also offers some of the most imaginative dining and best antique-hunting on the continent.

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to have been running forever. The strong possibility that the new Government will be a Labour one has come to be pretty generally accepted, on the evidence of the last two years or so of by-elections and public-opinion soundings, which have gone on steadily recording, like tapped barometers, the country's persistent desire for a political change. Until the other day, it even seemed to be pessimistically taken for granted by many Conservatives that their defeat not only was certain but would probably be heavy. In a quartet of recent by-elections, however, the Government unexpectedly held on to the seat of Devizes, in Wiltshire, which Labour had too complacently counted on winning, and the sound of rejoicing was naturally loud in every Tory constituency up and down the country. In some of the surprised post-mortems, the result was attributed to the winning candidate's being the good-looking son of a popular and wealthy landowner who is a power in the Conservative Party and in the county, where the villages, it is said, are still sunk as peacefully in their traditional Tory past as they are among their rolling downlands. But the constituency also has its new industrial fringes, where workers from the booming motor industry have spread out into squire country, and if Conservative votes came from there, it might well be that Devizes was a breakthrough in a wider sense. To temper the excessive Conservative jubilation, commentators have pointed out that the three other by-elections run off at the same time as Devizes showed a swing to Labour about the same as the recent average. All the same, Devizes has enormously heartened the Conservatives as being positive proof that public opinion, which had seemed to be unbudgingly set on putting Labour in, has lately given a slight but unmistakable twitch in their direction.

The Labour Party undeniably received a jolt in the center of its complacency—an area that could be an electoral liability to it. The Liberal Party did worst of anybody in the three by-elections it fought, and the recent local elections showed that its fortunes have declined rather sadly from that hopeful moment two years ago when its sudden revival was being taken seriously by both the major parties. In view of its prospects' having dimmed noticeably as the general election draws nearer, the Party's more cautious supporters were in favor of cutting back a bit on its optimistic program of running something like four hundred candidates this time. The idea

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has just been turned down hardily by the Party Executive, however.

ONE of the subjects that the Commons will be debating before this Parliament dies is the proposed extension of its own cramped and inconvenient quarters, about which the general public knew little and cared less until recently, when the recommendations of the Speaker's all-party committee that was appointed to discuss the problem were published. The findings were that a new wing to accommodate the M.P.s, built "in the Gothic style," should be tacked onto the Houses of Parliament, the seam to come neatly at Big Ben. This would mean that the extension would run clear across Bridge Street, thus closing that important approach to Westminster Bridge and the south bank of the Thames. Professor Colin Buchanan, the author of the famous report on Britain's traffic problem, headed the chorus of experts predicting a dire stoppage of circulation, which would begin miles away from the spot if traffic were to be suddenly twisted in such a tourniquet. Another row, which started immediately and will certainly become louder, was over the suggestion that the "modernization" should be carried out in faithful Olde Gothic imitation of the Barry-Pugin Victorian original. Some of the critics, such as the architect Clough Williams-Ellis, passionately deplored cobbling any addition onto (in his ringing Henry Jamesian phrase) "their so obviously and splendidly final campanile"—the Big Ben tower—though it now turns out that an early design drawn up by Sir Charles Barry around 1836 did indeed allow for two wings enclosing New Palace Yard, the open courtyard in front of the Palace of Westminster. The critics of the Gothic are for building a brand-new contemporary block of offices for the Commons on the opposite side of Bridge Street. The objectors to this argue that M.P.s would feel too far away from the debating chamber, the library, and the gossip of the lobbies, and would be forced to keep trotting back and forth along underground passages like moles every time the division bell rang. The controversy has now been added to by a suggestion that the Commons should expand the other way, into the adjoining House of Lords, and that the peers, to refute the idea that they are an obsolete body and ought to be dispensed with, should leave home and settle themselves in a sprightly modern building planned for them on some other site. Londoners would probably be

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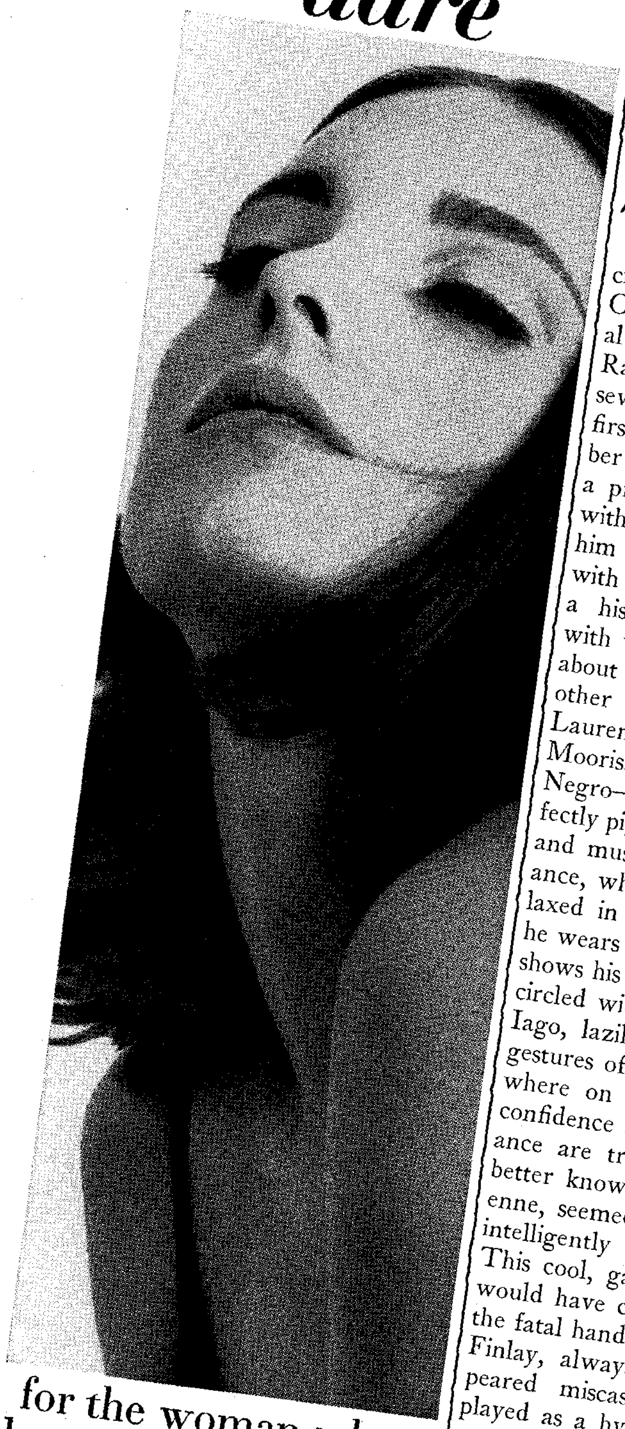

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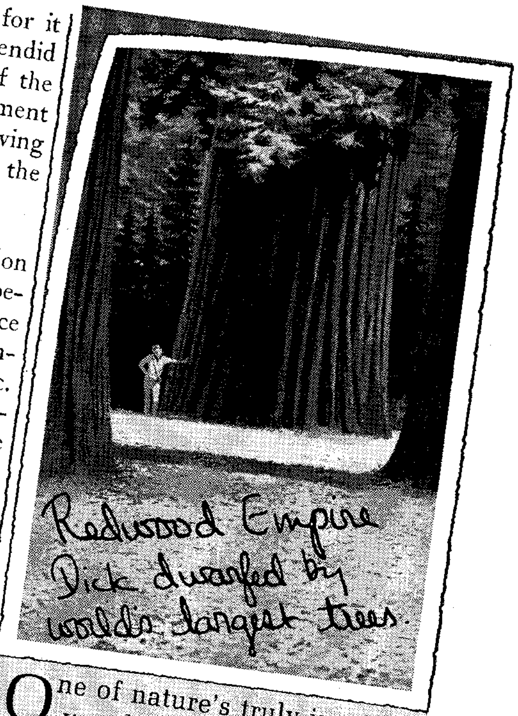
against the original Barry plan, for it would mean the axing of the splendid catalpa trees that are the glory of the courtyard of the Houses of Parliament and the pleasure of passersby observing their broad, opulent leaves through the railings.

THE eagerly awaited London Shakespearean offering this special year was, of course, Sir Laurence Olivier playing Othello in the National Theatre production at the Old Vic. Rather surprisingly, at the age of fifty-seven he was playing the Moor for the first time, though many of us remember his brilliantly hateful, subtle Iago in a production before the war. Almost without exception, the critics praised him and the director, John Dexter, with superlatives, saying that it was a historic Othello, worthy to rank with what writers have left on record about the achievements of Kean and other famous actors in the part. Sir Laurence plays it not as the usual Moorish warrior but as a handsome Negro—a sensational triumph of perfectly pigmented makeup, rolling walk, and musical voice. In his first appearance, when he is the great general relaxed in happiness and love at home, he wears a shortish white garment that shows his bare legs and feet, the ankles circled with gold, as he lounges beside Iago, lazily accenting his words with gestures of a rose he has picked somewhere on their saunter. The sensual confidence and power of the performance are tremendous. Maggie Smith, better known as an excellent comedienne, seemed to some of us to be too intelligently modern for Desdemona. This cool, gay, sensible girl, one felt, would have cleared up the business of the fatal handkerchief in a trice. Frank Finlay, always a fine actor, also appeared miscast as Iago, whom he played as a hysterical small-town segregationist of such crude intelligence that the bringing down of the noble quarry appeared less believable. He demonstrated—particularly in contrast to a superb exponent like Sir Laurence—the peculiar difficulties that bedevil a non-Shakespearean actor in speaking verse, being much of the time unintelligible to this listener in the fifth row. The Old Vic production is sold out, but there will be a chance to see it later in the summer, when it opens as part of Sir Laurence's Chichester season down in Sussex.

THE most discussed, praised, and (by some) disliked current art show is the mammoth exhibition at the



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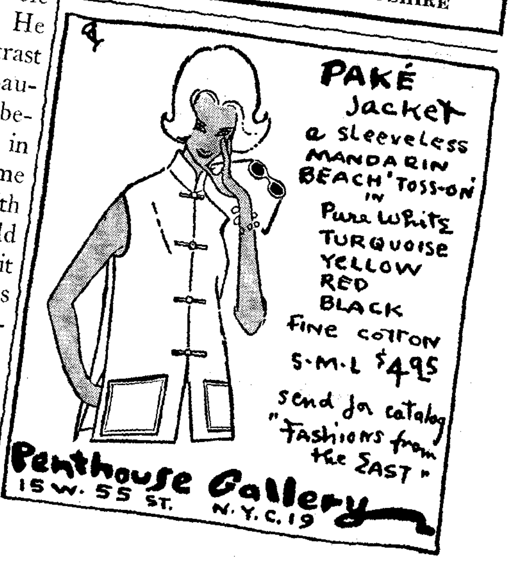

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Tate of the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation's collection of international paintings and sculptures of the decade 1954 to 1964—the biggest opportunity that Londoners have ever had to take a really long look at what contemporary artists are doing, assembled in one mass, with hardly a trick or a trend omitted. The illustrated catalogue is as hefty as a telephone directory and contains a long anonymous introduction that begins with an apologetic warning: "An exhibition is a chancy business. Whatever care goes into its preparation, the eventual selection is something of a random dip. The visitor's course is hazardous, too." It goes on to remind anyone foolhardy enough to stick his neck out in criticism of any of the work the three selectors—Alan Bowness, Laurence Gowing, and Philip James—have fished out of the dip that "nothing can be more rash than an assessment of today's art; history will find the correct prognostications." A few more plainly legible signposts to the decade would have been a help to cautiously stepping visitors, perhaps. The exhibition begins clearly enough, with a sort of soothing entrance hall of the elderly masters of the epoch who have already come out as history—a Picasso, a Léger, and one of Braque's beautiful, mysterious birds. After that, the sequence of hanging—supposed to go from such old hands as Giorgio Morandi and Joan Miró, down through the "mid-careerists," to the very young artists—was confusing to follow among the ingenious maze of screens and bays designed by Alison and Peter Smithson, the leaders of the English "brutalist" school of architecture, to house the exhibition, like a sort of built-in Museum of Modern Art, in the lofty halls of the Tate. Londoners who are crowding in to expose their nervous systems to the avant-garde are offered a bit of everything, or nearly everything. (The show contains no Chagall, as one surprising omission.) The New York School is most strongly represented, with more pop art than has ever been seen here to date in one indigestible go. Among the Europeans, the Dubuffets, the splendid Ben Nicholsons, the Francis Bacons, and the Giacomettis stand out with special distinction. In the room of so-called optical art, the eye-teasing black-and-white Dalmatian-dog spots and dazzle stripes of the French Victor Vasarely and the British Bridget Riley, and the strange, flickering metal grid of Yvaral, Vasarely's son, knock you dizzy, if that is an artistic consummation to be wished. Oddly enough, though, for such a gargantuan show that unveils so many un-

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familiar talents, the exhibition is not as exciting as it might be. As far as could be judged the other afternoon, it was being quite placidly browsed through by the visitors even when they reached all the obvious shockers and merry jolters of the complacent—the Rauschenberg paint-daubed stuffed goat standing encircled by its automobile tire, Jim Dine's real washbasin sprouting from a blank canvas, the mass of plastic entrails put together by the late Bernard Requichot, a grunting machine by Jean Tinguely that grinds ceaselessly back and forth, and so on. Maybe seeing room after room of painting of which the greater part so fashionably and implacably spews the image of its system does eventually produce, in its seeming death wish for blankness, as much fatigue as if it were yards and yards of Royal Academy flower pieces and pink-cheeked aldermen. The painting that brings you up with the authentic jerk is Sir William Coldstream's old-fashioned figure study of a naked woman lying on a bed. She looks more shattering than any suspended washbasin. It should be added that the other day the Tate was packed with students—young men with Plantagenet haircuts and their girls—who were murmuring respectfully from one end of the place to the other like satisfied bees.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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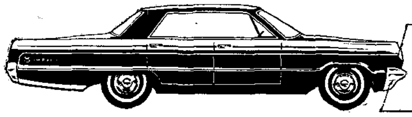

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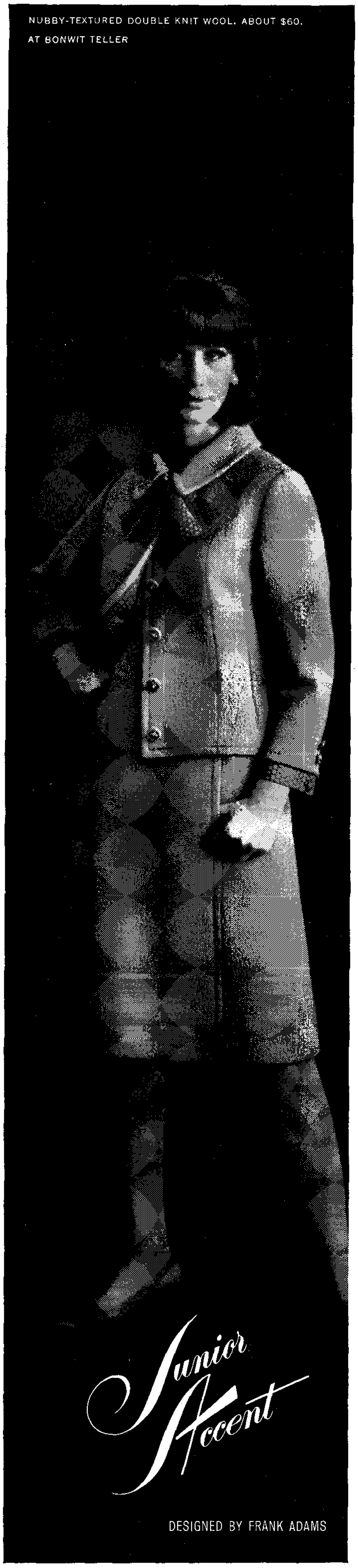

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THE ART GALLERIES

Boom or Bust

THE last school I went to before college was West High School in Rochester, New York, and I still remember it with affection. Before that—my family moved about a lot—I had gone to Stuyvesant High School in New York. Stuyvesant is said to be a very progressive institution now. But in my day it was pretty much a hellhole, largely given over to manual training and so strictly disciplined that we had to march in lock step from one class to another. West High, by contrast, was a revelation. It was coeducational, which livened things up considerably (Stuyvesant had been grimly male), and—to me, at least—the atmosphere seemed incredibly cheerful. There was even a piano in the big entrance hall, just outside the principal's office, and he rather welcomed it if we hung around and danced, while someone played, after classes. Art was not neglected, either, and if there was a certain innocence about the approach to it, the attitude was honest and unabashedly conventional. Life-size reproductions of the "Laocoön" and the "Discobolus," in gleaming-white plaster, stood at either end of the entrance hall, and in every classroom there was at least one painting—in gravure, of course—for us to gaze at. Here, too, the choices were conventional, ranging from Maxfield Parrish, through a marine painter, then much admired, whose name I can't for the life of me recall but who specialized in pictures of tall ships with their skysails gilded by the just-setting sun, and on to (most prominent of all) the Pre-Raphaelites.

Judith Shahn

The Pre-Raphaelites were favored, I've come to feel, because they served a double educative purpose, combining a stimulus toward appreciation of the fine (or at least the refined) arts with literary or historical allusion. At any rate—and not only at West High but at most of the other schools I went to—we had plenty of them. We had Alma-Tadema's Roman maids and matrons, all engaged in authentic Roman games and other diversions and portrayed against heavily detailed, carefully "correct" backgrounds; we had G. F. Watts's "Sir Galahad," whose heart was clearly pure, and John Everett Millais's "Ophelia," showing the drowned girl floating fully and discreetly clothed, face up, on a stream laden with fallen flower petals; we had, among other Shakespearean references, reproductions of Ford Madox Brown's rather grisly "Cordelia and Lear." Of them all, in my recollection, the wan "Ophelia" was the most popular. She seemed, indeed, to follow me around from grammar school to grammar school and from high to high. I got the feeling that she was essential to the process of learning.

I have been wandering on in this fashion not solely out of nostalgia. One of the more peculiar developments of a not particularly exciting season—the one now ending—has been what seems a fairly determined drive to revive the Pre-Raphaelites, more or less en masse, in popular favor. This apparently started in England. There the members of the group—or Brotherhood, as they preferred to call themselves—have enjoyed more continuous recognition than in this country, their works being still featured fairly prominently in important museums like the Tate. In the last year or so, though, the drive has gathered momentum, to the point where at a recent sale at Sotheby's, the venerable art auctioneers in London, paintings by members of the Brotherhood that a few years ago had been selling at prices in the hundreds of pounds were being bid up into the thousands.

Locally, the first manifestations of the boom were the recent large-scale exhibition of works by the Brotherhood at Huntington Hartford's newly opened Gallery of Modern Art and a smaller but somewhat more select Pre-Raphaelite exhibition at the Graham Gallery. (The opening of the Gallery of Modern Art was, of course, another landmark of the season, but, again—and for reasons that have been so thoroughly discussed elsewhere that it would be pointless for me to touch on them more than glancingly—the event was not a particularly exciting one. For my own part, I think the odd, rather amorphous design of the building, which is too large to be treated as a gallery and, with its split-level floors, too helter-skelter for a museum, was at

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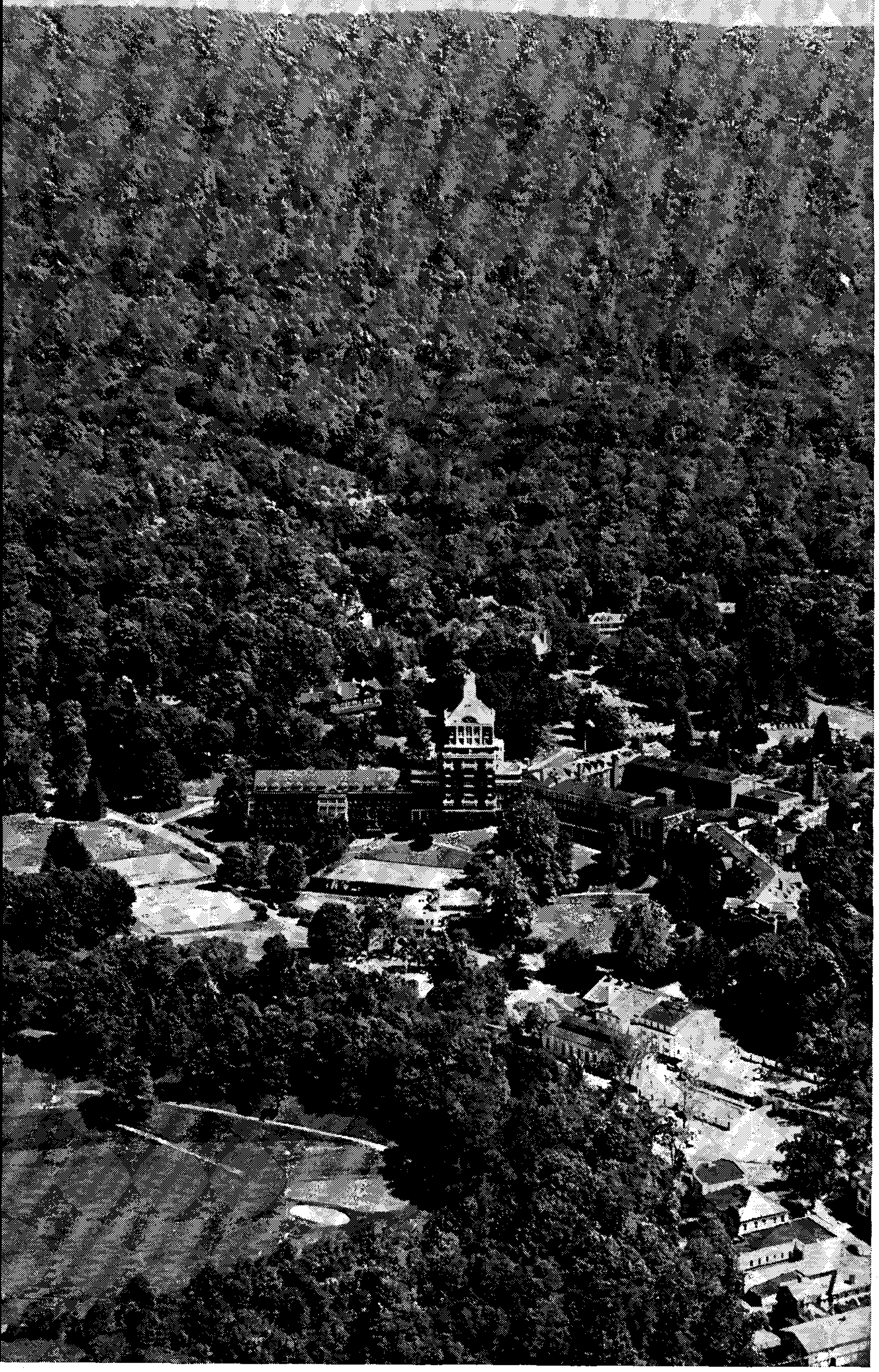

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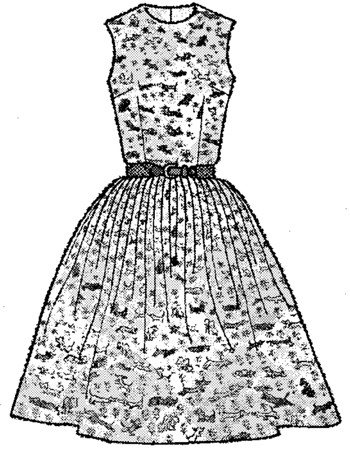

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least partly responsible for the air of aimlessness about the enterprise.) The main interest of the revival for me—and this was considerable—was that it brought into focus again the old question of how and why it is that one art school or movement that has been apparently dead to the world for generations may be brought suddenly and mysteriously to life again.

But the Pre-Raphaelites, for all the current fanfare about them, are still not too well known generally, and a little background data about them may not seem irrelevant, particularly to those who didn't go to West High School when I did. The movement, then, got under way in 1848—according to William Holman-Hunt's semi-autobiographical treatise on the subject—and the original, or founding, members were John Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (who seems to have had the idea), and Holman-Hunt himself. All were young. Holman-Hunt, at twenty-one, was the eldest, the others were a year or so younger, and the men associated with them later—Ford Madox Brown, Frederic Stephens, Charles Collins, Edward Burne-Jones, the sculptor Thomas Woolner, and so on—were also all at the art-student stage or just past it. It comes as something of a surprise, in view of the old-hat atmosphere surrounding the works now, to learn that at the time these youngsters thought of the movement as revolutionary.

So they did, though, and the platform from which they took off had three main planks, as we might say now. First (and this explains the name of the Brotherhood), they felt that the rise of Raphael, with, as they saw it, his smooth, voluptuous slurring of the image, had marked the beginning of the end of the rigorousness and honesty of the painters of the early Renaissance, from Giotto on. They wanted a return. Second, they demanded a program of absolute fidelity to nature. As one of them put it, they wanted to "see things without eyelids" (which accounts for what we today consider the extreme fussiness about details in their pictures). Third (and it was perhaps this that defeated them), they wanted, along with the realism they strained for, subject matter that would have a high "tone," moralistic, poetic, or whatever—a juxtaposition that at times must have been hard to come by, since it ruled out true realism, as the word is ordinarily interpreted, at the start. At any rate, the movement lacked cohesion, for within slightly less than a decade the Brotherhood, as a formal

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organization, had split up and its members had drifted apart. They kept in touch with one another, though, and if their mannered painting style turned out to lead nowhere, the theories behind it were more pervasive. Their emphasis on individual craftsmanship, as against the growing tendency toward industrialism, found an echo in the workshops of William Morris, the poet who also designed the Morris chair. (A number of the figures in and around the movement practiced two arts, the most prominent, of course, being D. G. Rossetti.) And all this echoed again, a bit more distantly, in the convolutions of the turn-of-the-century French Art Nouveau.

Although the Pre-Raphaelites eventually met with approbation—Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema, and Millais were knighted—they were greeted at first with obloquy. Oddly, Ruskin—who as time goes by appears in a more beneficent light than we used to see him in—supported the Brotherhood. The more typical attitude was that of Dickens, who found Millais's "Christ in the House of His Parents" completely despicable. The house, of course, was a carpenter's shop, and the appurtenances—planes, bench, vises, saws, even the wood shavings lying about—were as authentic as Millais could make them. No one wore a halo—not even Mary or the Infant Himself, shown standing in the foreground with His Mother—and the clothing looked work-worn. The impiety of it all just about turned Dickens' stomach. He inveighed furiously against the depiction of Christ as "a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-haired boy in a nightgown, who appears to have received a poke in the hand"—he is here referring to premature stigmata—"from the stick of another boy with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter."

The crack about the gutter was unkind, for, however workaday the atmosphere, the shop and its inhabitants were scrupulously clean. It is true, though, that the Pre-Raphaelites, with their passion for liberating art from academic modes, did pick some fairly weird subjects. They also had a way of alternating between the almost unbearably cute (*vide* Alma-Tadema's "In a Rose Garden," which was in the collection at the Graham and showed one young Roman maiden reclining on a marble bench and being showered with rose petals by another, and also his "Summer Offering," in the same exhibition, which was more of the same) and the grimly "realistic" (as in Brown's "Cordelia and Lear," already

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mentioned), with rarely anything in between. There were times when their very seriousness led them unwittingly into the comic, as in Rossetti's "The Wedding of Saint George and Princess Sabra," where the principals are shown locked in a brooding, tense embrace, with the dragon's head, neatly boxed, in the foreground. The Pre-Raphaelites tended heavily toward the corny, too, as in Holman-Hunt's "The Awakened Conscience," in which a pallid-faced girl, brought to her senses just in time, is seen struggling to free herself from a wastrel's clutches. All pure girls were pale, in the Pre-Raphaelites' scheme of things, and vice versa.

The Pre-Raphaelites could paint, though, despite the fact that many of them quit art school, in protest, when they joined the movement. In fact, they were almost *too* accomplished technically, in the sense that their skill often led them to lean too heavily on technique. Alma-Tadema was perhaps the most gifted craftsman, followed by Millais; and even Rossetti, for all his swaying, goitrous females, could infuse authentically poetic feeling into his better paintings. (Looking over my notes, I have just come across a mention of Rossetti's "The Annunciation," and I can't resist citing it now—out of context, perhaps—as the most striking example of the Brotherhood's effort to be realistic about religious matters. It shows a haggard Mary sitting on a hard bench and positively shrinking from the angel—a wingless one—who is bringing her the news.)

In any event, here the Pre-Raphaelites are, looming up—still distantly, to be sure—on the artistic horizon, and, as I said before, the problem is what to make of that almost ceaseless tidal action in art, one school rising as another falls. The same thing happens with brand-new schools, the rise of one displacing an older one, and in each instance we critics and reviewers (an insecure breed to begin with, and hence prey to recurrent fears that in some way something is being put over on us) approach the manifestation with misgiving. Generally, a plot is suspected, and there are dark hints of cabals among dealers, museum directors, and large-scale collectors, all ganging up together to launch a "drive" (something like the campaigns of bucket-shop operators) with the concerted aim of forcing up prices of the works of a given group and then unloading them on the unwary.

To be honest, I had an impulse at first to suspect some such goings on in this instance. There was something al-

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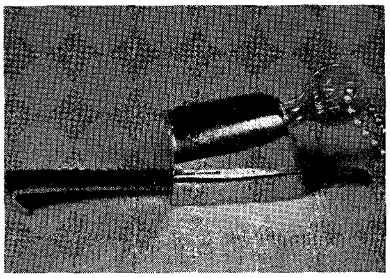

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most too neat about it. For one thing, it seemed a trifle indiscriminate. From the accounts of the sales, all Pre-Raphaelites, good and bad, appeared to be booming. And, for another, there was the fact that the move in this country was sponsored, on the one hand, by a dealer who is a little out of the contemporary swim and, on the other, by a new museum run by a flamboyantly assertive individual who is also, for one reason or another, at odds with contemporary schools. What could seem more plausible than a conspiracy in which Hartford, Graham, Sotheby's, and others had got together and, rubbing their hands in evil glee, had said, "Let's put one over on the suckers, shall we?"

The notion just doesn't hold water, though. It is undeniable that there is prestige, and possibly a move upward in his career, waiting for the museum director who "discovers" a new school or a forgotten old one and is able to launch it successfully, and there are even crasser reasons that dealers are always delighted if they are able to anticipate a "trend" ahead of anyone else and cash in on it. I believe that a man would be out of his mind to go into such a chancy, economically unstable, and frustrating profession as that of art dealer unless he had some measure of true love of art. But, once in it, he would be hardly human if he didn't hope to make some money out of it. It is true, too, that the techniques of mass promotion are much more fully developed now than they were in the past. Nevertheless, I think that it can be taken as basic that no one can "put over" a group of artists like the Pre-Raphaelites unless their works possess some qualities, which perhaps were unknown to the artists themselves, that link them with the present. In the case of the Pre-Raphaelites, I think that the binder, so to speak, is the quality of the baroque that informs their works (though they would almost certainly have denied it), and here the linkage, though tenuous, is fairly clear, leading from the Pre-Raphaelites themselves to Antonio

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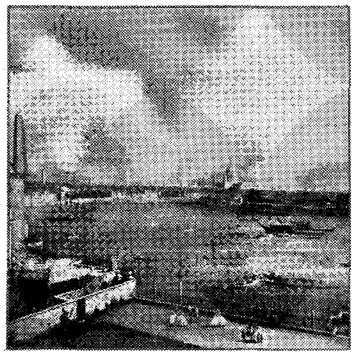
Gaudí, the turn-of-the-century Spanish architect, and to the Art Nouveau movement in general, and from there (with perhaps an assist from the German Expressionists) to our own Abstract Expressionists, most of whom share a similar baroque quality, if in a quite different guise stylistically. And Sidney Janis—no mean anticipator of trends himself—has pointed out to me that it is no accident that Salvador Dali, a baroque painter if ever there was one, an admirer of Gaudí, and himself Spanish at that, appears to have had a good deal to do with guiding Mr. Hartford through his researches among the Pre-Raphaelites.

Naturally, it's far too early to know whether or not the revival will gather impetus. I can't quite believe, myself, that overmuch will come of it, and I cite the development chiefly as one of the more striking phenomena of a season that I think must fairly be called transitory—which perhaps accounts for its indecisiveness. There's a possibility, I believe, that in the future this may be known as the season in which Abstract Expressionism passed its peak; certainly it saw the rise of a clutch of more recent, and divergent, American schools. Notable among these were the so-called hard-edge Abstractionists, who still seem to be unsure (needlessly, I'd think) about how to achieve geometric patterns without falling backward into Cubism. There was also the appearance in some strength of two even newer schools—pop art, depending chiefly on comic strips and boiler-plate advertising for inspiration, and the "environmental" art of a group calling itself New Realist, in which realism is carried to the point where the piece of sculpture or the construction is presented immersed in its "real," or day-to-day, environment. These works are frequently room-size; for instance, George Segal's "Cinema" consists of a full-sized man, in plaster, standing on a ladder and putting up the letters that will spell out next day's movie on a full-sized, brightly lit theatre marquee, and in Claes Oldenburg's "A Bedroom Ensemble" a whole roomful of poisonously blue-marbled bedroom furniture has been painstakingly altered to a rhomboidal from the conventional rectangular shape. The latter group, it seems to me, has linkages with the Dadaists of old, but, clearly, the practitioners of both schools are having fun, and the social commentary behind the works, if a little obvious, is perfectly valid. My main wonder—especially about the New Realists, whose things take up so much *room*—is: Who buys



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them, and where, once they're bought, does he put them? In the meantime, I'd suggest that anyone who missed the boat on the Pre-Raphaelites (if it turns out that there was a boat to be missed) might start rummaging around forehandedly among the men of the Hudson River School—Durand, Doughty, Bierstadt, Cole, and so on. Somehow, I have a feeling that their day is coming soon. Moreover, they were pretty darned good painters.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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The body's dignity
In its own name:
Its rubied arteries,

Its orient mines
Of breath and eye,
Its nerves like chains
Of lapis lazuli,

The amber rites
Of instinct in its loins,
And appetite,
Rich with its argent coins.

And I salute
Those myriad others,
Carnal and brute,
That are his brothers

In every facet
Of encrusted being:
The incandescent
Leopard leaping,

The hawk flashing
Fire, or the spangled shark
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The sapphire-dark

Water. May they all
Flourish in their own time.
May they all fulfill
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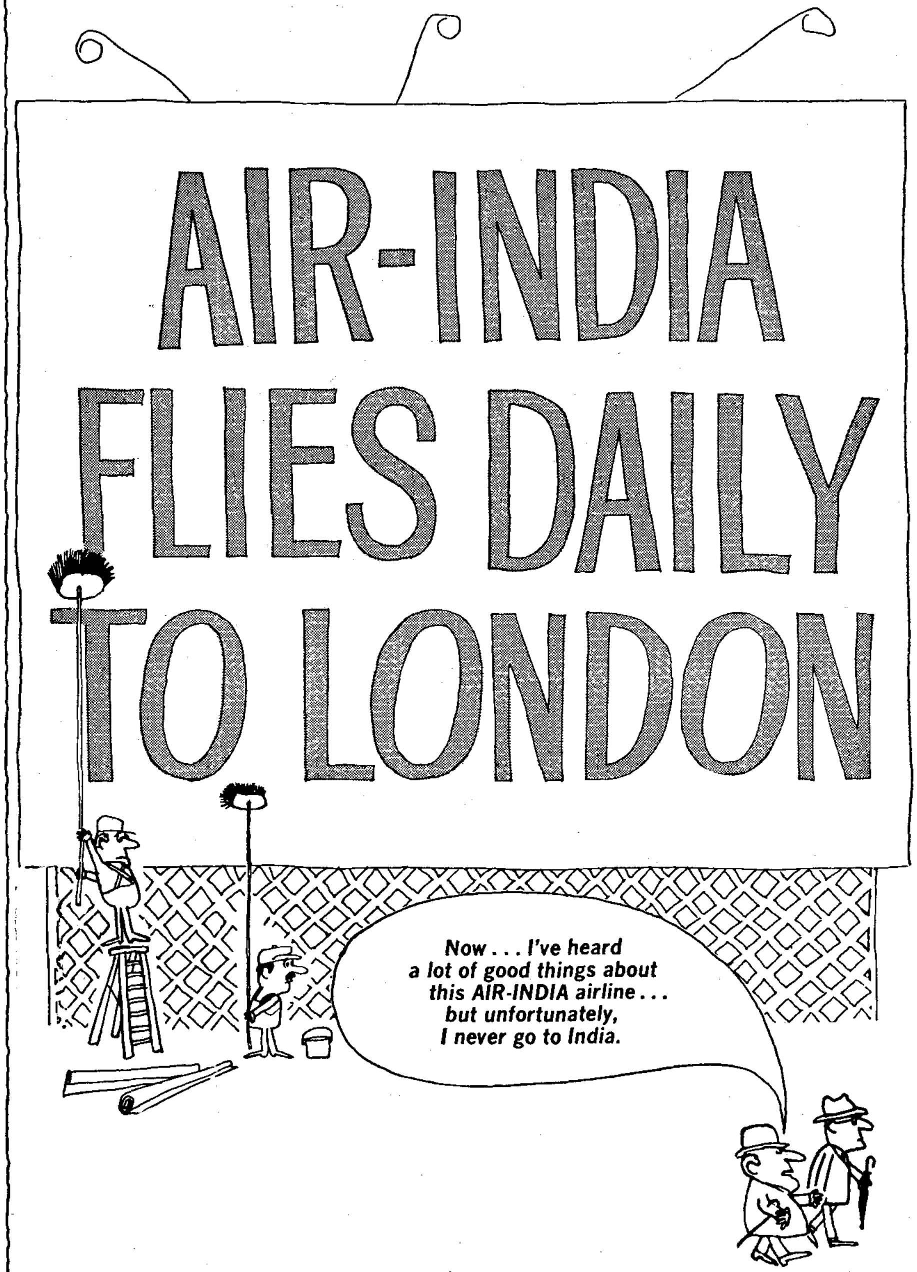
—KENNETH SCHOLES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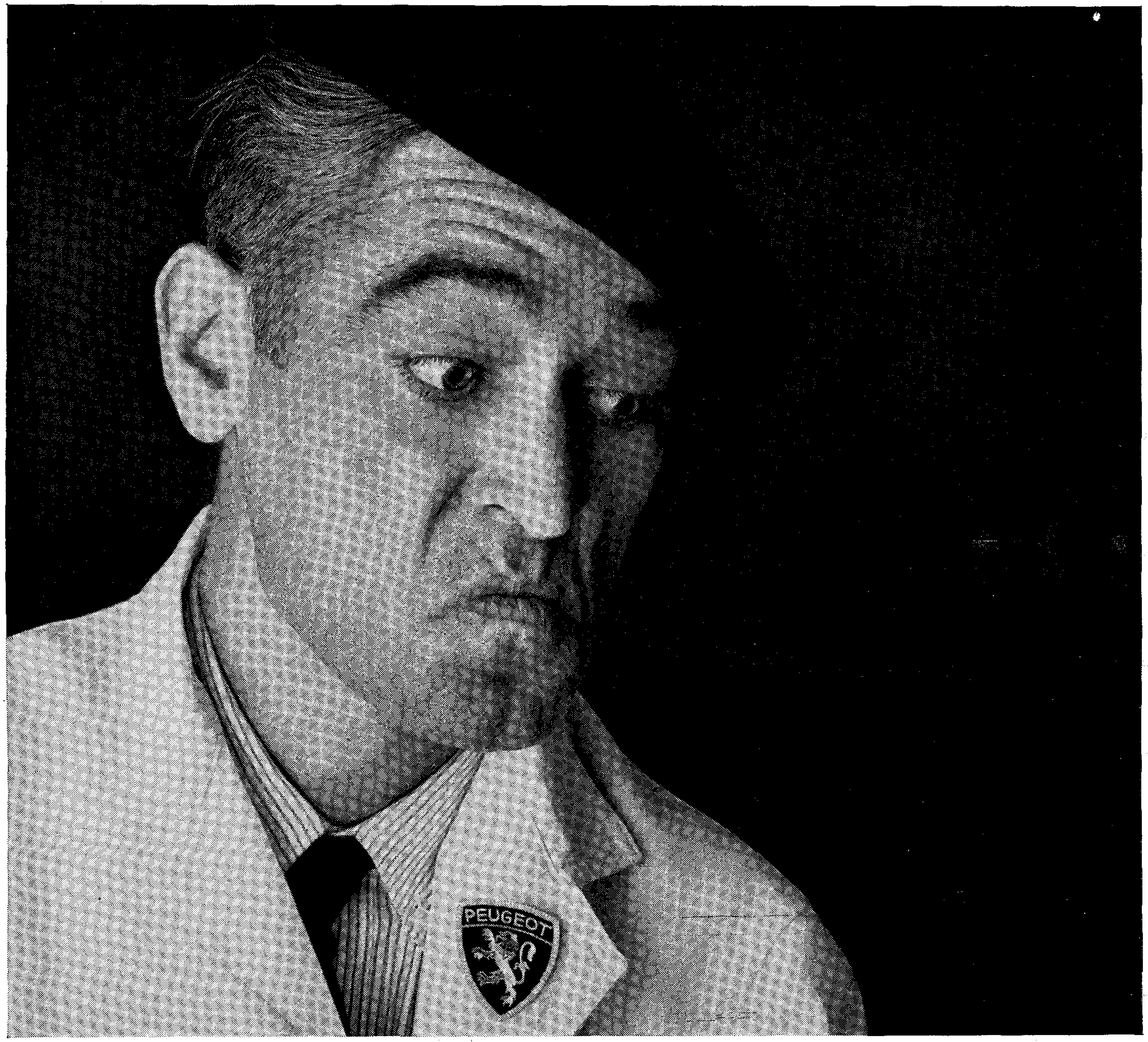

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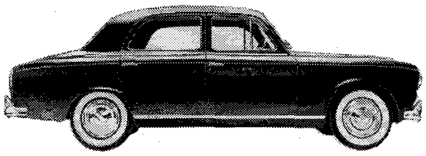

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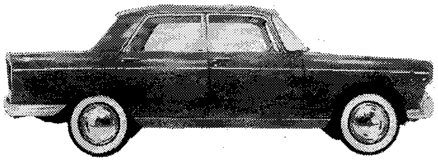

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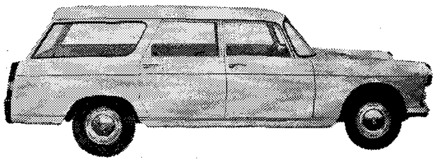

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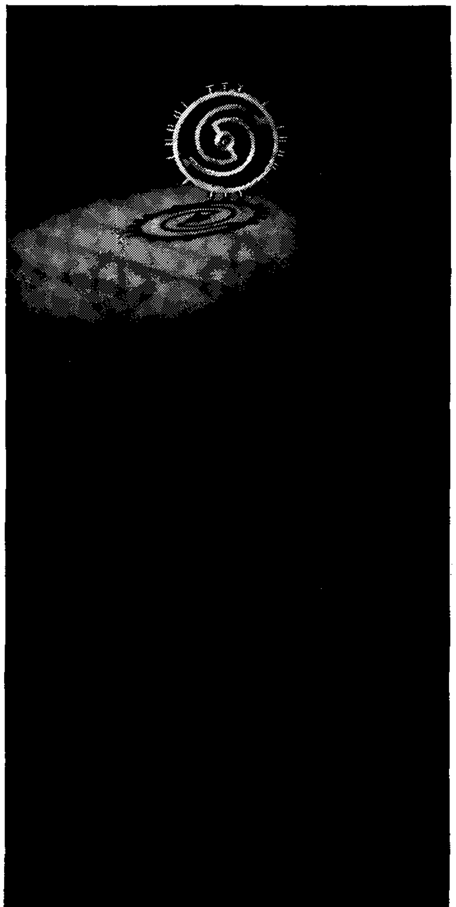
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 5

THE established oracles here are deep in their caves—in some cases sharing space with chagrined and weary computers—and are muttering prophecies laced with "if"s, "but"s, and "on the other hand"s. They seem to be saying that after California Senator Goldwater cannot be denied the nomination, and that he cannot be given it, either. Any appeal to precedent is useless. No candidate in modern times has gone to a convention with more than five hundred delegates and left without the nomination. Nor has any candidate been chosen who placed second or lower in rank-and-file support, as both the official and the unofficial polls have measured it. Goldwater will have five hundred delegates and then some, but against organized opposition he has come in first only in California—or, to be a bit more precise, in Los Angeles and its immediate environs. History will simply have to be made at the Republican Convention next month. It must disregard either its own members—the delegates, that is—or the Party rank and file; it cannot satisfy both. Conventions have been known to take the people's choice over the delegates' preference. Robert A. Taft was the man the delegates liked in 1952, but General Eisenhower was the man they chose, because they had become persuaded that the country liked him. But this convention will not be able to follow that example, for today there is no people's choice. There is no Eisenhower, not even a Willkie. There is no front-runner—only Senator Goldwater, who invariably comes in ahead of Senator Margaret Chase Smith and Harold Stassen in public-opinion polls but finishes well behind Ambassador Lodge, Richard Nixon, and Governor Rockefeller, the last three running sometimes in that order, sometimes in another. If the Convention accepts Goldwater, as it now seems almost bound to do, it will be breaking with more than one tradition. Not since 1908, when the Democrats lost with William Jennings Bryan for the third and last time, has either major party accepted a candidate as remote from its ideological center as Goldwater. Indeed, the search in the last half century has been for candidates who occupied the center ground not of their party's thinking but of the entire country's. Goldwater has thus far done no more than claim for himself a place on the right bank of the Republican "mainstream."

Goldwater looks unstoppable, but a stop-Goldwater movement exists, even after California. It is feeble and leaderless—feeble *because* it is leaderless—but it is not quite hopeless. It gets what nourishment it can from two hopes. One is that General Eisenhower, as he thinks things over in the next few days, will come to see in Goldwater's ascendancy an affront to his own record (once described by Goldwater as a "dime-store New Deal") and to his own brand of conservatism. The other is that Goldwater will do or say something (conceivably in the course of next week's civil-rights maneuverings in the Senate) that will stiffen resistance wherever resistance is still to be found. The movement is sustained by two arguments, or conclusions, that are unaffected by the results in California. The first is that Goldwater would be a drag on the ticket in all but a handful of states, none of which is of much importance in terms of electoral votes. The second is that his candidacy would put control of Republican Party machinery in the hands of right-wing zealots who are irregular Republicans at best and who care less about such enduring values as votes, harmony, and patronage than about what they regard as sound doctrine on fluoridation, Castro, and the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The first argument has more demonstrable merit than the second. The opinion polls have lost some of their prestige by their failure to name the winners in this spring's trial heats, but they have not been wrong by more than two or three percentage points, and they have spotted the major trends even when they have not properly gauged their force. In their estimates of how Goldwater is running in the country at large, they could be in

"I love you, too, Kermit, but is mobility enough for a lasting relationship?"



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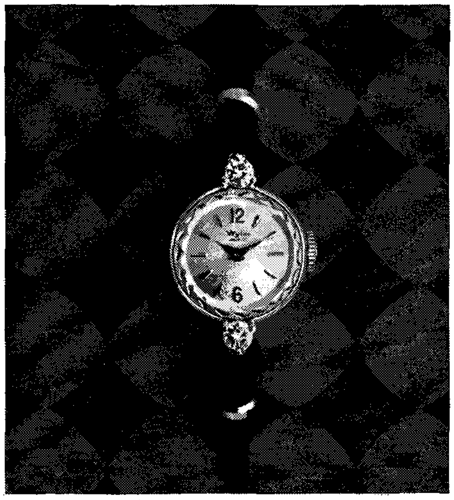

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error by ten or fifteen points and still leave him a sure loser in the election. At the moment, it would seem, a staggering majority of voters see Goldwater as a man made of some lighter, less durable wood than Presidential timber. (One recent poll showed forty per cent of Republicans throughout the nation favoring President Johnson over both Rockefeller and Goldwater.) The Goldwater people can counter, of course, by pointing out that no Republican seems to have captured the affection of the general public this year, and that if Republican moderates and liberals prefer Johnson to Rockefeller, then their man would not do appreciably worse, and might even do better, in electoral votes than anyone else. As far as the Presidency is concerned, the logic is sound enough, but Party leaders in the large Eastern and Midwestern states have a good deal more on their minds than the Presidency and the Electoral College. What troubles them about Goldwater is the damage they think he might do to the rest of their tickets. If the polls and the primaries mean anything, the damage would be great.

It is this concern with the grubbier and more parochial aspects of the election that has bred heavy—though disorganized—resistance to Goldwater in every industrial state. In some cases, ideology has played a part, in some it has not. Men like Senators Kuchel, in California, and Javits, in New York, would no doubt have felt obliged to oppose Goldwater even if they thought he would bring strength rather than weakness to the Party as a whole. With others, the case is different. In Ohio, the governor, James Rhodes, and the state chairman, Ray Bliss, are men who by temperament and conviction—though not by proclamation—are fully as conservative as Goldwater, yet they are as apprehensive about Goldwater's candidacy as any of the other state leaders. They preside over one of the most successful Republican organizations in the country; they wish to hold their power in the state this year and extend their power in Washington by winning for Robert A. Taft, Jr., the Senate seat his conservative father once occupied. On this account, they have held back from the movement into which their political sympathies might in other circumstances have led them, and there is every reason to suppose that they would give aid and comfort to any effort to stop Goldwater that seemed to have a good chance of success. Their position illustrates the strength of the argument that Goldwater would damage the ticket

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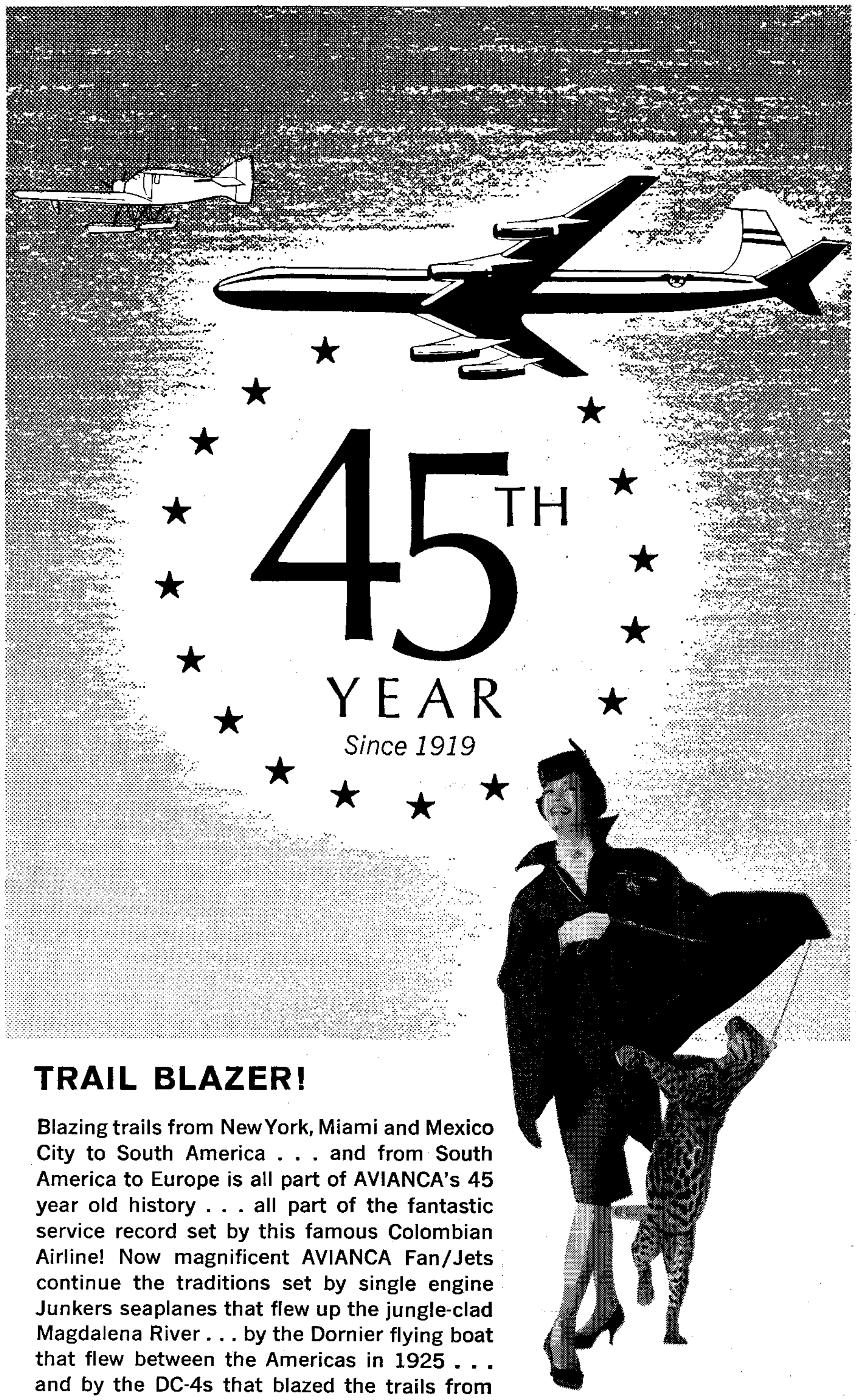
and the weakness of the argument that his candidacy would give him and his followers control of the Party machinery, thereby insuring the destruction of the Republican Party as we know it—a dark view that appeals to editorial writers and to those charged with writing anti-Goldwater speeches and press releases, meaning most Republican politicians here. Goldwater's influence is a divisive one (though, as Nixon said the other day, a successful effort to stop him might be even more divisive), and in nominating him the Party would run a strong risk of losing other offices while failing to gain the Presidency. But the notion that if Goldwater runs and loses this year, his followers will nevertheless win control of the Party will not stand up under close scrutiny. Nationally, there is hardly any party machinery, Republican or Democratic, to control. There are only the National Committees, which in defeat have little to do but dodge bill collectors and in victory become tools of the White House. If it were otherwise, Nixon would be in charge of the Republican Party machinery today, and the candidate would be a man he favored—probably himself. As for the state organizations, it is evident that Goldwater people have for some time been in control of many of them. This is what makes Goldwater a serious candidate. In the event that he is nominated in July and defeated in November, he and his supporters will have less authority than they have right now—exactly as Nixon and his supporters have far less authority now than they had four years ago. From the viewpoint of those who are persuaded that Goldwater could not possibly win the election, there could be no surer way of driving him and his friends from Party power than by giving him the nomination. After November, most of the power would pass from those who had encouraged his candidacy to those who had opposed it, and in particular to those Republican politicians, if any, who had won while he lost.

This shift of power would occur even if men like Robert Taft, Jr., and Charles H. Percy, the Chicago businessman who is running as a Republican moderate for governor of Illinois, went down to defeat with Goldwater and unmistakably because of Goldwater. It is the fear that public offices will be lost to Democrats, rather than the fear that Party leadership will be transferred to the Goldwater radicals, that will give the stop-Goldwater movement whatever strength it may have in San Francisco next month. It



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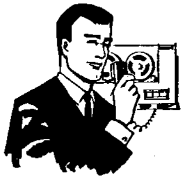

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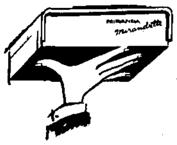

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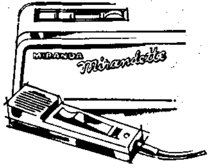

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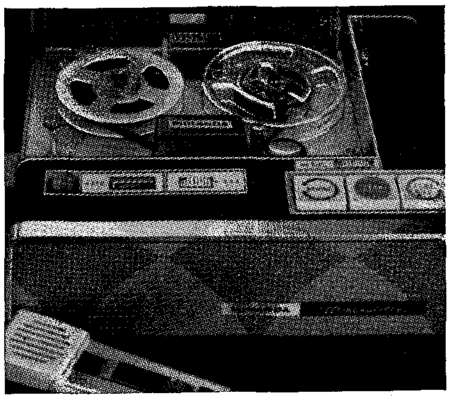

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cannot have much strength without a leader, and at the moment none is in sight. Scranton and Nixon are the only two who seem to have a chance of rallying enough support to threaten Goldwater, but neither of them appears to want any part of such an enterprise. In fact, the only movement they seem interested in now is one to stop the stoppers. If General Eisenhower, who was reported in the Washington *Post* the day after the California voting as being in a "foul mood," wished to intervene, he might prevail on one or the other of them to come to the aid of the party he once led, but he made what he seems to regard as his final contribution last week when he said, in a statement to the press, that he would like to see the Party nominate a man bearing a close resemblance to himself. If no one can recruit Scranton or Nixon, the anti-Goldwater people will have to suffer Goldwater and try to restrain him by forcing him to stand on a moderate platform and alongside a liberal or moderate Vice-Presidential candidate. Such an effort would provide an interesting, if unedifying, spectacle. If there is anything that Goldwater has been consistent about over the years, it is his opposition to platforms. He is not just against liberal platforms—he is against all platforms. "At their best," he once told the Washington *Star*, "political platforms are packets of lies." He did not say what they were at their worst. He did all he could in Chicago in 1960 to get the Republican Platform Committee to cease its labors and dissolve itself. He failed; a lengthy platform was adopted, and he described its acceptance as "the Munich of the Republican Party." Of its twenty-five major provisions, according to a recent analysis made by Senator Javits, Goldwater has since taken a stand, in votes or in speeches, against all twenty-five. A platform will be adopted this year, and while it is inconceivable that a convention determined to nominate Goldwater would saddle him with policies that he could accept only by repudiating his entire past, it is hard to see, in view of the record, how it could write a platform acceptable to him without repudiating the Republican Party's recent past. It is equally hard to see how a Republican ticket with Goldwater at its head could possibly be "balanced." Every name thus far mentioned has been that of a man committed to policies Goldwater has opposed—on civil rights, on nuclear testing, on almost the whole range of domestic and foreign affairs. Someone—perhaps everyone—is going

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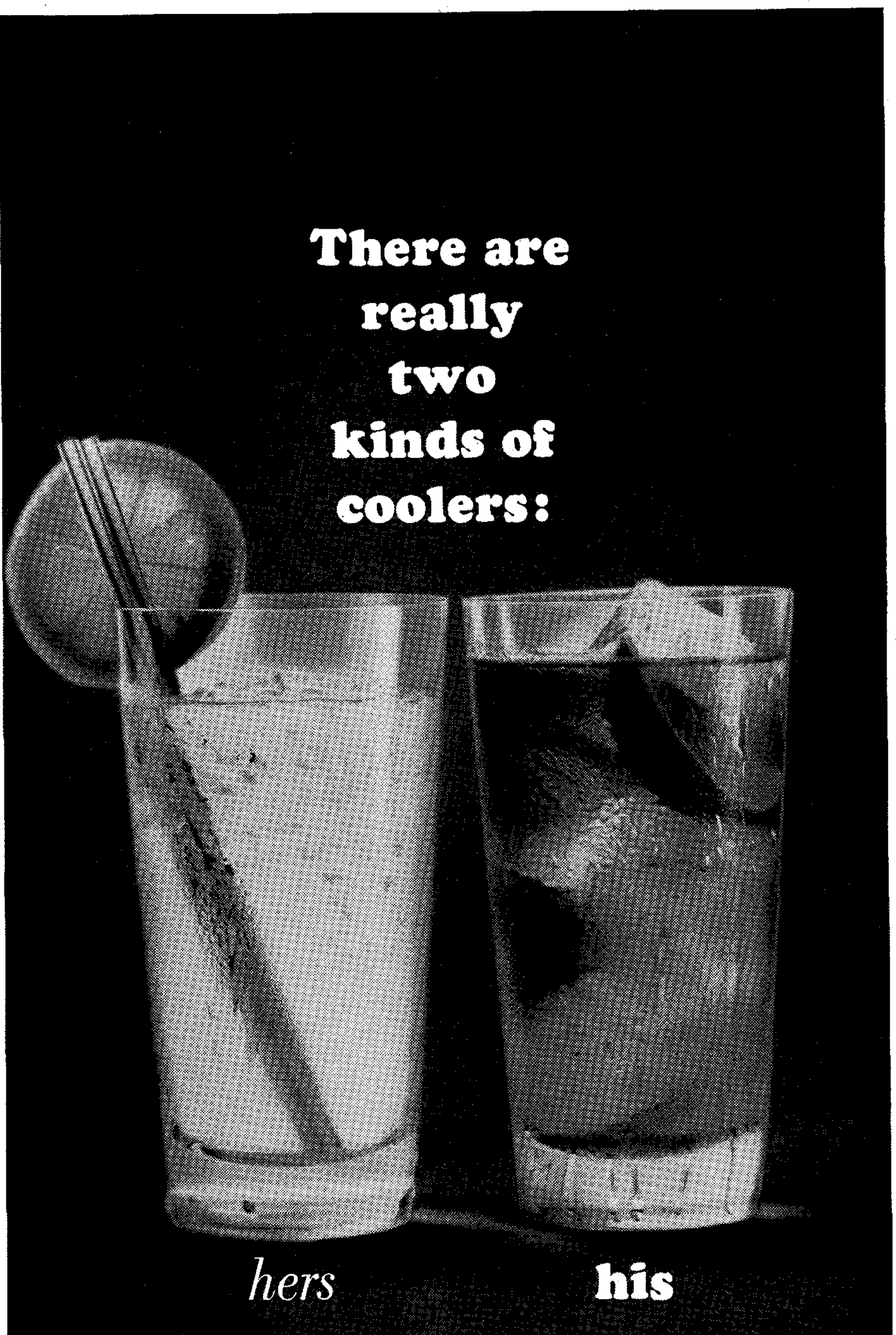
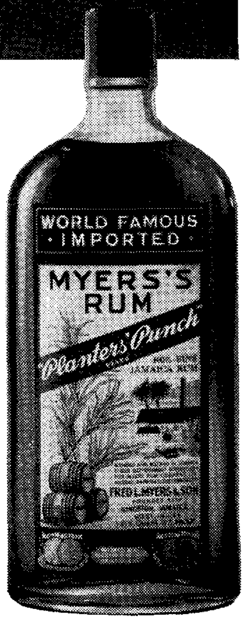
to have to rise above principle. In Goldwater's case, the price might be a great diminution of enthusiasm for him on the far-right flank of the Party, where the tendency to expect foul betrayal is rather strong and is often accompanied by downright enjoyment of it. It is a price that many Republicans would be delighted to have him pay.

THE prospect of a Johnson-Goldwater election this fall dismays Republicans and Democrats here in approximately equal numbers, and for what may be described as generally bipartisan reasons. It is the probable character of the autumn campaign, rather than its probable outcome, that is disturbing. For Goldwater's candidacy would almost certainly mean that the debate would turn on issues that have, for good or ill, long since been settled by history. As an instance, it may have been—as Goldwater believes it was—a mistake for the United States to recognize the Soviet Union in 1933. But the mistake, if that is what it was, is a matter to be dealt with today not by politicians but by historians, for it is recorded in the archives that diplomatic relations were established in that year, and the serious political question thirty-one years later (and far more than thirty-one bilateral and multilateral treaties and other agreements later) is not whether diplomatic relations are to be continued but how they are to be conducted—what the nature and terms and purposes of the established relations ought to be. Goldwater's view until very recently was that recognition should be withdrawn. This could, to be sure, be done with a stroke of the Presidential pen—which would immediately have to be pressed into service for the writing of an entirely new American foreign policy in every part of the world. Goldwater has lately been saying that he would not be in any particular hurry to withdraw recognition. "That withdrawal," according to a manual recently circulated by Goldwater headquarters, "might not come this year or next or at all." The Senator's present position, it is explained in this reassuring document, is that the "possibility" of withdrawal "should be held as a sword over the head of the Kremlin clique." It is probable that Goldwater will back away from, or waffle around, even this position as he approaches responsibility for his party's policies. It is not his aim, certainly, to make our allies begin to wonder whether they should have any diplomatic relations with us—though he





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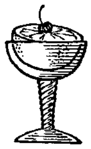

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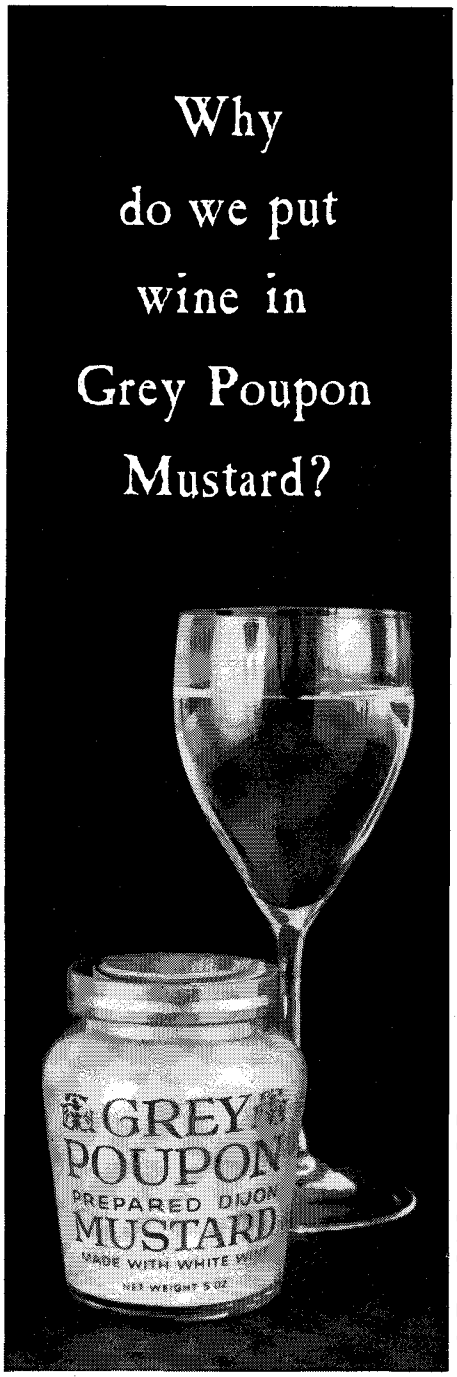

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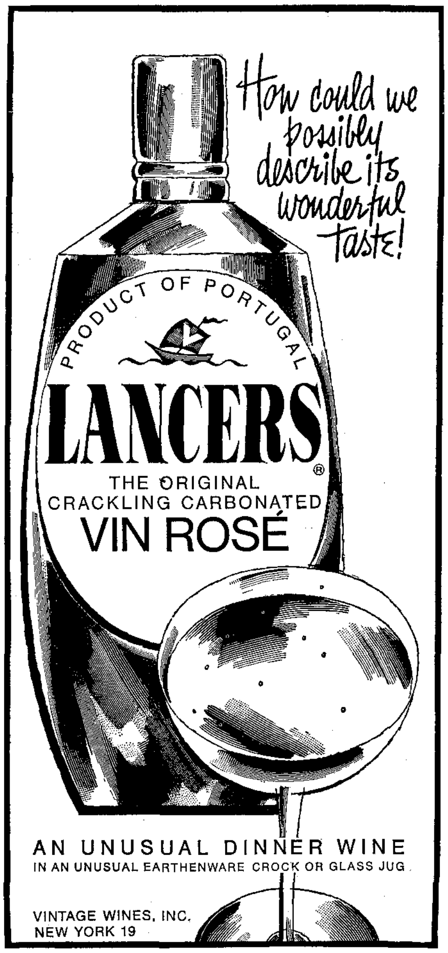
once did say that "the alliance system . . . dooms us to failure." But as far as the 1964 campaign is concerned, he will, even if he prefers not to, defend his past positions as well as his present ones. The Democrats, who enter elections *in order to win them*, will debate the Goldwater of their choosing—the most vulnerable one they can find.

There is in American politics something like a statute of limitations on past error, miscalculation, and heresy. It is based partly on political decency as codified in the understandings of the various politicians' guilds, partly on the fact that the memory of the electorate is short and that it is often very hard to explain what was unpardonable about an act committed a good many years ago. In most cases, the term of the statute is approximately that of the Presidency, and it seldom happens that a man is held liable for anything he did or said more than four or five years ago. Goldwater was one of Senator McCarthy's stoutest defenders, and opposed the Senate's censure of McCarthy in 1954. No one is likely to make much of this in 1964. At one time, he favored outright repeal of the graduated income tax, but his position in recent years has been that this was merely a utopian vision and that he is not really a utopian. It would be surprising if he were not taken at his most recent word on matters of this sort. But even if he is compelled to modify or disown all those stated opinions that have led his adversaries to describe him as an extremist, he will be charged with many of them if he becomes his party's candidate. For it was not several years ago but within the past twelve months or so, during which he has been actively seeking the nomination, that he has proposed the severance of relations with the Soviet Union, the abandonment of the "peacekeeping and peacemaking" machinery of the United Nations, the mounting of a Marine invasion of Cuba from the Guantánamo base, the sale of the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the conversion of the Social Security system into a voluntary insurance plan. In the California campaign, he sought to avoid being held to account for these positions, but Rockefeller wouldn't allow it, and neither would President Johnson. (In all likelihood, the President himself will choose to stand on his Presidential dignity and discuss only his own views of the national interest and the general welfare. He will do so, though, only if he is confident that a host of lesser Democrats is acquainting the public with the more eccentric and extravagant of Goldwater's views and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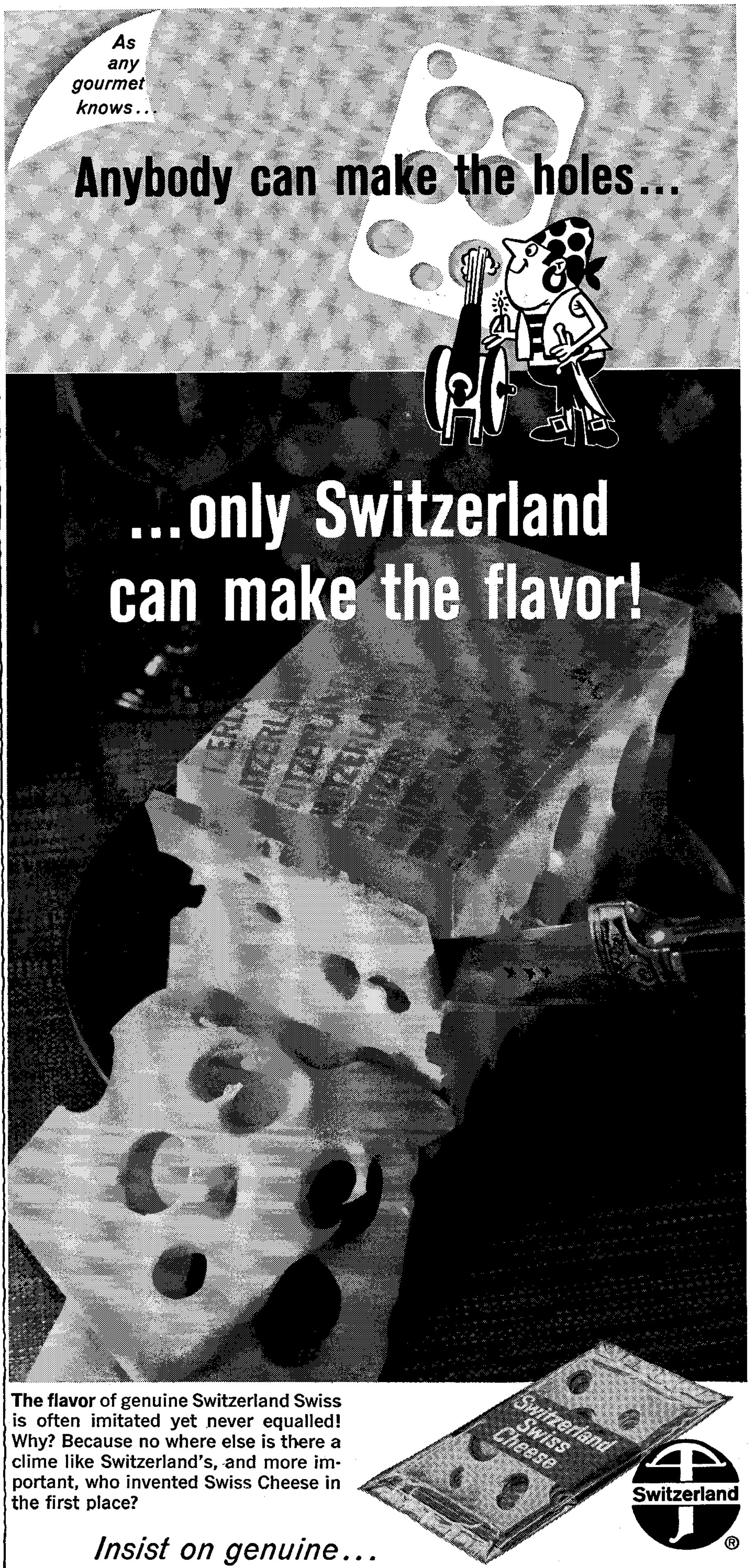
recommendations.) Moreover, it is hardly likely that Goldwater will alter the really fundamental concepts of foreign and domestic affairs that have given him his peculiar identity in American politics, setting him apart from all the other responsible leaders of both parties over the past few decades. It has been at least a quarter of a century since any national leader has maintained that our major social and economic problems were anything less than national in scope. Southern politicians have used the states'-rights argument to fight off federal policies they do not welcome, but even they are now finding it convenient to point out that civil rights are a national problem, and they have never maintained that the solution of serious economic questions can be arrived at by any authority but the federal one. Goldwater recognizes no national problems and no national responsibilities except those of foreign policy, defense, and the currency system. In foreign and defense policy, he is committed to the acceptance of an American mission that all national leaders in recent years have regarded as beyond our military, diplomatic, and moral means—"the removal of Communists from power wherever they hold it."

GOLDWATER'S candidacy, if it comes, will put the whole political system to a test of a kind it has never undergone—or not, at least, in the years that the United States has been a world power. It will also put to a test a number of popular assumptions about the system. For years now, our process of selecting Presidents has been viewed quite benignly, here and abroad, as an extraordinarily effective way of dealing with social tensions and bringing about a genuine accommodation of interests in this immensely complicated country. Goldwater is the first radical even to get close to a party nomination in modern times. A couple of years ago, most observers looking at the way the system had been functioning were persuaded that a man like Goldwater could never make it over the first two or three hurdles—as he might never have done this time had it not been for Rockefeller's divorce and remarriage. Before Kennedy's assassination, there was a tendency to concede that Goldwater might get the nomination this year, but the feeling was that if he did, he would be transformed in the process and become, in fact, a man of the center. Eight months ago, Walter Lippmann thought that the conversion was already in an advanced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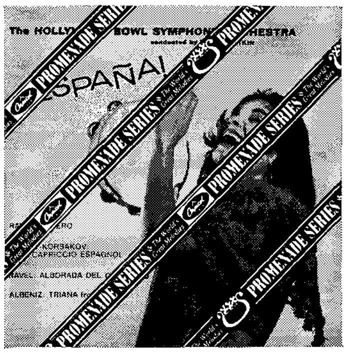
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stage. Goldwater, he wrote, had turned out to be not "a fanatic of the extreme right but an ambitious politician [who] is now in the process of reshaping himself for the political realities of this country. . . . It is interesting to watch him and comforting to think that the system is working so well."

If the system was working then, it later stopped working, for the Goldwater who, after Kennedy's assassination, saw that he might have a somewhat harder time advocating himself as the man best suited to run against President Johnson became, if anything, even more radical. Now he will doubtless do whatever is needed to get the Republican nomination. But he has already come very close to getting it without making any really large concessions, and this is the truly astonishing thing about his performance. What experience seems to teach is that the process of accommodation is worked out not within a particular candidate but by the parties' *choice* of particular men. It is still possible, of course, that the Lippmann thesis will prove itself in the next few weeks or months. At present, this doesn't seem likely, and since all we know about the state of public opinion suggests that Goldwater has been no more successful in changing it than it has been in changing Goldwater, there would seem to be a fairly serious question about the effectiveness of the political process.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

SMOKE BUT
NO FIRE

There may have been smoke but there was no fire. In last week's article on baby sitting pools, the author wrote that Mrs. Barbara Mack stopped a pregnant woman on the street and asked her to join the club. Actually the woman was a long time friend of Mrs. Mack's family and the two women had met on the promenade and not on Montague St. as reported.

In any event, Mrs. Mack's baby sitting pool, like others in the area, accept new members only when applicants come recommended or can present references.

—*Brooklyn Heights Press.*

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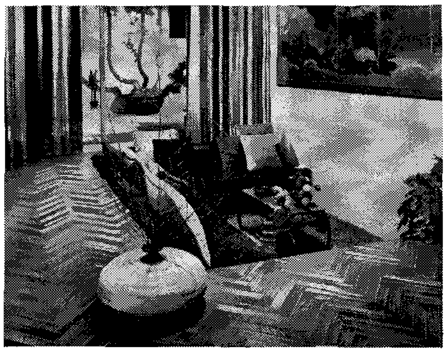

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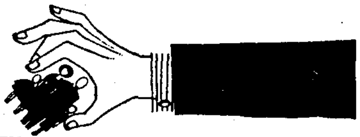

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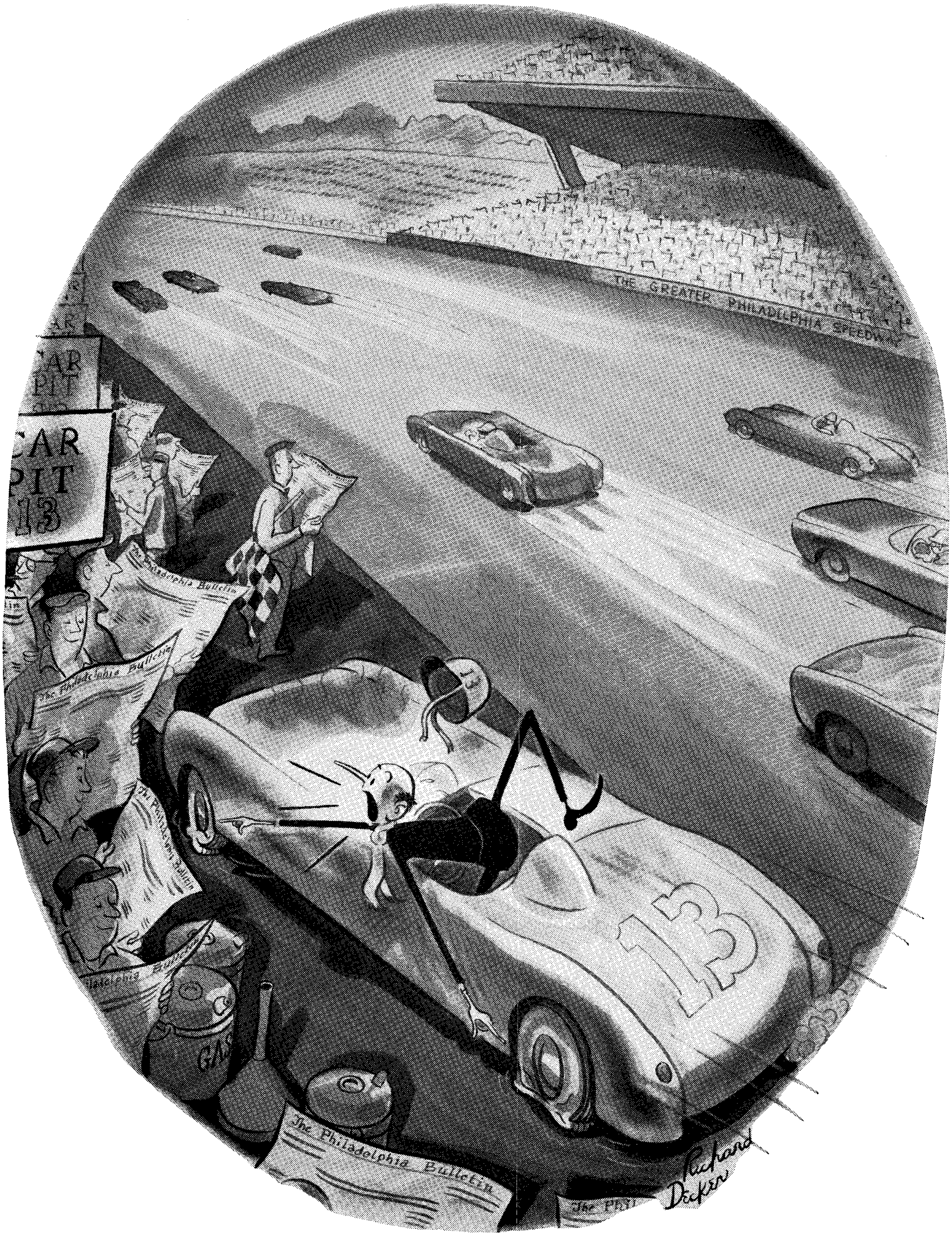
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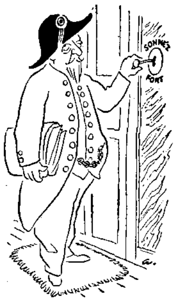
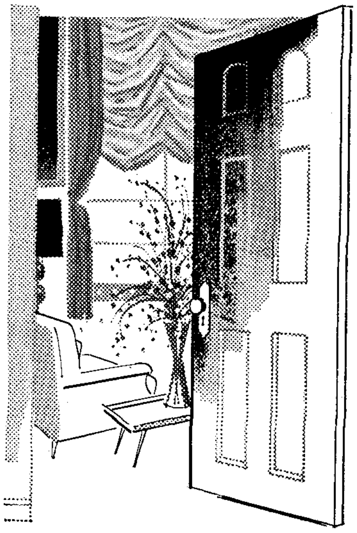
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 4



THE single magnetic Paris event of the spring season, which brought out the infrequently seen *beau monde* and also filled every gallery seat—an exacting, attentive audience come critically to view, hear, and evaluate a celebrated egocentric and phenomenal musical personality—was the recent Friday-night première of Mme. Maria Callas at the Opéra, singing in Bellini's "Norma." Unfortunately, it was in her second performance, on Monday night, that she sang her high notes with less worry to herself and to her listeners. She has been heard here only twice before, and only in concert; "Norma" has never been in the Opéra repertory, and Bellini has never been a familiar composer in Paris, his only intimacy with the city being that he died here in the suburb of Puteaux at the romantically early age of thirty-four. No one among the melomaniacal Friday-night gallery gods who booed her peak peacock cries could have been ignorant that the once fabulous Callas voice no longer reliably functions above an F or a G in her aesthetically thinned body, so their booing sounded particularly uncouth. Stendhal criticized the vocal difficulties experienced by the famed Scala diva Giuditta Pasta, for whom the role of "Norma" was written, and who, in rehearsals, found its score so repeatedly high as to be frightening, and uselessly told Bellini so. For a majority of Paris listeners even on Friday, and certainly on Monday, the compensations in the Callas extended vocal artistry could properly be called magical—in the purling sounds of her impeccable *bel canto*, with notes rising fountainlike at the opening (not at the end) of the famous "Casta diva" aria; in the throstle depths of her chest tones; in the emotional colors shading her voice so that she seemed to be singing with a painted voice in the final scene of Act IV, when, freed from the earlier fears of the evening and backed by the chorus, she poured into her voice all the dramatic audible color that was consonant with complete and great lyric vocal acting.

According to French reports, Mme. Callas has not been singing "Norma"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for the past five years. An artist both with and without vocal means, her stimulating presence and her stage beauty were intolerably exciting to her Paris audience, aroused in its feelings for or against her as if she were in herself some passionate public argument. To the French, her beauty lay especially in her strange Etruscan smile, her narrow, archaic body. Her breathing was secret and invisible, and her acting seemed exceptional, as in her anger against her unfaithful Roman proconsul, expressed in the pantomime of her elegant hands—palms up, palms down, pointing, commanding, insulting, dismissing. In Act II, beneath Franco Zeffirelli's enormous, realistic druidic oak tree, she sat posed in a perfectly inappropriate ball gown of shaded pink chiffon topped by a towering, furbelowed henna-colored wig—an astonishing, ravishing operatic sight. The major Paris music critics gave her ecstatic reviews, using the words "genius," "power," and even "glory."

For the opening night, the Opéra's orchestra seats were raised to eighty francs, or about sixteen dollars. Crowds gathered on the Opéra sidewalk in the early pale-blue French twilight to see and comment on what the operagoers were wearing. One woman in black with chinchilla-gray hair wore a chinchilla coat that fell to her knees and a thick necklace of big, square diamonds, with a lap-over lavaliere like a priceless ascot tie. Modern France has never been so rich and spendthrift as it is now, but except for a gala like the Callas début, smart Parisiennes no longer show their bare shoulders and costly gowns at the Opéra. On ordinary nights, the audience looks very ordinary indeed.

This writer first heard of and heard Callas in the spring of 1948 in Naples, singing Puccini's "Turandot" at the Teatro San Carlo. We had been warned in advance that she was fat, young, unknown, and temperamental, with a great and gorgeous, still inexperienced voice—which all turned out to be true. Today even without its upper reaches, she has been truly sensational as a belated operatic newcomer in Paris, where she is supposed to sing eight Normas in all, ending on June 19th—if she sticks to what is expected of her.

THERE must be close to three hundred art exhibitions, big and little, now on view here in the customary May-June art season. Of those showing new contemporary art, one, at the

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Right Bank Galerie Creuze, is devoted exclusively to the Virgin, who furnished the most popular subject matter in Gothic times, when art was also vigorously contemporary. This unique exhibition, which is called in an up-to-date manner "Lourdes 64," is backed by Monseigneur Pierre M. Théas, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, and is the result of an art competition that carries a hundred thousand francs for purchase and prize money. Through such modern art, the Bishop frankly aims at improving taste in the Lourdes commercial iconography—pious statuettes and so on, "fabricated by the million," he said. Lourdes is still the most crowded summer pilgrimage center in Europe for the sick and crippled, who hope to be miraculously restored by bathing in the grotto where the peasant girl Bernadette Soubirous saw her visions of the Virgin in 1858. The subject given the competing artists was to present "*la vraie donnée*" of Bernadette, or the real theme of what she said she saw, which in her first versions were simple abstractions—"something," "something white," "a white form." When shown reproductions of celebrated art works representing the Virgin, she found them not nearly as beautiful as her apparition, and made her famous art criticism: "The artists will catch a fine scolding when they get to Heaven." Considering her double insistence on white, Hans Hartung's contribution of two green lines, like sprouting grass, on a blackish background looks totally out of place, as does Poliakov's typical arrangement of colored squares. One artist managed a fair visionary effect merely by pasting a shapeless piece of silver paper on a dark board. The best modernist-mannered sculpture, which did not even receive honorable mention, was a sickle-shaped bulk, like a new moon, with the Virgin's face vaguely appearing high in its tip. One major purchase was a green marble column with indentations—a fine Modern Museum type of work, definitely non-Virginal. There were two good gray-and-white abstract canvases of a marketable contemporary style, but the abstraction purchased was pale blue, contrary to Bernadette's vision. Probably the most sensible purchase for iconographic use in the famous subterranean Lourdes shrine was a dwarf-size hooded and faceless modernist Virgin of flat wrought iron and excellent style, with her arms outstretched like wings, which could look visionary in a dark Lady Chapel with candles guttering behind her. It seems odd and significant that in this heyday of abstract painting

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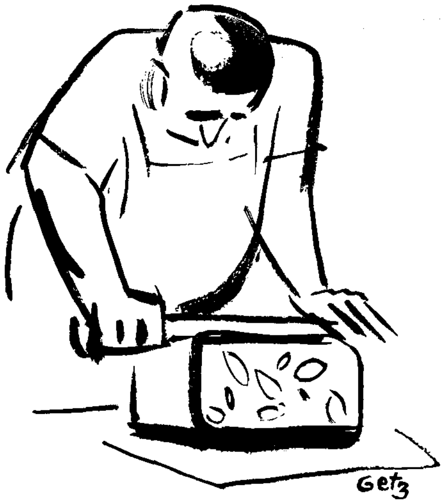
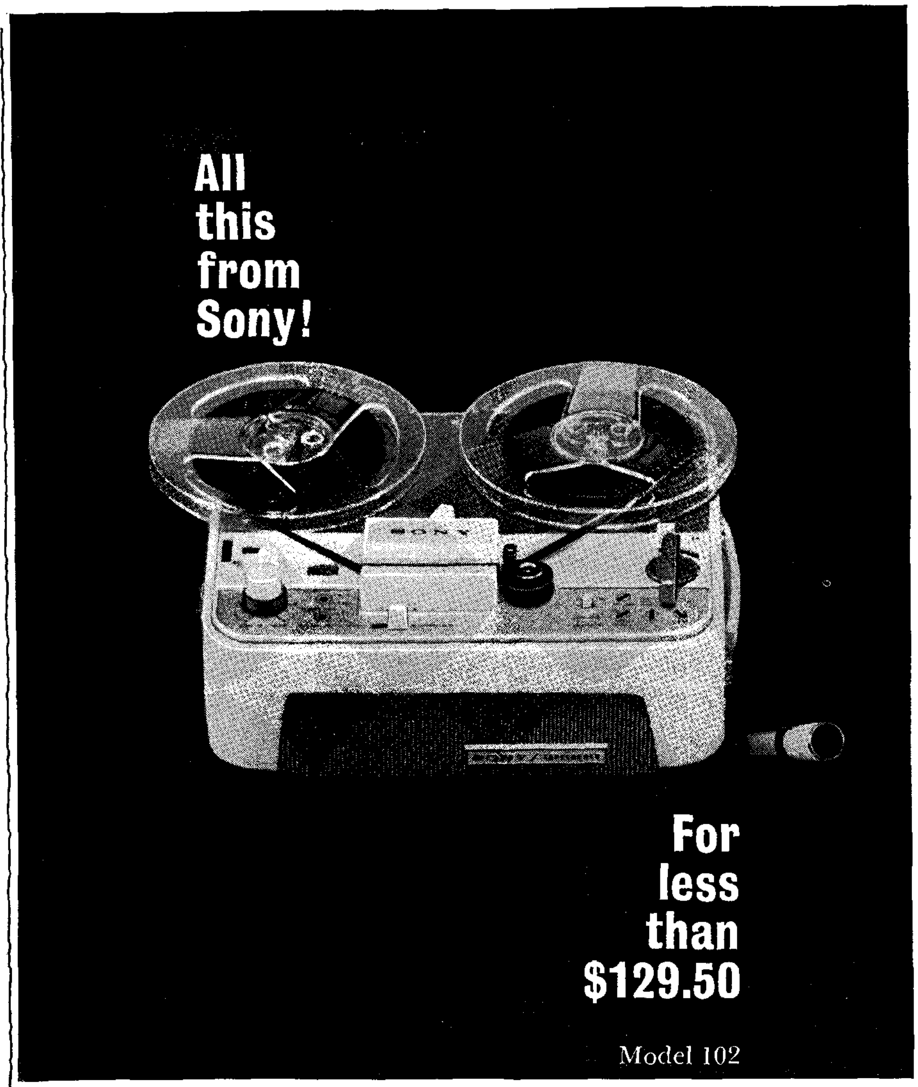
not one artist in the Lourdes competition produced a non-figurative all-white composition, even according to his own ideas, let alone those of an inspired peasant girl in 1858. Regardless of color, the half-dozen modernist prizewinners and purchases are to be exhibited at Lourdes to the pilgrims throughout the summer months by the courageous Bishop.

IT is a good thing that there can't be many Peking Communist tourists here in Paris to go to the Olympia and be doctrinally outraged by "Le Grand Music-Hall de Moscou," with its "100 Artistes Prestigieux Venus de Toutes les Républiques Soviétiques," and, above all, by its knockout line of slender, high-kicking Russian chorus girls. Politically, this show is goulash, not Marxism. The Peking ballet that performed here recently was apolitical, because it was Eastern and traditional. This Moscow show is politically Western and capitalist, because of the twenty-six chorus girls. They are totalitarian only in the perfect success of their united training, also maybe in their all being of the same size and proportions, and in all having the same impersonal, respectable gaiety—equipped with identical slender thighs, well-rigged busts, and happy and pretty enough faces as they march, strut, and kick. These Communist chorus girls are surely the most mannerly coryphees the world has seen anywhere since the thaw in the Cold War. They merely kick and march in winding rhythmic rows, and bring down the house with their patterned motion. What they wear is theatrically chic. They start off in black leotards with gold- or silver-metal breastplates. Later, against a crystal-beaded curtain that imitates rain (the only set sent from Moscow; otherwise the show has no décors at all), they do a "Parapluies de





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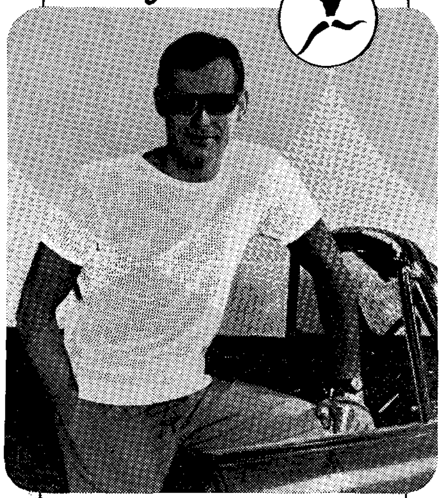

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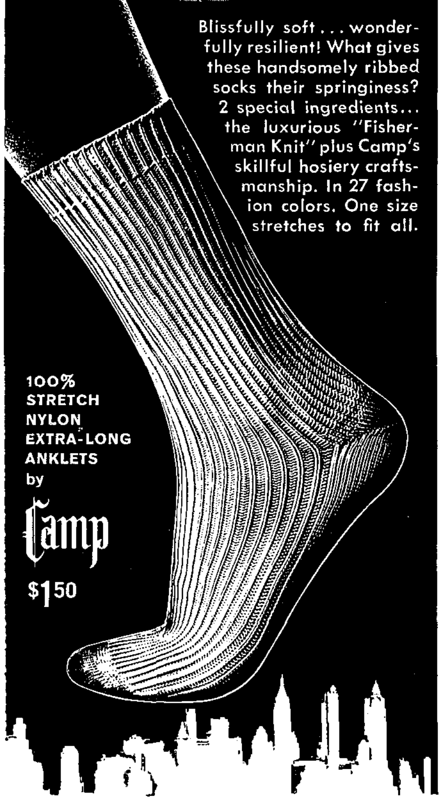
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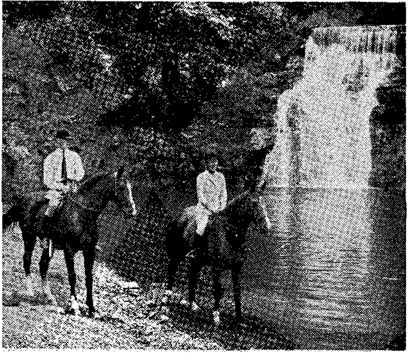
The rest of the show is vaudeville acts, five or six of them superb. The star strong men and tumblers are all short, young, and dressed in street clothes, and they have a national naturalistic style that is quiet and non-showoff—the way David Oistrakh plays the violin. There are two invaluable satirical puppeteers. In one of their acts, a girl monkey with an advertisement portrait of a professional beauty in her paw copies the whole makeup, shadowing her eyes, rouging her mug, and finally pulling off her brown hide to give herself a full décolletage—wonderful gibbering fun. There is a virtuoso from Tadzhikistan who beats occult percussions on three tambourines at once, and there is the regular long-winded Ukrainian basso, and there are Tartar, Georgian, and Tashkent performers—all the vaudeville sons of old Mother Russia. The Moscow Music Hall is to run a month at the Olympia. On your trip here, don't forget those twenty-six slim Russian chorus girls.

THIS week begins what ought to be a rare annual series of concerts, operettas, and plays known as Le Festival du Marais—that district around the Place des Vosges with its elegant palaces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, built by nobles, fallen into dilapidation during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and now being restored as *monuments historiques* and turned into nocturnal attractions. The Marais program, which will continue until the twenty-seventh of the month, opened yesterday with a private official gala in the court of the Hôtel de Soubise, which contained summer seats for two thousand. Among the plays to be given at the Soubise, Sully, and D'Aumont palaces are "Roméo et Juliette," Victor Hugo's "Lucrèce Borgia," and Marivaux's "Les Fausses Confidences." Georges Brassens, the popular artist of records and the music-hall stage, who sings his own music and



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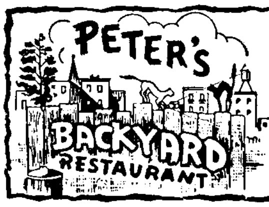

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poems about the sweet wretchedness of love and meagre philosophies about being poor, will sing in the court of the Hôtel de Sully, built (1624-30) and owned by Henri IV's Minister of Finance, the Duc de Sully. At night now, its cleaned stone looks as white as silver itself. Its carved portals and eaves will be a resonant sounding board for the Parisian plaints, like Villon's, that Brassens will sing.

THIS coming Saturday will be the twentieth anniversary of the English, Canadian, and American landings on Omaha and Utah Beaches in the decisive invasion of France—by them and not by the French, by their generals and not by General de Gaulle. The French citizens, often wearied by or captious about de Gaulle's standoffish reaction to the Anglo-Saxons, seem solidly behind him in his refusal to participate in this anniversary on those bloody, historic sands of his native land where he was not invited to set foot.

—GENÊT

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[*Excerpt from a translation of the Japanese Law Concerning Foreign Investment, Law No. 163 of 1950*]

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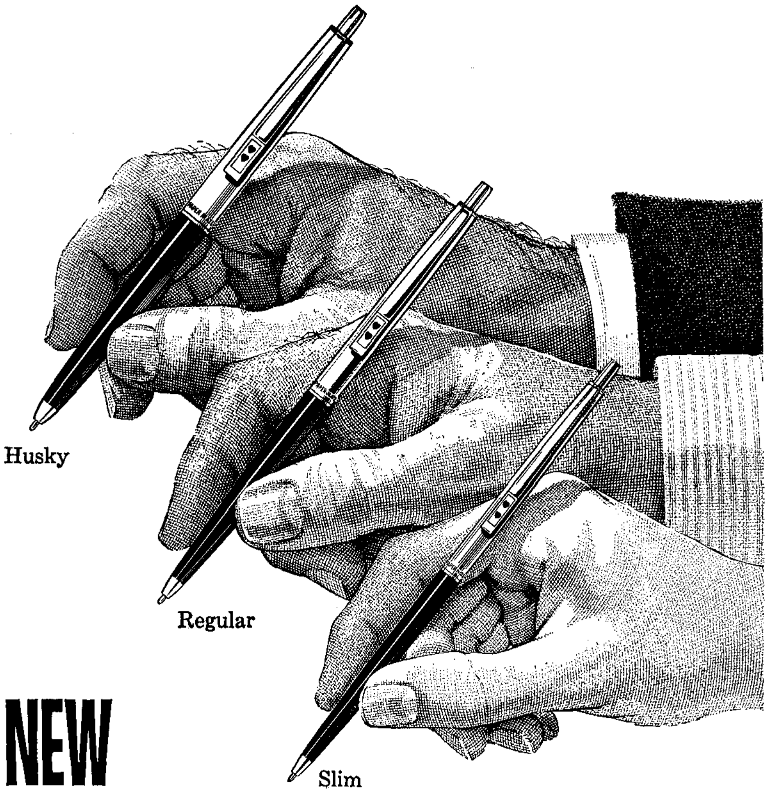

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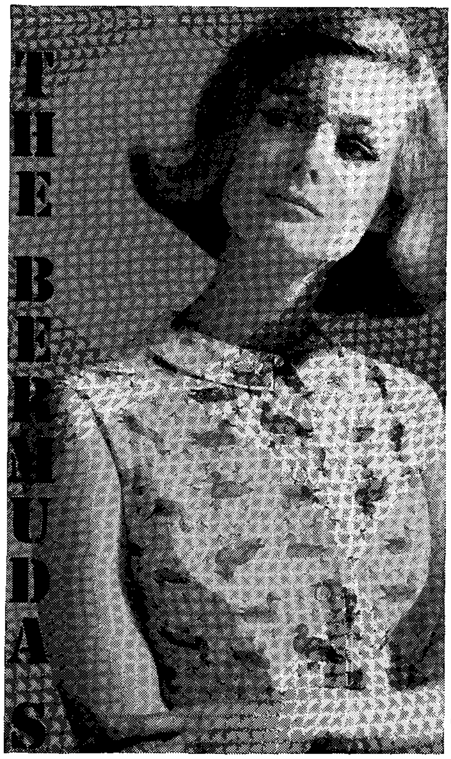

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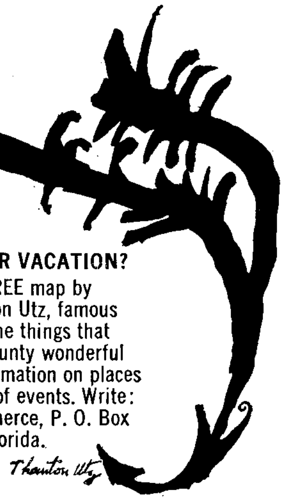

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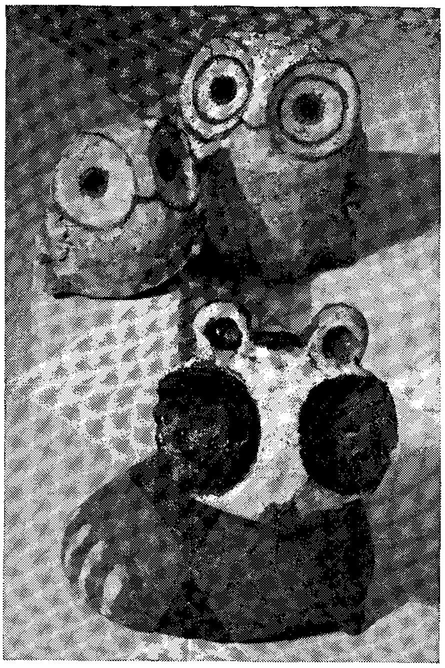

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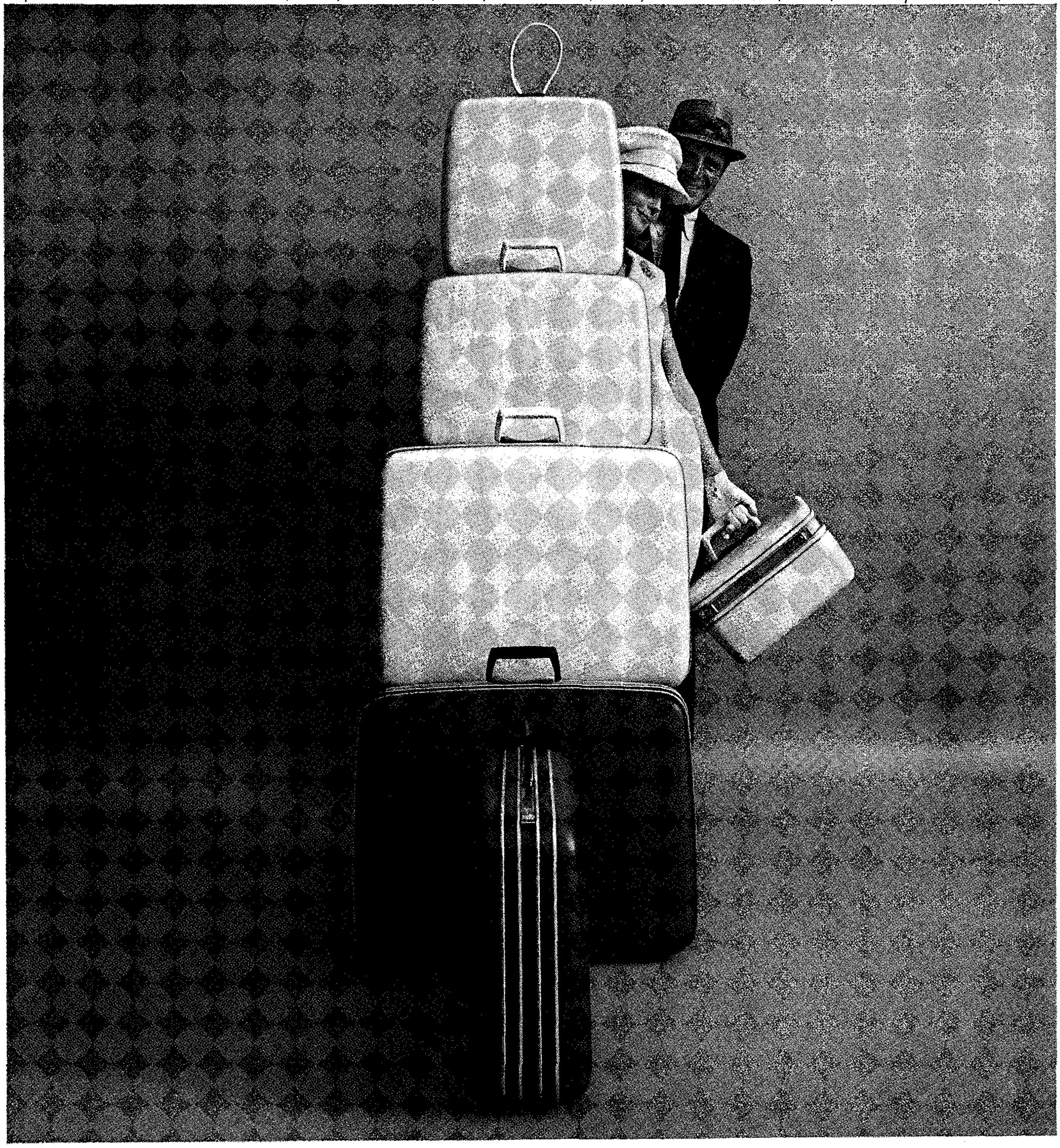

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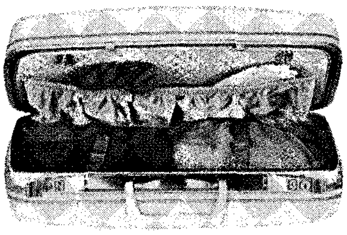

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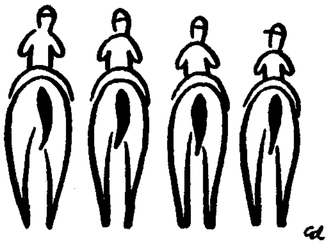
THE RACE TRACK

Blues for a Dancer

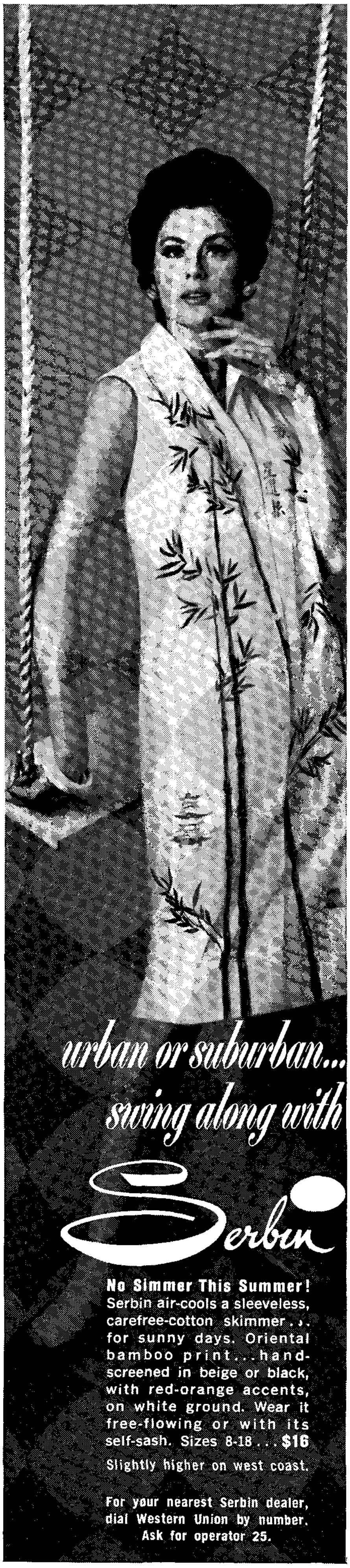
YOU can always expect the unexpected on a racecourse, but it was still a shock to see Northern Dancer, winner of his last six starts, which included the Flamingo, the Florida Derby, the Blue Grass, the Kentucky Derby, and the Preakness, beaten in the Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend. Tiring badly two furlongs from home, he finished third, behind Quadrangle and Roman Brother. Even though things didn't turn out the way most of the 61,215 spectators had hoped they would (Northern Dancer was a 4-5 favorite), the race was as enthralling as you'd see in a month of Sundays, and the best horse won.



Despite a light rain and a cold wind, such a crowd gathered in the paddock at saddling time for the Belmont that it wasn't easy to get a good view of the eight three-year-olds who were running, but I thought that Quadrangle, a big, powerful bay colt, looked especially fit, and that Northern Dancer, an entirely different type, had never been more pleasing in appearance, giving every indication by his manner that he was at his best. Hill Rise wasn't as fidgety as usual, but he appeared lighter in flesh than he had been for the Preakness, three weeks before. Roman Brother also seemed to have fined down—almost to the point of anemia—since then. On the other hand, Orientalist was the picture of readiness. Orientalist, by the way, was probably to blame—if you care to put it that way—for the large number of starters. Early in the week, only four were expected, so Jim Conway, who trains Orientalist, made him a supplementary entry. After all, in a mile-and-a-half race anything might happen. No doubt with the same thought in mind, other trainers put in Roman Brother, Brave Lad, Determined Man, and Shook. Orientalist did his best; getting off running, he led for about a mile, followed closely by Hill Rise, Shook, and Quadrangle. Away more slowly, Northern Dancer galloped along smoothly and easily as he took the outside course down the backstretch to join the leaders. Rounding the far turn, he began his run, and as he turned into the homestretch he was only half a length behind Quadrangle, who had taken command earlier on. Then, all of a sudden, Northern Dancer shortened his stride, and Quadrangle went on to win by two lengths from Roman Brother, who came up on the rail and was four lengths ahead of Northern Dancer as they passed the post. Quadrangle paid a $15.10 mutuel. After weighing in, Shoemaker, who rode Hill Rise, lodged a claim of foul against Hartack, who was on Northern Dancer, charging crowding on the turn, but the stewards disallowed the claim. The Belmont was run in 2:28⅖, and the pace was notable for its evenness, the quarters being ticked off in 0:24⅗, 0:24⅖, 0:25⅘, 0:24⅗, 0:24⅗, and 0:24⅖. Incidentally, the final time was exactly the same as it was when Sword Dancer won the race at Belmont Park five years ago. As you know, Elliott Burch, who trains Quadrangle for Paul Mellon, also trained Sword Dancer for Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane. If he doesn't mind my saying so, Burch has done a fine job of handling Quadrangle.

A mile and a half is the most trying of all distances in racing, because, to win, a runner must have both speed and stamina. Not to mince words about it, Northern Dancer is no mile-and-a-half horse. Indeed, I hadn't thought he was. I had thought, though, that his high quality—some call it class—would carry him through to victory, but great-hearted as he is, that wasn't enough. Oh, well, he'll win the Queen's Plate at Woodbine a week from Saturday. Hill Rise will have a holiday, probably until Saratoga, but I daresay that Roman Brother will continue campaigning. He's a remarkable fellow for his pounds and inches.

THOUGH the Belmont was the big show at Aqueduct last week, I shouldn't like to neglect the Mother Goose Stakes, the second in a series of three events for three-year-old fillies. It went to a lively little number with the unpronounceable name of Sceree, who won by a head from Face the Facts. Just Fancy That was third, and Castle Forbes, winner of the Acorn Stakes earlier in the meeting, was fourth. Twelve fillies ran, and most of them will be out again this weekend for the Coaching Club American



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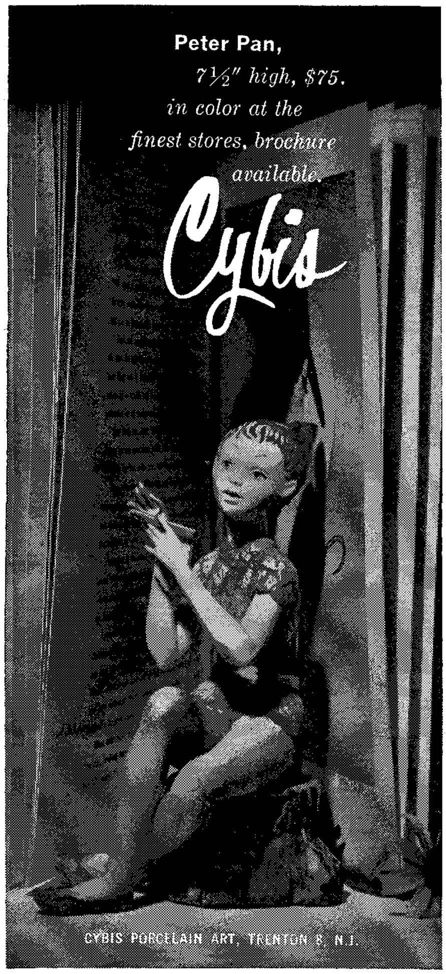

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Oaks, the final event of the series. No selections.

STILL on the subject of three-year-olds, ten of them ran for the Kent Stakes at Delaware Park last Saturday, and the winner turned up in Kentucky Jug, who beat Knightly Manner, Bushers Court, and seven others. One of the also-rans was Bupers, who was at Aqueduct earlier in the week and finished fourth to Malicious, Contribute, and Lord Birchfield. He needs a rest.

MONMOUTH PARK, one of this department's favorite tracks, opened last week, and any day now Colonel Martingale is going to Jersey to look things over. As a matter of fact, he should have been there last weekend to see the running of the Tyro Stakes, for two-year-olds, at five and a half furlongs, since he had a notion that Golden Joey wouldn't like the distance as well as he had liked five furlongs earlier in the season. Golden Joey didn't. After showing amazing speed and opening up a long lead, he ran out of gas and was beaten by both Native Charger—a gray son of Native Dancer—and Time Tested.

SO Kelso was beaten again. He finished sixth in a field of ten in the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park last Saturday, and, from all accounts, he was never prominent in the running. He was even worse in his previous start out there, and chances are that he'll be back at Belmont Park before you read this. For the record, the winner of the Californian was one Mustard Plaster, who beat Mr. Consistency by open daylight and paid a $30.20 mutuel. Colorado King was third. I remember the Californian well—particularly the 1956 running, in which Porterhouse beat Swaps. Dear me, how time flies!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

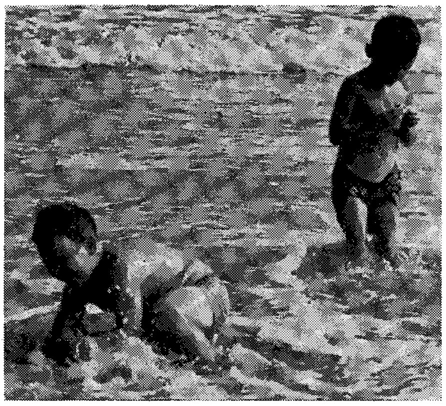
Are you hopeful about the U.S.-U.S.S.R. nuclear cutback?
The sameness of the TV formats is assured. There will be a few new faces in new shows—and they will swiftly become old faces and forgotten shows after the ratings destroy them.—*Miami Herald.*

Next question.

•

R. Sargent Shriver last night called for the establishment of "a farm labor system that is based on poverty and destitution."
—*Washington Post.*

Shriver drives himself too hard.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Fun and Games

THE English are notoriously a sensible and sunny-tempered people, and their music is apt to reflect these attributes. Even such Central European composers as have been closely associated with England—Handel and Mendelssohn, to name two—have tended to catch the infection. Whether or not this tendency toward optimism is the ideal atmosphere for the creation of great music may be debated. The greatest music seems to have emerged—in the nineteenth century, at least—from areas beset by widespread mental disturbance. Schizophrenia and paranoia have undoubtedly been powerful stimulants to the art, especially in its more monumental forms. The English composer, being completely sane, has tended to regard his art mainly as a means of giving pleasure to audiences. He is inclined toward conservatism, he is not the most original composer in the world, and he is likely to be most eloquent when he is dealing with the smaller or less ambitious forms of music. But he has created an amazing amount of music that can delight the listener, he is often a superb craftsman, and though his music is less well known to us than that of the Germans and the Russians, we *do* get a chance to hear it from time to time.

Last week in Philharmonic Hall we had such a chance, when Sir Malcolm Sargent appeared as conductor of two "Promenade" concert programs—the first, on Wednesday night, being devoted entirely to English music, and the second, on Saturday night, to a mixture including some English compositions and some from the Continent, each of them connected in one way or another with the plays of Shakespeare. The works were all, of course, from the lighter side of the repertoire, but, as I have said, it is in lighter music that the English generally exhibit their most characteristic talents, and both programs not only were interesting but also were calculated to send the audience away in the cheeriest of moods. Part of the good cheer was undoubtedly attributable to the spirit that Sir Malcolm infused into everything he did. He is, as most people know, a fastidious and technically accomplished maestro in any type of music, but he also has a particu-

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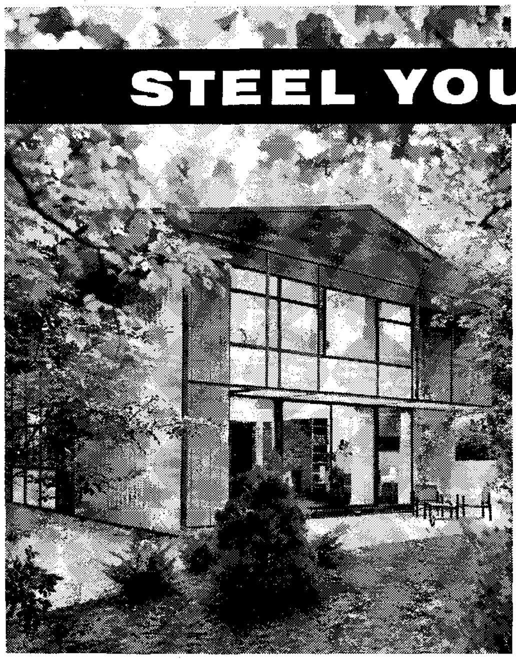

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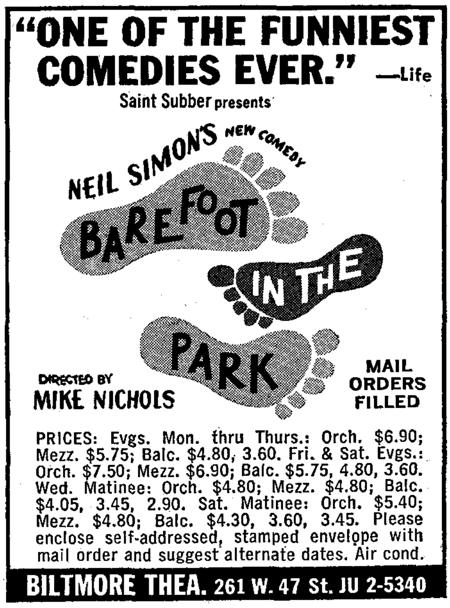

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lar flair for festive occasions, and his appearance last week (I use the word in the visual sense)—soldierly bearing, white carnation in the buttonhole, and a baton suggesting, though not really held like, a rapier—gave the "Promenades" just the touch of suavity and gallantry they needed.

Wednesday night's concert opened with Sir Arthur Sullivan's overture "Di Ballo," a youthful composition preceding his collaboration with W. S. Gilbert. I have noted that Englishmen are not likely to be the most original composers in the world, and this work is a case in point. It is about three parts Rossini and one part Mendelssohn—well shaken, however, so that the resulting cocktail proved as refreshing as could be. It was followed by Henry Balfour Gardiner's "Shepherd Fennel's Dance," a pleasingly boisterous item inspired by a character in one of Thomas Hardy's short stories. This, in turn, was followed by two excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan operettas—three, actually, if one includes an encore, "Love Is a Plaintive Song," from "Patience"—all sung by Lee Venora. Miss Venora is a grand-opera lyric soprano rather than a Gilbert and Sullivan specialist, and I missed the clarity of enunciation that the specialist would have had, but Miss Venora's voice is a beautiful one, and she made up in fine tone quality for any obscurities in the delivery of Gilbert's verses. Then we had Benjamin Britten's "Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Purcell," otherwise known as "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra" and known to us particularly as the music for one of Jerome Robbins' more exuberant ballets. Following the intermission, we heard excerpts from the First and Second "Façade" Suites of William Walton, and then came Gustav Holst's "Mars," "Venus," and "Jupiter," from "The Planets." It is seldom that real wit is achieved in the art of music. What usually passes for it is merely a sort of rambunctiousness. But Walton's "Façade" Suites are among the rare examples of musical wit that come to mind, and though they have been performed here repeatedly, with and without ballet, they never seem to lose their power of inducing unbridled hilarity. Sir Malcolm, moreover, proved to be the ideal conductor for them. Holst's three planets wound up things on a slightly more serious and majestic, though still optimistic, plane.

THE Shakespeare "Promenade," on Saturday night, was scarcely less delightful. The beauty of

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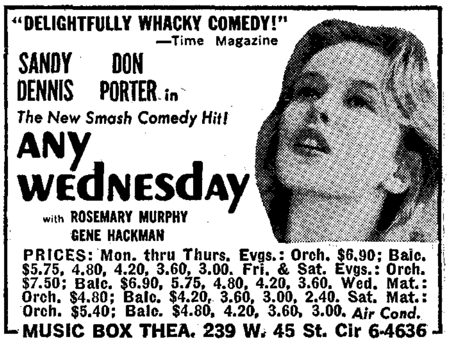

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this series of concerts is that one gets a chance to hear a great deal of music that is passed by on regular symphonic programs because it is neither soul-shattering nor fashionably eccentric. This program started out with a splendid fanfare for brass instruments arranged by Sir Malcolm from music that William Walton wrote for the film version of "Hamlet" (it was done by the Philharmonic's brass section standing up and looking very impressive), and proceeded with a brilliant reading of the overture to Berlioz's "Beatrice and Benedick." There followed "Three Shakespeare Songs," written by the late Roger Quilter with the utmost taste and artistry and in a style that the far-out pundits would consider anachronistic but that I, who do not take historical determinism so seriously, found perfectly charming. They were sung admirably by Richard Cassilly. After that, we had Tchaikovsky's Fantasy Overture "Romeo and Juliet," which I could have done without, on the ground of overfamiliarity, but which the audience seemed to enjoy, and which, indeed, got a performance of unusual lucidity. Sir Ralph Vaughan Williams' "Serenade to Music"—one of that remarkable composer's most appealing scores—was performed after the intermission with the help of twenty-five singers from the Schola Cantorum, plus Veronica Tyler, Mary Hensley, Mr. Cassilly, and Joshua Hecht, all of whom sang at least acceptably. The evening closed with excerpts from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music.

All through both programs, Sir Malcolm conducted with evident enthusiasm for his task, and the audience was obviously delighted. Philharmonic Hall remains a pretty lugubrious place for this sort of thing. Perhaps someday the management will at least give its interior a coat of lighter paint. Meanwhile, I did notice one improvement. The introduction of tables and chairs, rubber flooring, and so on has made the acoustics a hundred per cent better. Perhaps all that this great, efficient-looking barn needs is a little more calculated disorder. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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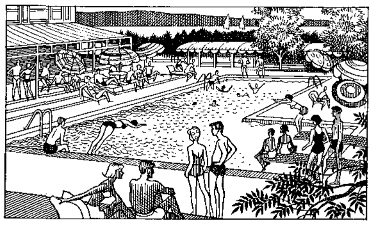

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bent. Indeed, because of his awesome energy and the limitations of his instrument, his sausage has long since burst. The explosion multiplied Mingus, first producing Mingus the exhorter. This Mingus lectures audiences on their inattentiveness or rudeness and writes steaming notes for record liners and letters to music-magazine editors. He has been known to carry these efforts to logical ends by punching the object of his persuasions on the nose. Another Mingus is Mingus the organizer. In 1960, this Mingus, along with Max Roach, put together, ran, and played in a successful rump jazz festival at Newport that survived Big Brother itself when Big Brother was closed down by the Newport Riot. He next presented himself at Town Hall with a superlative thirty-odd-piece band, but the evening was devoted largely to vicious-circle explanations by Mingus to the audience of why he wasn't playing more and talking less. Not long after, still another Mingus appeared—Mingus the autobiographer. The newspapers noted that this Mingus had completed a long and controversial autobiography, which would be published soon. Its author, the papers added, had decided to leave music and live in Europe. (The book is unpublished and Mingus is here.) All the while, Mingus, in addition to growing a beard, had been steadily swelling in size, as if he needed more room to house his many selves in. Then it became clear that the inevitable struggle was at last shaping up between Mingus the bassist and his offshoots. For a time, it looked dark for Mingus the bassist; he quit the instrument altogether and tried the piano, on which he resembled a blurred Monk. But the balance of power abruptly and mysteriously shifted, and Mingus the bassist neatly floored his usurpers. He took up his instrument again, lost seventy or eighty pounds, cut off his whiskers, shackled his extraneous selves, and opened a week or so ago at the Five Spot with a brand-new quartet for an unlimited run. I had forgotten, I discovered on a visit a night or two after his return, what a marvel the old Mingus is.

Mingus's music is ruthlessly honest. He is incapable of giving a performance for the sake of a performance. When he feels right, his music is exhilarating; when he is angry, his music is angry; when he is dispirited, his music is dispirited. (During his piano period, his music seemed wholly indifferent.) The other night, Mingus was reportedly in a fury, and his music showed it. (The day before his opening at the Five Spot, an acquaintance of his told me, he had

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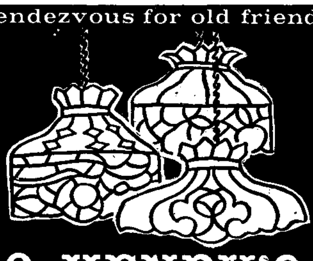

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wound up an engagement on the West Coast and hadn't been paid what he had hoped.) It was raw and loud and exhausting. Each of the five numbers I heard lasted upward of half an hour, and had the tone of a brilliant, galloping harangue. No rhythm or tempo appeared to satisfy him. In rapid succession, he used waltz time, four-four, six-eight, and Oriental rhythms. He doubled and tripled tempos, used curved tempos (slowly accelerating and decelerating), and played without tempo of any sort. He used stop-time and shuffle rhythms. There were some noble moments. In "Meditations," he played a long bowed solo that was beautiful despite its sounding flat throughout. (He had complained to the management at the outset of the number that the piano was out of tune and had apparently then perversely tuned his bass to match the piano.) In "The Fables of Faubus," which has a sly, sarcastic melody, he took the subtlest bass solo I've ever heard. No note was accented beyond its time value; there were runs of bewildering speed and precision; there were ringing pauses and dense sprays of notes that dissolved when they hit the air. Best of all, in an untitled medium-tempo blues, was a series of four-bar exchanges with Danny Richmond, his drummer. Mingus was all over Richmond, parodying his breaks, suggesting new ones, and capping Richmond's answers. Richmond's ensuing solo reflected the fervor that his leader had worked him into. The rest of the quartet was swept along by the tide. Jane Getz, a new pianist, and no relation to the tenor saxophonist, kept her head above water, and Clifford Jordan, an easygoing hard-bop tenor saxophonist, did even better. At one point in the evening, Mingus the exhorter appeared briefly, trading insults with a heckler in the audience. The exchange went no further than that (at its conclusion Mingus, in the manner of a pitcher disgusted with an umpire's call, turned his back squarely on his antagonist and went on with his work), but it suggested that Mingus the bassist must remain on guard.

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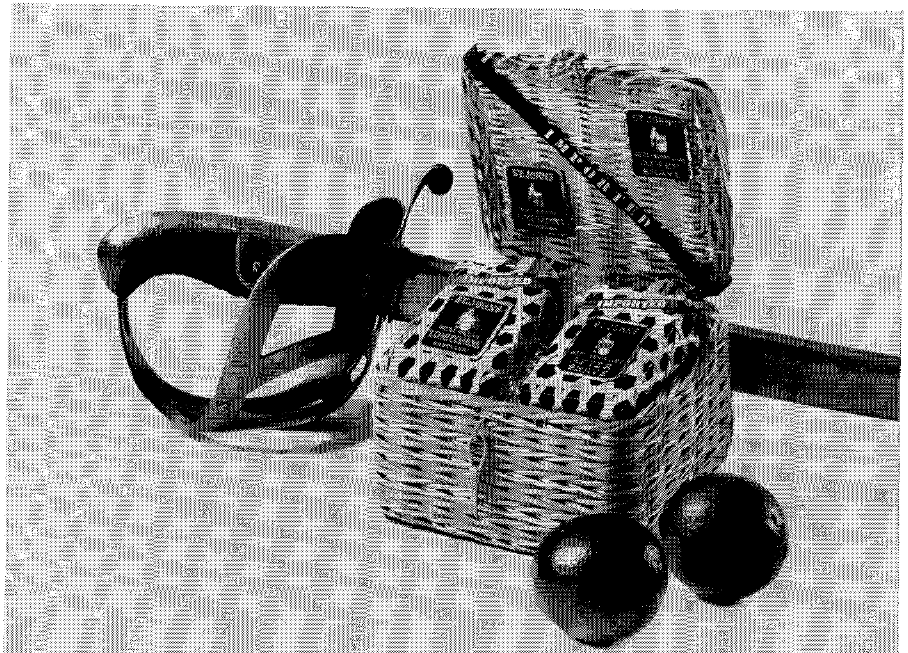

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BOOKS

Setting Back the Clock

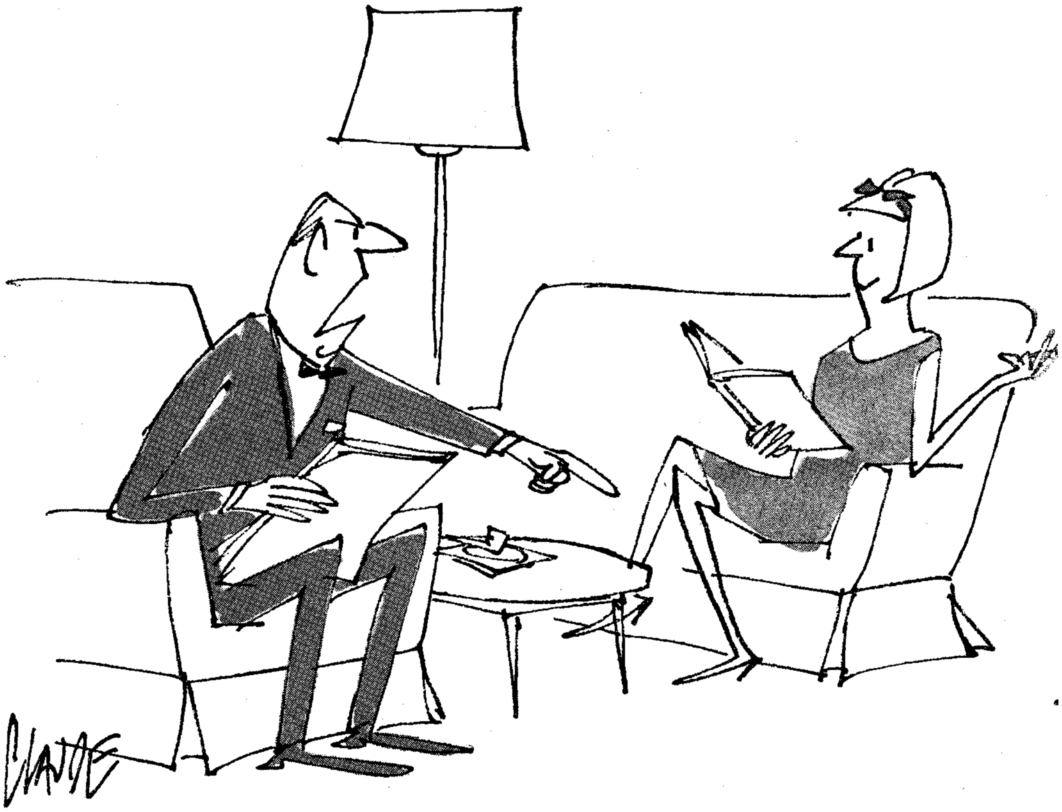
TO anyone who has seen an atomic explosion, one of its most impressive aspects is the "transformation." Before the explosion, one is in the presence of a complex, inert mechanical device, which, by the process of the explosion, is suddenly transformed into an insane, almost incomprehensible inferno. This is true of any chemical explosion, of course, but the difference in scale is so great that the experience is *qualitatively* different. When the first atomic device was exploded at Alamogordo, in the summer of 1945, one of the physicists witnessing the growing fireball had a fleeting nightmare that it was going to keep growing until it had consumed the entire world, and Dr. Oppenheimer, who had for many years been a student of Indian philosophy and religion, thought of a fragment from the Bhagavad-Gita:

> If the radiance of a thousand suns
> were to burst into the sky,
> that would be like
> the splendor of the Mighty One.

The scientists working on the bomb project who were in a position to know what they were working on were quite aware that the bomb would introduce a completely new force into world politics. From the very beginning, they understood that an enormous educational effort would be necessary to make people understand that the world had been wholly transformed, for better or worse. In the fall of 1945, a group of men involved in the Manhattan Project decided to put out a newsletter as a means of beginning this education. The first issue of this *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, which was, and still is, edited by Professor Eugene Rabinowitch, a distinguished physical chemist, appeared in December of that year. It had an initial circulation of five or six thousand, but it has since become a full-fledged magazine, with a circulation of almost thirty thousand. Over the years, it has published a superb collection of articles about the era we have now entered, and some of the best have just been reprinted by Basic Books in "The Atomic Age," edited by the late Morton Grodzins, a political scientist at the University of Chicago, and by Professor Rabinowitch, who is at the University of Illinois. (Professor Rabinowitch has just brought out a collection of his own essays on science and human affairs, called "The Dawn of a New Age" and published by the University of Chicago Press.) "The Atomic Age" is a striking and fascinating book. In their introduction, the editors tell us:

> The power of the fissioned atomic nucleus had been revealed at Alamogordo in June, 1945, to scientists working on the Manhattan Project, and revealed to the world at large at Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August of the same year. The *Bulletin* began as an emergency action, undertaken by scientists who saw urgent need for an immediate educational program. One purpose was to make fellow scientists aware of the new relationships between their own world of science and the world of national and international politics. A second was to help the public understand what nuclear energy and its application to war meant for mankind. It was anticipated that the atomic bomb would be only the first of many dangerous presents from Pandora's box of modern science. Consequently, it was clear that the education of man to the realities of the scientific age would be a long, sustained effort.

From almost its very first issue, a clock—"the clock of doom"—has appeared with great frequency on the cover of the *Bulletin*, and its hands have always been close to midnight. After the explosion of the first Russian atomic device, in October of 1949, the hands were set closer to twelve, and they were set even farther forward after the explosion of the first Russian hydrogen bomb, in September of 1953. Recently, following the signing of the test-ban treaty, they were moved back to seven minutes before midnight. The essays in this collection have been arranged to reflect these changes of mood and outlook. There are four sections: "Failure," "Peril," "Fear," and "Hope." Under "Failure," the editors have included the by now well-known Franck Report, written for Secretary of War Henry Stimson in June, 1945, before the successful test at Alamogordo, by a group of scientists at the "Metallurgical Laboratory" of the University of Chicago. "Metallurgical Laboratory" was the code name for the part of the bomb project that was being carried on in Chicago, and the report was the



"Come on, Gloria, for heaven's sake!"

work of a committee headed by the Nobel Prize-winning physicist James Franck. One of several comments on the future of nuclear weapons that had been solicited from the atomic-bomb laboratories by Stimson, it urged that the bomb be used first in a supervised United Nations demonstration for the benefit of the Japanese, to be held "on the desert or a barren island," rather than on a target in Japan. The authors of the report felt that such an internationally supervised demonstration might prevent a vast nuclear-arms race. The suggestion was not adopted, and in 1947, in an article in *Harper's*, also reprinted in this book, Stimson offered the reasoning against it that finally prevailed in the Interim Committee, a group of prominent men, including some scientists, who had the responsibility of advising the President about the implications of atomic weapons:

> The Interim Committee carefully considered such alternatives as a detailed advance warning or a demonstration in some uninhabited area. Both of these suggestions were discarded as impractical. They were not regarded as likely to be effective in compelling a surrender of Japan, and both of them involved serious risks. Even the New Mexico tests would not give final proof that any given bomb was certain to explode when dropped from an airplane. Quite apart from the generally unfamiliar nature of atomic explosives, there was the whole problem of exploding a bomb at a predetermined height in the air by a complicated mechanism which could not be tested in the static tests of New Mexico. Nothing would have been more damaging to our effort to obtain surrender than a warning or a demonstration followed by a dud—and this was a real possibility. Furthermore, we had no bombs to waste. It was vital that a sufficient effect be quickly obtained with the few we had.

The bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki followed.

After the explosions, the Western powers made a sincere attempt to achieve some sort of international control of atomic energy through the United Nations. Several of the articles in the "Failure" section, including two especially eloquent ones by Robert Oppenheimer, summarize the total frustration that was experienced in the efforts to come to terms with the Russians. The reason is now obvious: the Russians were working furiously to develop their own atomic weapons, and a successful agreement to control weapons development would have frozen the situation. Although it had been clear to Western atomic scientists from the very beginning that no secrecy on our part could keep the Russians or anyone else from getting the bomb (the point was made

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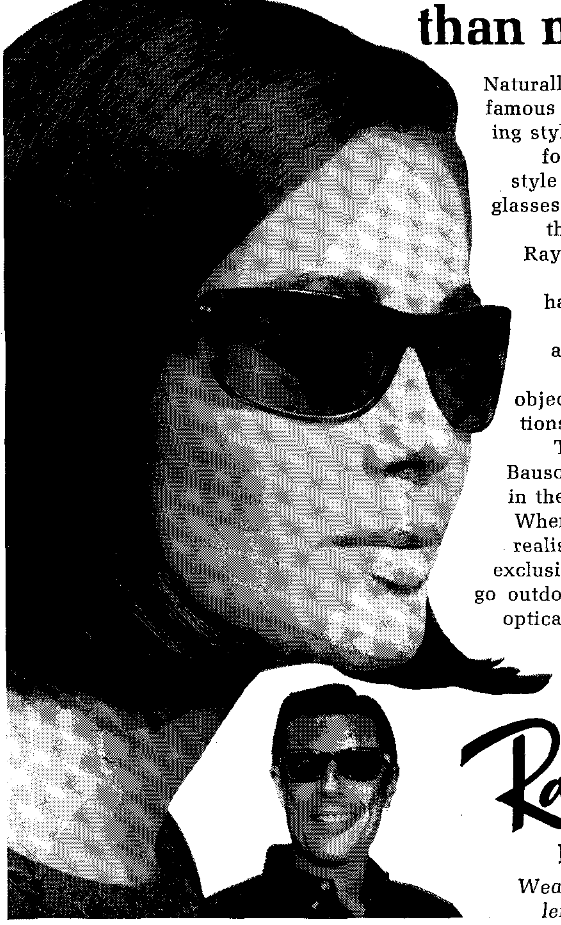

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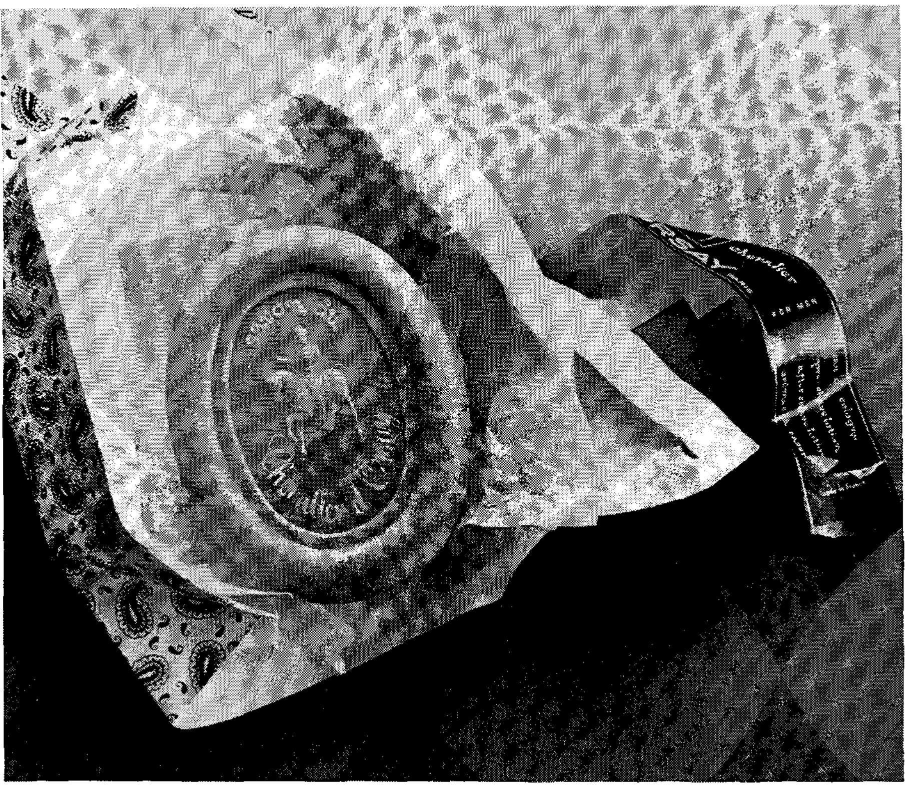

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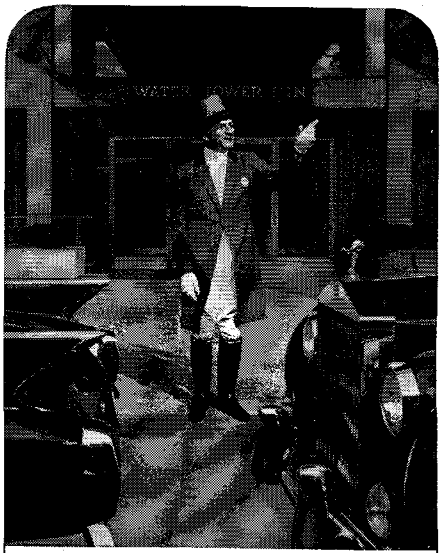
in a rhyming alphabet put together during the war by Edward Teller: "S stands for Secret; you can keep it forever/ Provided there's no one abroad who is clever"), great surprise was caused by the disclosure that the Russians had begun work on their own bomb even before the successful test at Alamogordo, having apparently started at about the same time that we did—in 1940. And while we knew virtually nothing of their work, they had obtained considerable knowledge of ours, through espionage. Much has been written about Soviet espionage, and part of the "Fear" section is devoted to it. The Russians must have learned useful details about the engineering of the bomb from men like Klaus Fuchs, but probably the most important things they learned were the degree to which we were committed to the Manhattan Project and the prospects for its success. Anyone who knows how scientific projects operate would find it difficult to believe that a few engineering details learned through espionage could have been of much help in an operation as complex as building an atomic bomb. The most vital secret was that the bomb could be constructed at all, and this secret was, of course, revealed at Alamogordo.

However, the fact that espionage had penetrated an area as closely guarded as Los Alamos was disturbing to both the scientists and the public. It cast doubt on the security system, and—more important, since it was discovered at a time when Americans were just beginning to realize and react to the terrifying implications of the worldwide proliferation of atomic weapons—it helped to prompt a fanatical drive for security, which, because of its excesses, came close to persuading scientists not to enter or remain in government service. No security system could have completely protected Los Alamos from someone like Fuchs. In a thoughtful article in the *Bulletin* in 1951, which is reprinted in the section on "Fear," the chemist T. Harrison Davies studies the effects of espionage at Los Alamos. He quotes from an interview with Gordon Dean, then chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, just after the conviction of Fuchs. The questioner asked, "Have you any idea what is wrong with human beings or with our system in these democracies of ours that these people will do the things that Fuchs did? Does the scientist have less regard for loyalty to his country than other people? Is he a world citizen who wants to give everything away? What is the reason that



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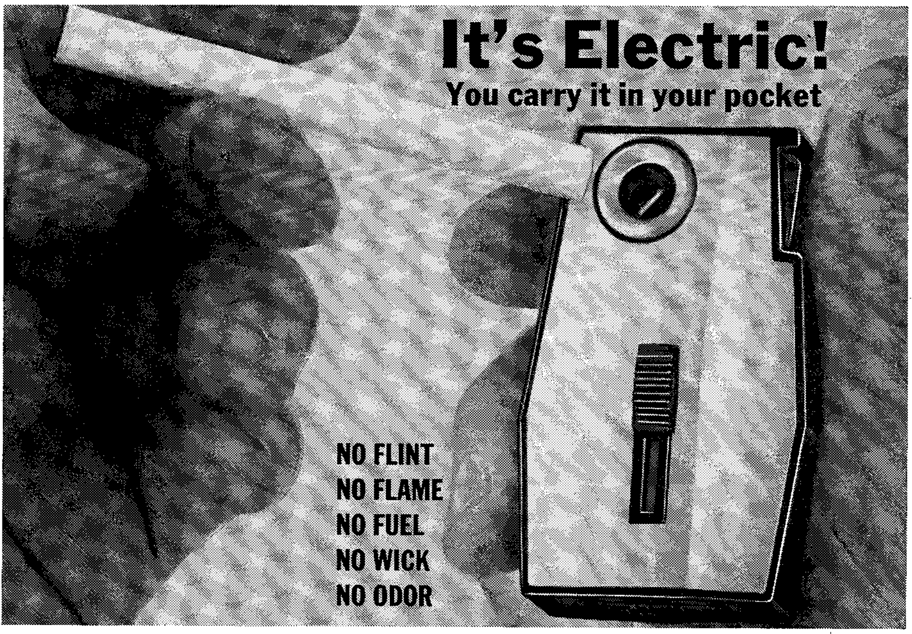
Fuchs got into this thing?" Mr. Dean replied, "I don't think that you can say that scientists are an entirely different breed in that respect. . . . Fuchs is the type of man who, while he might have been caught had there been a real security check on him, might never be caught by any kind of investigation, because apparently he owes his allegiance to nothing that ordinary humans owe theirs to. He is going to make his own decisions regardless of any rules he purports to operate under. What do you do with a man like that? Usually he is a very intelligent man. He is an independent man. He is an idealist of some kind. He might be a Communist-idealist, but he is a man of ideals of some kind. You don't usually spot this kind in a check."

The early nineteen-fifties were a grim time for the scientific community, and many of the essays under "Fear" recall the unpleasantness of the period. There is a brilliant analysis of the legal aspects of the Oppenheimer case by Harry Kalven, Jr., a professor of law at the University of Chicago, who has also contributed an equally striking review of the legal framework of the congressional hearings on Linus Pauling in 1960. There are several articles on the problems that foreign scientists encountered in getting United States visas after they had been invited here to teach or to attend scientific meetings. Edward A. Shils, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, recounts the case of Professor Rudolf E. Peierls, a distinguished German-born British mathematical physicist who had worked here during the war on the Manhattan Project. After the war, Professor Peierls applied for a visa so that he could attend a physics conference in Chicago dealing with matters that were in no way classified. His visa was held up for many months, and, to quote the account, "during this period, while the consul and the Visa Division were pondering or disregarding Professor Peierls' application, he was in the United States on a British diplomatic passport participating in an official Anglo-American conference on the declassification of atomic energy information, in which the information to which he had access was very highly classified." Such things are a sharp reminder of what can happen when fanaticism gets the upper hand over common sense.

In the section of "The Atomic Age" called "Peril," there is a wide range of views about a world in which we and the Russians live, as Oppenheimer has put it, "like two scorpions in a bot-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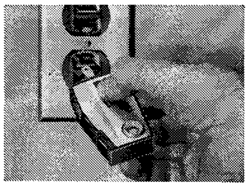
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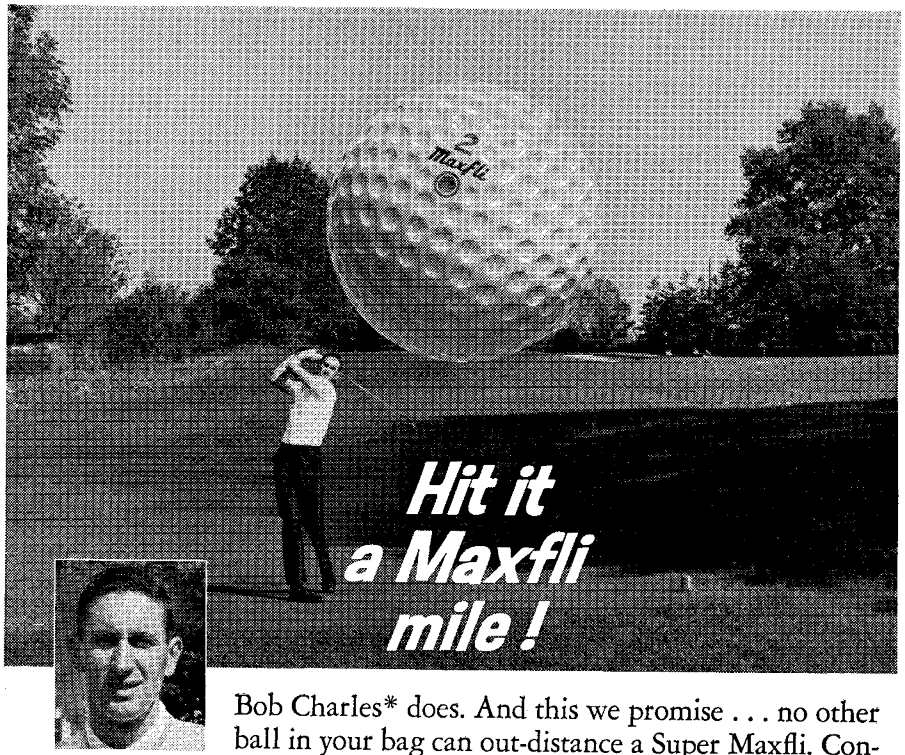

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tle." There are discussions of biological warfare, disarmament, nuclear deterrence, and fallout. One of the most interesting is a brief note by the physicist Freeman Dyson on the danger of bomb shelters:

> The basic question which ought to be considered first in any discussion of nuclear war is not "How many people die in the first attack?" but "How can one imagine the war coming to an end?" In the absence of bomb shelters, the two questions are perhaps equivalent. In that case, the war might reasonably end in a day or a week through the death of the combatant populations. But if shelters are built and effective, then I do not know how the war can end before one side or the other finally runs out of weapons. If past history is any guide, the military machines on both sides will continue to grind until there is nothing left for them to grind. . . . Our present policy of peace through deterrence, so long as we have no bomb shelters, is a policy of finite risk. At the very worst, if deterrence fails, the populations of the nuclear powers may die, but the rest of the world will survive to carry on the aspirations of the human race. Only if we plunge into the vicious circle of building more and more massive bomb shelters do we risk the whole future of humanity itself.

The editors have ended on a note of cautious hope. Nothing can nullify the existence of the bomb. However, old attitudes are changing. The bomb has locked us all together willy-nilly in a reluctant but nonetheless very real international community. In the concluding essay in "The Atomic Age," entitled "Pushing Back the Clock of Doom," Professor Rabinowitch says:

> Future generations may then come to see, in the years which now appear as an era of darkness, confusion, desperation, and deadly danger, the time when a break was first made with the age-long divisive tradition of mankind; when world community began to become a reality.
>
> Three broad changes in man's awareness of human relations are pushing us in this hopeful direction: a change in man's relation to war; a change in man's attitude toward the rule of force; and a growing feeling of personal and national responsibility for the security and prosperity of mankind as a whole, and not only of one's own country.
>
> A generation ago, the belief in the naturalness of war, in the glory of victorious battles, in the rationality of the use of military power as a tool of national policy was universal. In a Russian "student calendar" which I used to buy every year before the First World War, there was a table showing the number of battles each country had fought in its history with the comment, "France, the most civilized of all countries, has also engaged in the greatest number of battles." This attitude toward war is now dead. What was once the faith of a few exalted religious leaders and the reasoned conclusion of a few humanist philosophers—that war is evil and

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that the establishment of permanent peace must be the considered aim of mankind—has now become a common, everyday belief of men and women all over the world.

Any optimism about the future of a world blanketed by opposing atomic weapons must be guarded, because it is based on the shaky assumption that reason will prevail over instinct and madness. Pondering this, I am often reminded of the fable of the centipede and the frog. The centipede comes to the banks of a stream that it cannot cross because it cannot swim. A friendly frog offers to carry the centipede across the stream, provided that the centipede promises not to sting him. "You see," explains the frog, "if you sting me while I am swimming across with you on my back, I will die, and then, because you can't swim, you will drown." "I see," says the centipede. "It sounds very reasonable." In the middle of the stream, the centipede stings the frog. As the frog is dying and the centipede is about to drown, the frog asks, "How could you have done such a foolish thing? Now we are both going to die." "I know," says the centipede. "I didn't *want* to sting you, but I couldn't help it, for it is my instinct."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COME BACK, DR. CALIGARI, by Donald Barthelme (Little, Brown). In this collection of short stories (four of which originally appeared in this magazine), a very talented young writer seems to carry out the intention repeatedly expressed by one of his comic heroines: "*I want to go somewhere where everything is different.*" In going somewhere different with his fiction, Mr. Barthelme mines the short-story form, producing at every turn a comic explosion (" 'I wonder how I might become slightly more pleasing to the eye?' Rosemarie asked. 'Perhaps I should tattoo myself attractively?' " . . . "The policemen, the flower of the Cleveland Force, accepted a drink and danced ancient police dances of custody and enforcement" . . . "He alleged that on wall of bishop's study was map, placed there were pins representing those in the diocese whose souls were at issue") The author can write extremely well in any number of incongruously mixed styles, and the result is a kind of Surrealist humor that, unlike the works of such other

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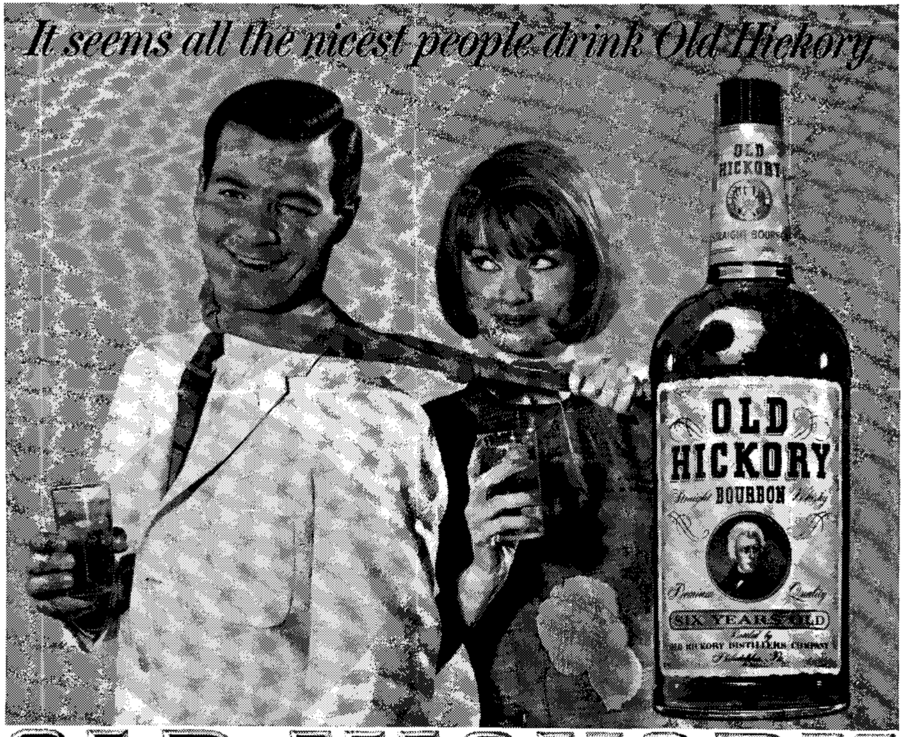

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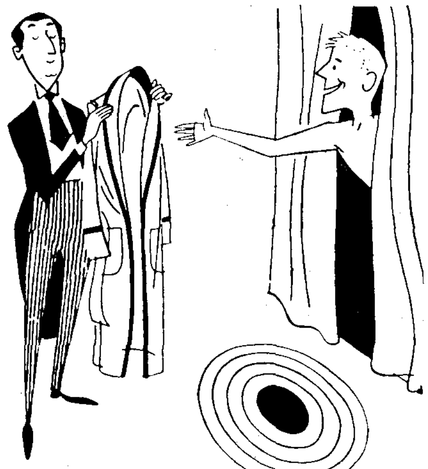

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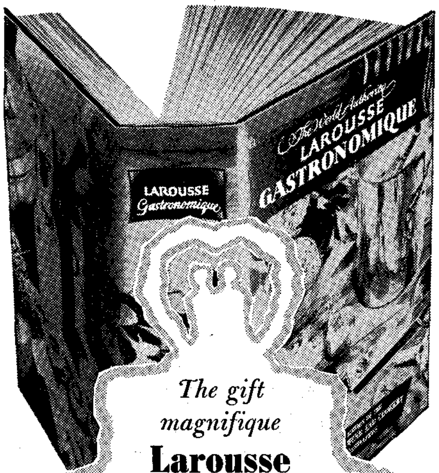

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black comedians as Bruce and Burroughs, is controlled, deft, and not overly self-important.

THE SPIRE, by William Golding (Harcourt, Brace & World). In this by far the least interesting of his novels, Mr. Golding has created a peculiarly nonresonant allegory. Unlike "The Lord of the Flies," which drew upon the excitement of its real adventure story for the power of its symbolism, "The Spire" is a slick and lifeless equation of symbols, with no real level at all. An implausible clergyman, Dean Jocelin, suffering from an unconvincing form of *hubris*, builds a monument to his own sublimated sexuality in the form of a spire too tall to stand. In the end, Dean Jocelin's silly spire is doomed to fall flat—thereby joining William Golding's.

ARMAGEDDON, by Leon Uris (Doubleday). Germany during the Cold War of the late nineteen-forties provides a spacious display ground for Mr. Uris's morose lack of talent. The hero is a pious Don Juan named Sean O'Sullivan. As a captain in the United States Army, Sean is surrounded by satellite figures suitable to the time and the place. There are Germans, saintly and fiendish; Jews, articulate and inarticulate; and Poles, proud and grovelling. Then there are the human Americans, the dispassionate English, and the sophisticated French, and, always within reach, a dull-eyed galaxy of beautiful, punishable women. The action, such as it is, is obscured by Mr. Uris's thumbscrew style. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

BOHEMIAN VERSUS BOURGEOIS: FRENCH SOCIETY AND THE FRENCH MAN OF LETTERS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by César Graña (Basic Books). The author, a sociologist who teaches at the University of Chicago (and who writes beautifully), examines the issues between the artist and business society as they were first, and most noisily, joined in nineteenth-century France, and as they are still being argued today. Writers saw the bourgeoisie as rational, calculating, timid, and determined to quantify the world and make everything in it useful, profitable, and exchangeable. Since writers celebrate what is unique—a person, or an act, or a state of mind that is in itself marvellous and, unlike money, is nontransferable—they could

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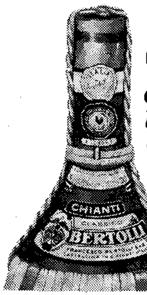

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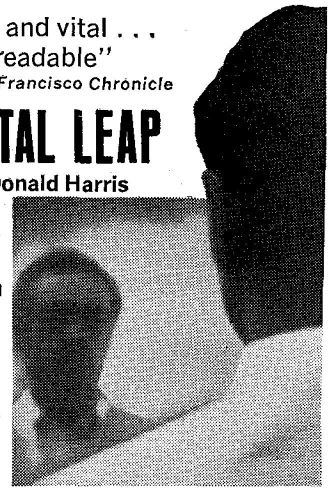

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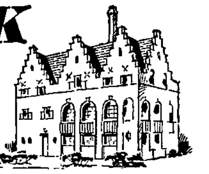

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not help fighting a utilitarian order that seemed to devalue all they had to offer. Literary rebels and their followers usually proposed unappealing substitutes for bourgeois arrangements; their political flounderings and their assorted cults of sex, drugs, dandyism, and poverty were not much more practical than the artists themselves. Yet Mr. Graña sees their point—and the point of their twentieth-century descendants—in protesting against "a scientifically intended society" that tries to put "human experience on a flat, well-lit plane." A lively, learned, enlightening book.

America's New Policy Makers, by Donald W. Cox (Chilton). Unlike France and the Soviet Union, the United States does not have a tradition of statesmen who are scientifically trained (Jefferson and Franklin being monumental exceptions). This has meant—especially since the atomic bomb—that our politicians have become more and more dependent on scientists for advice on a broader and broader range of problems. Dr. Cox describes in some detail how this often uneasy partnership has developed and is developing. Most of his book deals with the making of policy on space research, where the government faces a bewildering array of choices that certainly cannot be made on the basis of scientific considerations alone; in fact, upon many questions, such as whether to land men or only instruments on the moon, there are strong divisions of opinion within the scientific community itself. Dr. Cox argues that scientists could enhance their value to the country if more of them were politically trained, and notes that, for better or worse, eight out of fifteen members of the Russian Communist Party Presidium have technical backgrounds.

Eros Denied: Sex in Western Society, by Wayland Young (Grove). A historical examination of the Judaeo-Christian attitude toward physical love, together with a survey of the generally conflicting views of such other cultures as those of ancient Greece, pagan Rome, and Buddhist India and Japan. The conclusion that Mr. Young (or, to give him the title to which he recently succeeded, Lord Kennet) reaches—that there is in Judaeo-Christianity a denial of natural sexual expression that makes for frustration, perversion, and prurience—is hardly a startling one, but it

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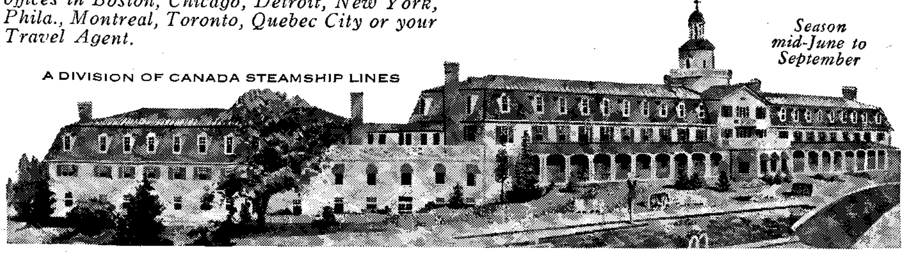

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FOR LOVE OF SOME ISLANDS, by Floyd Schmoe (Harper & Row). This book, the work of a marine biologist, describes a recent summer spent among the San Juan Islands of Puget Sound in a houseboat equipped with a picture window in the middle of the living-room floor. The sights that Mr. Schmoe shows us through his window (which can be lighted after dark) are wonderful and endlessly varied, but he doesn't insist that we spend all our time indoors. There are equally enjoyable sights to be seen in his company on deck (especially at night, when the otters occasionally come out to play) and ashore (amid the glories of the Washington rain forest), and even from the air (in a spirited bush pilot's plane). It should be added that, whatever the scene, Mr. Schmoe has the wit to give it form and meaning. Illustrated with photographs and drawings by the author.

MALRAUX: A COLLECTION OF CRITICAL ESSAYS, edited by R. W. B. Lewis (Prentice-Hall). A dozen essays, including some excellent ones, about Malraux's books. All the critics agree in finding an astonishing unity of preoccupation in Malraux's work from first to last, and all treat him with great respect, except for Leon Trotsky, who charges that he doesn't know anything about Marxism, and Claude-Edmonde Magny, who charges that he doesn't know anything about anything. A fine collection.

NOTE: "Africa to Me: Person to Person," a series of reports by Emily Hahn, some of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Doubleday.

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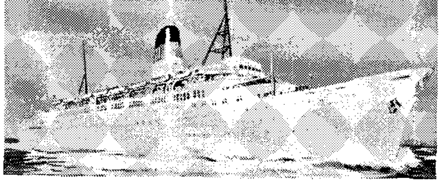
She replaces the Rev. Marshal Lamar Smith, pastor of the Quitman Presbyterian Church, who found the pressure of pastoral duties too heavy to permit his carrying on in the classroom.—*Quitman (Ga.) Free Press.*

Just as well, too.



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